







A . M A N.

BY
REV. J. D. BELL.



~~~~~  
"IN UNDERSTANDING, BE MEN."

*St. Paul.*

"NOT ONLY TO KEEP DOWN THE BASE IN MAN,  
BUT TEACH HIGH THOUGHT, AND AMIABLE WORDS,  
AND COURTLINESS, AND THE DESIRE OF FAME,  
AND LOVE OF TRUTH, AND ALL THAT MAKES A MAN."

*Tennyson.*  
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Dedication.

REV. D. W. CLARK, D.D.

MY DEAR SIR :

Some years ago, I learned your urbanity as a literary acquaintance. Since that time, it would be strange, if, in a friendly and harmonious relation, in which my regard for you has become stronger and stronger, you should not have influenced me much more than you would suppose. Believe me, sir, when I say, that one of your numerous friends is fain to acknowledge that he has been deeply impressed by your uniform magnanimity, and that one sincere lover of literature has traced in you a balance of mind, which he deems worthy to be admired and imitated by many.

I do not know any person of honorable distinction, under whose sheltering name I could more willingly commit a book which I have produced apart from "the unprofitable stir and fever of the world," and which contains the results of several patient years of observation and thought, of writing and revision. Therefore, I, with pleasure, dedicate to you, as a token of my cordial respect, this work — the offspring of an ardent desire to promote, in those for whom it was intended, a higher and happier condition of life.

Yours fraternally and gratefully,

J. D. BELL.

WEEDSPORT, N. Y.

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PART FIRST.

A M A N.

PAPER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

REPRESENTATIVE INVALIDS.

I HAVE a riddle which, to some people, is not a riddle. Do you know the difference between *life* and *existence*? and the difference between *work* and *labor*? Do you rejoice in strength of body and in a sweet elevation of soul, so that, to use Coleridge's happy simile, your head is like "the head of a mountain in blue air and sunshine"? Cheerfulness, Addison tells us, is a habit. Have you this? Are aspiration and occupation so much to you, that, without them, you are sure you would soon sink and fade, from ennui? In short, have you learned how to keep yourself so young, that a hundred years would not make you cease loving to live and living to love? If so, then I have no riddle for you. Furthermore, you may, then, believe, if you will, that it is not chiefly for you, and such as you, that this book is designed. I write these pages, not so much for *some* people as for *other* people. They will,

more especially, court the attention of gentlemen of leisure, of my friend Laboriosus and such as he, and of my friend Hypochondriacus and such as he.

I.

A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE.

EVERY person should, to some extent, pay for his daily bread, in the Scriptural way—that is, by sweating for it. I knew a man—believe me, reader, this is more than fiction;—I knew a man who was a brisk worker in the fields. His energy was observed and lauded by many.

It was refreshing to walk along the borders of his acres, and look on the great gardens he had made. Few persons knew better than he how to raise corn, having broad, grand leaves; wheat, responding to the summer wind, like a lake of green waters; clover covering the soil, like a soft and gorgeous carpet.

This man had shining horses, in whose friendly eyes he could see his own face, as in so many mirrors. He had cows and oxen, each one of which was a large, mild creature whose lungs were like a pair of bellows, throwing out breaths of warm and healthful air.

And all day long, this man was cheerful. Vigor glowed in his honest countenance. He whistled while he worked, and was not the less amiable when he was the more weary.

But, one day, he said to his bright-eyed and industrious wife: “We have, for many years, kept our hands busy amid these agricultural scenes; let

us, now, move down into the village, and make the residue of our days holidays."

The fair woman replied, with delight, saying that "she had often thought how happy they would be, if they should become residents of the village, and have no more hard work to do."

Time passed on; and the wish of the farmer and his wife was accomplished. Their new home was situated on a pleasant street. They found it easy to attend all the meetings of their church. Their neighbors were enterprising villagers. "How much more pleasant," said the wife, "is our village home than was our home in the country! Here, our cares are few. We have, now, no hard tasks. What years of ease and delight are before us!"

The dear woman little thought, when she uttered these words, of the important truth, that, if the human mind has long been accustomed to daily and engrossing occupation, it cannot long be happy, even in the most beautiful of situations, without such occupation.

More time elapsed. The farmer became dispirited. The village into which he had moved, lost its power to animate him. When he walked in the street, every man whom he met seemed to him to have something to do, and to look coldly at him because he was idle. When he entered the stores, the merchants seemed to him to treat him with indifference. It was rarely that a man of business had more than a moment to spend in conversation with him. The grocer, the mechanic, the shopkeeper, the lawyer, the hardware dealer, and even the barber seemed to him to be ever in good spirits.

All the villagers seemed to him to have some business and to be happy, excepting himself.

His look became less and less strong. The vivid consciousness of capacity—that feeling which makes the soul aspiring and self-reliant—was not felt by him, all the day. He thought that his neighbors considered him lazy, and that his friends deemed him a bore. He almost envied the lot of the poor men around him, whose daily bread was the more sweet to them, because they had paid drops of sweat for it—that price for bread, which, in this world, God wishes to be always current.

To this sad lounge, no chair proved a chair of ease, and no costly luxury turned out as relishable as he thought it would. He tried to find pleasure in whittling sticks, but did not succeed. He sought to amuse himself in reading the newspapers, but failed. He was uneasy in the justice's court, in the store, in the shop of the mechanic, in the grocery, and in the hotel, because he knew that he had no business in either of these places. If he rode with a friend to a neighboring city or village, he soon became weary of the place, because he had no business in it. In the streets of his own village, he was self-distrusting, dumpish, and wretched, because he had no business there. If, at any time, he was one of the crowd witnessing a dog fight, he came from the scene, exhibiting shame in his face, because *he knew that he had no business there.*

He entered the door of his own house, with a gloomy physiognomy. From morning till night, his soul expressed no pleasant smile, and gave out no merry laugh. Health forsook his blood. The

old brightness went out of his eyes. Disease made its nest in his brain. Ah! that lounging farmer! how wearily he passed those days which he dreamed would be holidays! How woefully he *labored* because he had nothing to do!

But, at length, he fortunately resolved to go to work.

"Let us now," said he to his wife, "move back into the country, and keep our hands busy, there, as long as we shall live."

The pale-faced woman answered him, with a thrill of gladness: "Be it so."

She, too, had experienced the habitual languor and misery resulting from a want of adequate occupation. In consequence of a renouncement of regular and engrossing tasks, her brain had become sick. Her countenance beamed not, as it used to beam. It had faded. She had become feeble and dyspeptic. She had lost both the briskness and the bloom of her former self.

Time passed on; and the farmer and his wife became hale and happy again. To him, were restored the country appetite, the love of horses, of cows, of the great mild ox, of the hen cackling out its feeling of nameless joy in the pleasant forenoons, of the chivalrous and genial dog, of tillage, of growing corn, of thriving wheat beautiful both for its inimitable greenness and its graceful undulations, and of the broad meadows of bee-haunted clover. He whistled again, just as he had been used to whistle. The sallowness of his face passed away. His former cheerfulness returned. He was a man again.

To her, were restored the vivacity and the vigor

which she used to possess. Her mind and body which, in all that long lapse of unphilosophic leisure, did scarcely more than exist, had again become filled with life. She delighted in her domestic avocations. She almost coveted weariness itself, provided it might not be the weariness resulting from inactivity. The energetic woman bloomed again. How strong she was! How free from pain and discontent! How blessed both in her wakefulness and in her sleep!

It is the aim of the foregoing simple picture of life, to set forth the truth, that it is possible for a person to labor while he is doing nothing. He may labor under a burden of ennui. Every gentleman of popular leisure, is an invalid. You should not wish to be conscious of life, and yet unemployed. Half of every day may properly be time to you for repose; but woe to you if you try to make time for repose of every day's other half! True leisure is defined by Dr. Franklin, as time for doing something useful. "This leisure," says he, "the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man, never."

Consider, now another representative invalid.

II.

LABORIOSUS.

Good writers make a distinction between *work* and *labor*. In work, you find joyous courage, sociability, heartiness, briskness; in labor, you find petulance, a slavish taciturnity, and the languor of ill-supplied waste. The Israelites under Solomon, worked; the Israelites under Pharaoh, labored.

Work sweetens life; labor turns life into dull and painful existence.

Hence it may be inferred, that, in many cases, successful industry, if it is labor and only that, is an evil. A competence may cost all that can make it enjoyable. The mistake of unnumbered industrious men, is, that they do not combine a manly intellectual activity with physical occupation.

Laboriosus purchases a farm, paying down part of the price. He takes possession, immediately, expecting that, under his economical management, the farm itself will, in a few years, furnish the remainder. He thinks he will be very industrious, so that he may hasten the time when he shall be entirely free from debt. In accordance with this thought, he carefully plans his tasks, for the year, for the month, for the week, for the day, for the hour. He toils hard. He does not work—he *labors*. The hot sweat oozes through the pores of his skin. His weight continually diminishes. He comes to his table panting, and goes from it panting. His robustness becomes less and less. The Anakims themselves, had they toiled on land as Laboriosus does, would have become lean. He holds his plow, he uses his hoe, he sows his grain, he reaps his harvest, he sells his produce—all this, as if he were born for nothing higher.

See, now, what a price this man is paying for his farm! Is money all? Does not his impatience to become the sole owner of those few acres, cost him much of his capacity for noble intellectual attainments, and for those raptures which are experienced by progressive minds? Does it not cost him social

sympathies, those kindly feelings which are designed to be the foundation of the highest gentility? Does it not cost him those more tender affections, the continued culture of which would have given beauty and loveliness to his character? Does it not cost him deep spiritual longings, the basis of those habits of solitary contemplation and devotion, which insure daily intercourse with the Father in Heaven?

And with these inestimable treasures, Laboriosus throws into the scale, how much of the symmetry and the strength of his body! how much slavish fatigue! how much excessive perspiration abounding with choice elements of vital energy! how much manly bloom! See how the form of Laboriosus, which was once so erect, is bowed, as if he were accustomed to bite the dust! See how his skin, once so smooth and fresh with young health, is hardening and drying on the over-exerted parts of his frame! Calculate, if you can, the amount of geniality which his farm costs him; the amount, also, of rosy flesh which he can never buy back, and of vigor which, in his prime, when it should be most abundant, will, perhaps, be nowhere.

But Laboriosus has, at length, paid for his acres, and for all that is on them. "Have I not," he says, "done well, in these few years? Behold my possessions! They are paid for. I am free from debt." Do you not see how great a mistake the man expressed in those five last words? Did not Laboriosus, in paying for his farm, draw immensely on capital which was infinitely more valuable than gold? Leaving out of view his intellectual indebtedness, I ask, when, in all his future years, will he

be able to make good his long and excessive drainage of that fund of vitality, which he bore in his body? And whose was this priceless fund? Whose is a man's wonderful organism, with its outer and inner powers, its myriad of delicate links connecting element with element, organ with organ? Let Paul answer this question. "Glorify God," says he, "in your body and in your spirit, which are God's." The will of God is, that a man be free both from remorse of conscience, and from dyspepsia, which has been rightly called the remorse of a guilty stomach. Your neighbor would commit homicide if he should willfully take your life; and if you should willfully take it, you would commit suicide. Now, suppose that you should find your neighbor taking your life, little by little, in some careless manner of his own. Then, you know it would be his duty to cease, at once, from his course of action. But suppose you should discover, that you yourself were, in some careless manner, taking your own life. Then, would it not be your duty to discontinue, as soon as possible, your suicidal practices? Mark the reflection which the true answer to this question, casts on Laboriosus. It was God's property which this man carried in his body. He was only a steward. His office, with respect to all his powers, is expressed in those words of Scripture: "Occupy till I come." How great, therefore, was his sin, when he shut his eyes to the value of those powers, in the just use of which he might have secured to himself a timely competence, a blissful culmination of manhood, and blessed years afterward!

May I not presume to offer here, for the benefit of all the Laboriosi, a few words of plain counsel?

Unhappy men! you are industrious. Many of you are mechanics; a larger number of you are farmers. You possess minds naturally strong. Some of you, there is little doubt, are possessors of latent genius. How you might have moved the race, had you but cultivated your early longings for a firm and powerful character! Now, see what you are. In body, you are jaded. In intellect, you are dwarfed. Instead of living, you selfishly and painfully exist. You know not the bliss of thought. What you might have been, you are not, and never will be. You are utterly wanting in public-spiritedness. You hardly read the news of the day. At the polls, you cast your ballots, with indifference. You read no works of literature. You visit no galleries of the fine arts. You attend no college commencements. You go to hear no literary or scientific lectures. I know not what reason I have, for thinking you will ever peruse these pages. You exhibit no patriotism. You know your country but little better than the snail knows the forest in which it has its shell. Should one of you be required to move his building, for the sake of a railroad, or some other public project, how, then, would his ignoble selfishness reveal itself in blind resistance! I do not see, that you are advancing toward anything intellectually worthy. It is true that you are ever adding to your possessions. But your possessions are little worth, in comparison with those of a developed and cultivated mind. You have admirable houses; but you have not admirable souls. Your acres abound with fine

crops ; but your minds do not abound with fine thoughts. Your happiness is unreal. In your eagerness for more, you do not enjoy the property which you have already accumulated. Lorenzo Dow, it is said, once observed, concerning a certain grasping, avaricious farmer, that, if he had the whole world inclosed in a single field, he would hardly be content without a patch on the outside for potatoes. How many a Laboriosus has the spirit of that farmer !

But, dear Laboriosi ! can you not, even in this late day, begin a good work of intellectual culture ? Can you not become glad thinkers ? This is not impossible. There is little impossible to him who wills. It is true, you cannot succeed, as you would have done, had you engaged in the work of education, at some earlier stage of life. But you can, at least, honor yourselves. You can make yourselves appear before God, in better character, as his stewards. Generous and genial, you can become. Surely, you can lose some of your love of self, and can gain, in place thereof, a little genuine love of country. God help you so to do ! And may the time not be far hence, when this world will look new to you ; when different will seem to you all grand objects in nature, all that is only beautiful, all voices, languages, laws, books, men ; and when, as you stand by the far-reaching railway and behold the steaming and snorting iron horse, speeding by, with his train of magnificent chariots, causing the air to vibrate as if it were shaken by many winds, and making the great earth tremble, you will be

moved to exclaim: "Here is my country! how can I add to her greatness and her splendor?"

I have described two representative invalids. I begin, now, to describe a third.

III.

HYPOCHONDRIACUS.

Hypochondriacus differs from Laboriosus, much as a day of unmitigated dismalness may be said to differ from a day on which there is an alternation of gloom and sunshine. He is, habitually, a sad man. He possesses, however, some amiable qualities. I know not, that he is ever cynically sullen. He growls at nobody. He is not misanthropic. He is harmless. This is one side of my friend's character. Concerning the other side, I have much to say of traits which are, at least, unpleasant. For Hypochondriacus has, I think, led an unmanly life. There was no need for him to become a hypochondriac; and why did he not learn that, like a man?

A disease, partly physical, and partly mental, possesses him. It is hypochondriasis. It is morbid melancholy. Cullen has named, as its prominent symptoms, "a languor, listlessness, or want of resolution and activity, with respect to all undertakings; a disposition to seriousness, sadness, and timidity, as to all future events, and an apprehension of the worst or most unhappy state of them." But some of these symptoms are, perhaps, thrown out, more impressively, in those words of Burchell, in Goldsmith's delightful story of the Vicar of Wakefield. "Physicians," says he, "tell us of a disorder in

which the whole body is so exquisitely sensitive, that the slightest touch gives pain: what some have thus suffered in their persons, this gentleman felt in his mind. The slightest distress, whether real or fictitious, touched him to the quick; and his soul labored under a sickly sensibility of the miseries of others."

Hypochondriacus is a person who has rarely anything pleasant to say. His very laugh is doleful. There seems ever the same want of warmth in the hand with which he returns the pressure of an adieu or of a welcome; and, so far as I have observed, his countenance is never entirely unclouded. If there happens a short interval, in the conversation one is holding with him, he is accustomed to fill it with the lugubrious sigh of "Oh dear me!" He would scarcely be Hypochondriacus, but for that sigh. How bright soever be the day, how happy soever be the occasion, you would hear it, should you be with him, I dare not say how many times. Fortune salutes Hypochondriacus, only to receive his mournful "Oh dear me!" He peruses a fresh letter, containing pleasant words from an old and valued friend; but when he has come to its close, he breathes his dismal "Oh dear me!" His attention is called to a vivid rainbow on the clouds, to the beautiful prattle of a child, or to a charming new book; but, in every such instance, Hypochondriacus has usually one and the same dreary utterance; and that utterance is "Oh dear me!" I have, often, silently inquired why it is that life, in this goodly world, continually presents to my friend aspects so deeply somber. Few bereavements has

he, over which to mourn. Friends have neither betrayed nor forsaken him; and, surely, he has no enemies so bitter as to slander him. Furthermore, he is the possessor of what men call a handsome property and an honorable name. Why does he pay that devotion to sorrow, which he does pay, through all the beautiful springs and summers, autumns and winters?

After thus communing with myself, one day, I rose from my chair, intending to visit Hypochondriacus, and unbosom to him the burden of these my musings concerning him. I found him sitting in his room, alone. I seated myself at his side. We talked, for a few moments, on various topics. By-and-by, I purposely discontinued our unimportant intercourse, so that I might get for a text to what I was ready to say, a fresh repetition of my friend's melancholy sigh. According to my expectation, the sigh came; and I began.

Hypochondriacus, said I, why do you so often give utterance to this plaintive sigh? Have you been less fortunate than other men? Have you experienced so much affliction and grief, that your life has become to you a burden? Do you find nothing, either in the natural world or in the world of thought, that has power to call into joyful exercise the higher powers of your soul?

Here, I paused. Hypochondriacus, turning his sad eyes round, so that he might look into my own, replied:

"I concluded, a long time ago, that there is but little real enjoyment possible to a man, in this dreary world. Consider how much each one of us

must, from the cradle to the grave, experience of confusion and trouble, of toil and weariness, of affliction and anguish! The life we here live seems to me little better than a slow journey across a land of malaria and mourning. Does not every season, as it rolls round, measure off a new period of perplexities and distresses? What is there, either in the natural world or in the world of thought, that is well adapted to inspire profound cheerfulness? Does not the former contain as much deformity as beauty? as much to appall as to please? And is not the latter darkened by the effect of infirmities and diseases, sins and crimes, strifes and tumults? Be assured, that Experience, man's most stern teacher, has given you few severe lessons, if you are not yet able to see a reason for frequent and doleful sighs."

Thus spoke Hypochondriacus. I confess, that, for awhile, I hardly knew what answer I should give to his words of complaint. My usual mood of cheerfulness had been disturbed, by the painful conviction that there was one person, in this interesting world, to whom all the days seemed dismal. I replied, however, in as appropriate a manner, as I could, under circumstances so peculiar. I told him, that he had, certainly, taken a false view of life. He had ignored the brighter aspects of our earthly state. Countless sources of pleasure are accessible to us. We need not live long, unrejuvenated. Nature presents innumerable objects of beauty and animation, adapted to keep the senses youthful. There are, also, the possibilities of delightful social experience. The intercourse of kindred may be

made to afford magical felicities. There is sweetness in friendship. In true patriotism, there are manly pleasures. And every act of real philanthropy, is, according to a certain law of human nature, always followed by a deep and blessed satisfaction of the soul. I bade him rouse himself from his melancholy languor, and go forth on the adorned earth, and among men, with the light of cheerful thoughts and amiable wishes beaming in his eyes.

In this manner, I, at that time, treated the question at issue between us. Hypochondriacus responded, in a few words, partaking of the same morbid sadness which characterized those he had previously spoken. He admitted, that some persons are much happier than others; but he conceived them able to be so, simply because they are less thoughtful and hence more light-hearted than others. But a true view of human life, he insisted, cannot but dispose a candid, reflecting person to be almost habitually sad and taciturn. I lingered, a short time, in silence; and then returned to my study. Seating myself there, I began to give the subject which had been so inadequately discussed, a thorough though solitary reconsideration. Turning it on every side, I endeavored to view it, in all its aspects and bearings. Hypochondriacus, said I to myself, is a man of representative peculiarities. He is one of a large class of persons, whose souls the sunshine seems never to penetrate. For, among the various classes of mankind, I find two that are marked by nearly opposite characteristics. To the former, belong those persons who seem, wherever they are, to realize joy and satisfaction. They

never murmur. They have what Coleridge calls "the sweet breath of hope and advancement." If sickness or adversity assails them, they endure the assault with cheerful patience. Forgetful of all the ills and the miseries which they themselves have suffered, they persistently refuse to think that they have ever languished either in sorrow or in pain. In short, they make the journey of life, as joyfully as travelers in the East make the ascent of the Nile — that "Paradise of Travel"; and seem to go chirping through youth, chirping through manhood, chirping through old age, and chirping on into the other world!

To the latter class, belong, on the contrary, those who are not often wanting in melancholy repinings; who receive through their senses few exhilarating impressions from the natural world; who know not the fruition of genuine life. These persons are ill acquainted with Nature. They rarely commune with her. They heed not her teachings, her requirements, her munificence in respect to merited rewards, her just severity in respect to deserved punishments. When, with a gentle spirit, she corrects them for carelessly or willfully breaking her wholesome laws, they pout, and call her cruel. When she specially favors them, they imagine that she is playing on them some cunning trick. They seem to turn with suspicion from the very birds which sing in and sing out the softer seasons. Their religion — so much as they have — takes a color of sickliness from their dogged adhesion to a multitude of gloomy absurdities. In their prayers, they adopt almost the language and the tone of

despair itself; and I cannot but think that, if the Lord should directly answer any one of their petitions, his answer would be some rebuke for their perpetual complaint and their indisposition to trust him and his goodness.

Nothing beautiful seems to be for these persons. All the year, the same stars — those everlasting “flowers of the skies” — which were admired by the shepherd astronomers of Chaldea, five thousand years ago, rise, at evening, and gleam, unobserved, into their joyless faces. Tribes of curious insects are near them, every day of the fragrant and melodious summer, burrowing and building, flocking and glittering; but nothing, to them, are these busy little beings. The life they live, is a deathly existence. They seem to suffer what Charles Lamb describes, as “depressions black as a smith’s beard, Vulcanic, Stygian.” But, alas! this is not all that they suffer. To the long catalogue of their grievous inheritances, must be added the pity of life-loving hearts. But such pity! It is all that it can be, and yet how miserable a boon to these complainers, who court even death, and mourn because the grim monster delays his coming! What relief can it be, to him who is under the fearful spell of hypochondriasis, to be commiserated by others, in view of the fact that he possesses senses and intellectual powers which, if he had properly cultivated them, would have made him joyous, in all his life; would have borne him throughout a manly and rapturous career? And yet, in the exercise of this pity which rises in generous hearts, for the victims of morbid melancholy, how is it possible to be entirely blind

to the cause of their dejection and misery? One will mention—he feels that he must, even though his words must needs be like the rattling gravel and dirt sown on a sunk coffin—why they are hypochondriacs, fading and drooping in their dark and sullen mood.

O Melancholy! thou mother of discontent and of the love of death! Who can tell the number of thy victims? Thou hast been round all the world. There is no lovely land, with the soil of which mingle not the remains of many who died in thy destructive embrace. Thou approachest him who has thought to spend the remaining years of his life, in the lap of competence; and on his brow thou writest the prognostic of an untimely end. Wealth is yonder. I have gazed on those fertile acres, those highlands from which inviting vistas of landscape are visible, that dwelling-house shaded by beautiful trees. I would say, that Content must surely have its throne in the midst of this domestic opulence. But I know, that thou, O Melancholy! hast entered enclosures, even like these, and left within them the poison of thy destroying breath. Thou seemest to glory, in thy power to bring down retired affluence. To the abodes of industrious poverty, thou comest not. Poor men, a thousand and a thousand, are passing jubilantly through these years. They know, that mankind, in all the world, must needs hold conflict with care and change, with sickness and disappointment, with old age and death. They know, that, by the happiest, tears are to be shed, over the scattered fragments of long-cherished hopes, over the mournful results of unexpected

adversity and of misplaced confidence, over the ruins of friendship, and over the smitten objects of love's long and fond idolatry. And yet, they are cheerful. The sky over their heads seems to them always kind. They love to live, and live to love. Their hearts have no winters; but, in them, reigns one sweet unending season — a summer perennial. Late they return to heaven! But when Fortune retires from the dusty scene of business, in anticipation of a great rest, then, O Melancholy! thou dost promise thyself an easy victory. The most expensive luxuries soon become insipid to him on whose joy-lighted face thou breathest. He no longer takes delight of his possessions. He is inwardly wretched. The days are unpleasant to him, and the nights unutterably gloomy. His mind is filled with dismal images. He is, now, a hypochondriac. Henceforth, pleasure to him, is pain; life to him, a protracted death. Spring comes, but with no power to entertain his senses. Summer finds him depressed and incommunicative. Autumn profusely scatters ripe and fragrant fruits round him, but receives from him only a sigh in the place of thanks. Winter, at length, makes his appearance. And now thy victim, O Melancholy! thinks of the storm of the day, and the moaning wind of the night, and wishes that he were lying beneath the frozen ground, and that the snow or the sleet were beating against the sod of his grave!

Thus I thought and soliloquized, and soliloquized and thought, there in my silent room. The evening was at hand. Its stealthy shadows were falling

around and over me. But I lingered. Images of representative invalids, of sad, repining men, brooding over human ills, and ready to utter their feelings, in those words of Voltaire, "I wish I had never been born!" — such were the images which, in that hour, thronged in my mind. I had a vision of men eager for death, and preparing for the dreadful act of suicide. I thought of the words of "Elia," and seemed to hear Hypochondriacus murmuring to himself:

"By myself walking,
To myself talking,
When as I ruminate,
On my untoward fate,
Scarcely seem I
Alone sufficiently.
Black thoughts continually
Crowding my privacy;
They come unbidden,
Like foes at a wedding,
Thrusting their faces
In better guests' places,
Peevish and malcontent,
Clownish, impertinent,
Dashing the merriment;
So, in like fashions,
Dim cogitations
Follow and haunt me,
Striving to daunt me,
In my heart festering,
In my ears whispering,
'Thy friends are treacherous,
Thy foes are dangerous,
Thy dreams ominous.'"

And while the procession of this hideous imagery was passing and repassing before my inner vision, the question seemed repeatedly to echo, in the

chambers of thought: "Can you not exert yourself, in such a way as to rescue from their state of habitual depression, some of these melancholy sufferers?" In answer, there seemed a voice speaking within me: "Yes, even you can do something—go and write."

Such, my reader, were some of the circumstances which gave rise to this volume of serial papers, now presented to you for perusal.*

It will be evident to you, that, in preparing them, the author did not permit his pen to range with entire freedom, except over the domain of the intellectual nature. Though he was, the while, far from neglecting the important relation which bodily culture, the education of the affections, and the careful training of the moral susceptibility, each hold to the higher welfare of man, yet he aimed, more especially, to show that a developed and cultivated intellect is indispensable to every kind of exquisite and lofty enjoyment. This portion of man's complex being is considered as embracing all those powers which are essential to perception, to thought, and to achievement. The work is naturally divided into two parts. In part first, are discussed the superior possibilities of minds ordinarily endowed. In part second, special attention is given to the blissful

* The author takes this opportunity to state that many of the thoughts expressed in these papers have appeared, from time to time, in his contributions, for the last eight or nine years, to the "Ladies' Repository," published at Cincinnati, and edited by the urbane Rev. D. W. Clark, D.D.

possibilities of minds endowed with extraordinary capacities.

I trust, dear reader, that, in any case, there would be some value to you, of a book having the purpose and the scope of mine. If yours is a sweet and cheerful disposition, surely this treatise contains nothing adapted to make it less so; and, if your disposition is not sweet and cheerful, but sour and gloomy, then there were little need for me to say how earnestly I have endeavored, in all these pages, to awaken powers within you, by the happy exercise of which, the acidity and the clouds shall be entirely driven from your inner world, and the breath of your life be made more fragrant than that of roses.

PAPER II.

THE SENSES.

AROUND us, in nature, are things innumerable, out of which no Midas can draw the gold of gain. They speak and sparkle. They are beautiful, and have their admirers. They are lovely, and have their lovers. But they speak and sparkle, and are beautiful, and are lovely, only to those whose eyes and ears communicate, intimately, with the higher powers of their minds. The fair children of the Seasons do not charm men of stronger *cerebellum* than *cerebrum* — of more propensity than intellect. These sweet children, my friend, have no money to give you; but I hope you will not turn your back on them, for that.

I.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

Come, now, and let us reason together concerning the beautiful. It exists. You do not deny this. It exists distinct from the useful. It is good for nothing for food. You cannot digest crystals. It is not often you can barter the beautiful for cash. You cannot buy and sell — you cannot even handle — the rainbow. There will, surely, never be a market for the little birds which sing, so charmingly, at five o'clock of the summer morning. Treat the

beautiful as capital, and you straightway take the beauty out of the beautiful.

What, then, is the value of the beautiful? If all men and women were mere utilitarians, then there were none of the race to consider it valuable. But, if men and women were designed to be mere utilitarians, then there were a superfluous congruity between man's higher powers and the beautiful. Neither supposition can be true. Nothing is worthless, that is really, though only beautiful. The senses have, therefore, a more excellent purpose. We see and hear, touch and smell, in one day, far fewer things adapted for food or for the market, than things adapted to make us more refined in intellect. The beautiful draws man's attention from the useful, and tends to make him a higher thinker. See how many things tend, so far as you can see, only to this. Not much better, to the utilitarian, is the crystal for possessing its regular form, the beam of light for giving its spectrum, or the clouds for presenting their varied versions of the sunshine. What, to this man, is the bloom of the flower, the green garniture of the tree, or the undulation of the growing grain? He cannot, in his way, speculate on rainbows, graceful motions, and the odors of flowers. In Ruskin's phrase, this man is "under the Nebuchadnezzar curse that sends men to grass like oxen." What a world we should now have, had some mind like his been consulted, in those first six days, by the Maker! How useless, he seems ready to say, is all this decoration laid out on the forests! How useless the brilliant hues of ripening fruits! How useless

are lilies and roses ! Why was not every peacock feathered like yonder plain, egg-producing fowl ? Of what use is the clumsy beetle's shining speckles and hues ? How much better is this world, because it contains green leaves, gorgeous blossoms, beautiful feathers, and glittering insects ? What is the value of all the famed fine arts ? Can statues, paintings, musical compositions, architectural superfluities, and waxen fingerwork bear a comparison, in solid worth, with well-built ships, store-houses, and banking buildings, or with bushels of clean wheat and corn ?

Of this character, the views of all utilitarians, if we may infer their views from their manner of life, partake, in a less or greater measure. And what is the lesson which this fact inculcates ? This — that man is liable to mistake the true design of created things, and the true end of life.

Let us consider, carefully, the twofold congruity which exists between the nature of man and the objects of his senses.

Here is a world. On examination, we find that the widest variety marks its arrangement. Its surface is not all rock, though such it might have been. Provision was made for the disintegration of rock into soil, and for the forming and the filling of vast reservoirs of water. Again ; we find that the earthy portion of this globe produces not only the grasses, grains, trees, and numerous other products indispensable to animal life, but also products, without number, which, when considered with reference to their adaptation to sustain such a life, must be declared utterly worthless. The grasses become food

for brute animals. The grains become food for both man and beast. From the woody substance of the trees, fuel is obtained, tools constructed, and houses made. Now, by means of these and a few other similar products, it were not difficult for a man to procure luxuries and to accumulate wealth. Were the world incapable of producing things of higher rank, and were man incapable of higher employment, then a person might, perhaps, reasonably conclude that luxury and wealth should be the chief objects of pursuit. But, in creating the earth, the Maker obviously had in view something more noble than to supply the foundation and the material, for fertile lands, sheltering roofs, riches, and an easy living. The intellectual and the moral powers of man were taken into consideration, as of superior importance. Hence, the variety, in the world's arrangement, is so widely extended. Everything has its mysterious something. There are more colors than are necessary. There are more sounds, more odors, more tastes, and more shapes, than are necessary. Nowhere is nature absolutely unvarying and dull. Even the desert has its attractive mysteries. No two things, no two effects are ever precisely alike. The same law, it is true, may operate, simultaneously, in two places; but the results of the operation of the law, in one of the places, must needs be different from those of its operation, in the other. In some respects, every particle of sand differs from its fellow-particles. There is no substance, no space, that has not its interesting secret. Torricelli said he had produced a perfect vacuum. But, if Nature could then have spoken, she would

have told him of finer fluids still undulating in the receiver which he thought he had emptied. Do you not see the reason why it was said, of old, that "Nature abhors a vacuum?" There is never a space so void as to have no vibrating occupant.

To you and me, this venerable World is ready to be, for all our days hence, a noble friend and teacher. Ever is she waiting to entertain us, in goodly modes. Between her and ourselves, there would be sweet and healthful converse, did we but keep our senses open to her processes, her utterances, and her scenes and objects of beauty. This converse would transpire through the susceptibility of touch. It is by touch, that the mind learns the best it knows of the beautiful. All perception is through touch. Your fingers are not your only fingers. The eye is a sort of finger. Such, also, is every other sense. You perceive by your fingers proper, when the network of nerves in their ends is in contact with some object or element. You perceive by your eyes, when the network of nerves forming the retina is in contact with rays or waves of light. You perceive by hearing, when the network of nerves which form the tympanum is in contact with waves of air. When the nerves of your olfactories are in contact with odoriferous particles of matter, then you perceive by smelling. And when the nerves of your tongue are in contact with tastable things, then you perceive by tasting. Thus, through touch, we may learn lessons from brooks, flowers, leaves, rainbows, snowflakes, cascades, and all musical objects. The lover of landscapes is charmed and profited, in his solitary wan-

derings ; but he has only his own portion of delightful and elevating converse with the World. For him, are the charms of configuration, of growth, and of movement, as these are exhibited in the varying scenery of the Seasons. The man of a philosophic taste is also permitted to share in her wholesome tuition. For him, there is a higher class of lessons. The World invites him to her secret places of interesting life and force. He enjoys fine surprises. To him, it belongs to uncompound the water, and handle its constituent gases with a legerdemain of his own. It is his, to penetrate the rough bark of the tree, and observe the delicate currents of sap, as they mysteriously meander along the hair-like fibers of the wood. It is his, to see in the bird which flies by him, more than a little soarer and songster dressed in showy feathers. He perceives those nice provisions which secure to it the power of flight. He peers into its bones, observing that each one is filled with a marrow of air. He examines its respiratory system, and finds that large air-cells are distributed in various parts of its body, which conspire, with its ever-expanded lungs, to diminish as much as possible its specific gravity. He enters the forest, and compares one bird with another. Thus, he ascertains the characteristics of different genera and species. He follows the fair creatures, in their yearly migrations, asking who taught geography to them ; and, sitting in the shade of the summer foliage, or "lying on sunny slopes of half-holidays," he listens to their happy melodies, and inquires whether the time will or will not ever

come, when those mysterious songs will be translated.

It is, also, a part of the experience of the philosophic observer of nature, to see in the little animal which burrows, buzzes, or sends forth its shrill note near him, more than a form of unattractive appearance, and a life of unimportant activities. Through the microscope, the fly exhibits its unnumbered eyes; and, in drops of water, almost pellucid and apparently uninhabited, he sees, by the aid of the same instrument, curious aquatic beings, stirring with a rare quickness of limb, and a rare vigor of respiration. He descends, with the ant, to its subterranean settlement, and learns the laws and the customs of its busy community. He follows the spider to its retreat, and marks the working of its wonderful loom. He goes to the polyp's coral residence, and watches the operations of those minute and short-lived animals whose interwoven skeletons form the texture of mighty reefs, and, in some instances, the ribs of solid continents. With reverent delight, he traces insects, in their progress through that inexplicable metamorphosis which illustrates the resurrection of man from the dead!

“Thus, shall we cast this mortal coil aside,
And to the tomb awhile our forms intrust;
Within its gloomy precincts to abide,
Until the resurrection of the just.”

Who may not, by his senses, learn lessons from the World, which shall be so entertaining as effectually to cure discontent and scatter the dismal clouds of melancholy? Listen, thou who, like

Hypochondriacus, art sinking in despondency. Continually, thou feelest the pressure of a morbid languor. Thou teapest thy friends and thy physician, on the loveliest days of the year, with plaintive recitals of thine inner experience. Go thou, often, into the fields and the forests, where thou mayest hear the birds sing, see the fishes frisk, snuff the breath of the flowers, and inhale vigor from the breezes. So do, and thy diseased nature will, by-and-by, be repaired; thy pale face will reappear with the glow of youthful health. Listen, also, thou student, with whom all goes ill to-day. Thou feelest unfit to grapple with thy tasks, in mathematics and philosophy. Thou sittest, with thine eyes and thy brow in pain. Thou askest where has gone thy glad courage of yesterday. Wouldst thou know? Leave, then, thy close room; make many nimble steps on the bosom of the large, fair World; try the pure air awhile; drink from the spring which is bubbling from the distant hill-side or ledge of rocks. Do thou this; and when thou resumest thy studies, thou wilt, surely, find thyself a brave young man again. And listen, thou whose occupation appears a more cruel tyrant to thee, than Pharaoh himself was to the Israelites. Thou hast no holidays. What liberty enjoyest thou? The exclusiveness of thine industry has made thee utterly indifferent to thy higher interests. Thou hast the spirit of Laboriosus! Oh! be persuaded to a nobler life! Go thou forth, under "the heavens of the Lord," and look around thee. See how vast and how beautiful is the World! Possibly, thou mayest yet save thyself from the uselessness and the meanness of a life, in which the

powers of the immortal soul are absorbed in insulated concerns, even as the overflowings of the desert-fountain are drunk up, by a little patch of dry, barren sand! And may every person, day by day, hold company with the World! May a taste for the beautiful, for the grand, and for the sublime, be faithfully cultivated by the young and by the old! Go forth at morning, go forth at sunset, go forth in the evening, thou citizen, thou mechanic, thou merchant, thou student, thou teacher, thou minister; and do not return to thy tasks till thou art sure that thy frame has been healthily braced, thy blood rallied from its "idle lapse," and thy brain filled with fresh vigor.

It is a painful fact, that most of the race lose sight, almost entirely, of the higher design of the senses. Swift, in his *Tale of a Tub*, says that "those entertainments and pleasures we most value in life, are such as dupe and play the wag with the senses." This assertion fitly applies to thousands of people. Do not show-boxes attract a larger number of eyes than microscopes and telescopes? Do not practiced jugglers command better patronage than public experimenters in natural science? What are nearly all fashionable amusements, but illusions for the senses? Many a pleasure-seeking youth has, undoubtedly, often asked himself, where, after all, is the real delight afforded by the evening party and by the night dance, by theatrical exhibitions and by the piano feats of ladies of style. "How fading and insipid," says the Dean, in another place, "do all objects accost us, that are not conveyed in the vehicle of delusion! How shrunk is everything as

it appears in the glass of nature! So that, if it were not for the assistance of artificial mediums, false lights, refracted angles, varnish and tinsel, there would be a mighty level in the felicity and enjoyment of men." Alas! that so many pause not to see where the fountains of youth and happiness are flowing forever! Alas! that so few act on the obvious truth, that no other earthly entertainments can take the place of those furnished by the natural world, and, like them, preserve the bloom of human health! The saying should never be allowed to become trite, that "God made the country, and man made the town."

II.

PHYSIOPATHY.

A few, in every age, have justly prized the pleasures which have their rise in the senses. The poets have a love of nature, which makes them an order of high and admirable characters. Indeed, is it not a sudden discovery, in early life, of the beautiful in nature, which, originally, kindles in the soul the flame of the poetic inspiration? Poets are said to be born, not made—which saying is true. But is it not nature which puts your born poet in tune? What would you think of the bard who should profess never to have been passionately fond of natural scenery? John Foster calls the poetic susceptibility, *Physiopathy*. He conceives it to be "the faculty of pervading all nature with one's own being, so as to have a perception, a life, an agency, in all things." This is as much as to say, that

nature has no better friend than the poet. The poet abandons the merely useful, and devotes himself to the beautiful. He that is destined to become such a man, receives, unexpectedly, through his senses, the great impulse which forms his taste. He, perhaps, awakes, on some morning of the summer, and goes forth on the breast of the all-nourishing earth. Hitherto, he has experienced no higher inspiration than may be supposed common to a careless animal, possessing the capability of speech and the power of laughter. The wonders of the natural world have made only transient impressions on his mind. He has cared little for the charms of scenery, little for the hills which gleam with exultation as they receive the rising sun's first outburst of dazzling splendor. But, now, the vision-morning has dawned on his soul. His senses are attracted by the beautiful. The eye is surprised at what it sees, the ear at what it hears, the fingers at what they touch, the tongue at what it tastes, the nostrils at what they smell. See, here, the beautiful grass! he is ready to exclaim. See yonder great glowing sun, ceaselessly shedding its life-giving heat and light! See those birds, these flowers, those rivers, these forests, those lakes, this ocean! See yonder white rapids, bearing over the rocky brink their mass of liquid thunder! See this dull worm, passing by a mysterious transfiguration into a gold-winged butterfly! "Consider the lilies of the field; they toil not; they spin not; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." And, as spiritedly as the ten thousand retreating Greeks, under Xenophon, shouted, "The

sea! the sea!" when from the mountain-tops which had long cut off the dear sight, they had at last caught a full glimpse of the waters which washed the shores of their native land, so spiritedly is this happy person ready, now, to shout, and shout again, "The beautiful! the beautiful!" At some subsequent point of time, he is expressing his thoughts and feelings, in verse. He, perhaps, recalls his first poetic view of the stars; and, in a strain of *musical thought* like that which follows, sings his remembrance of the early inspiration:

"O what a vision were the stars,
When first I saw them burn on high,
Rolling along, like living cars
Of light, for gods to journey by!"

Immortal Homer, undoubtedly, took, in some similar manner, the pristine passion which made him a songful thinker. It was, perhaps, experienced by him, in his boyhood, when he used to wander along the shore of that "deep-sounding" sea, to which the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* so often refer, with sonorous allusion.

III.

THE EYE AND THE EAR.

The pleasures of the more elevated senses, satisfy a demand, in the soul's life, which is satisfied by no other delights. Though not superior to the felicities of thought, still they are to be regarded as elevated and exquisite. They, obviously, hold an intermediate rank between organic and purely intellectual pleasures. The eye and the ear are distin-

guished, for being unaccompanied in their use by any felt physical impression. The mind, it should seem, holds a relation of peculiar intimacy, both to the retina and to the tympanum. Sensation and perception are, therefore, made to seem, in respect to these two organs, as if merged in one experience. Indeed, the mind can, with perfect propriety, be said to do more than perceive, *by means* of the eye and the ear—it perceives directly *through* them. This fact was justly thought, by Lord Kames, to attach special importance to eye-pleasures and ear-pleasures. They are conceived to be far more recreative to the mind, than the pleasures which have their rise in the senses of touch, taste, and smell. Fair sights and agreeable sounds rouse the mind's drowsy faculties, drive from the inner world corroding care, hush the plaint of moping discontent, and assuage the billows of passion. "My eyes," said Cowper, "drink the rivers as they flow." Did he not mean, that his soul drank, through his eyes, the flowing rivers? Du Bos says, that "silence does not calm an agitated mind; but that soft and slow music has a fine effect."

Unfortunate, indeed, is he who has never disciplined his eye and his ear to a nice susceptibility. How such a person must grovel beneath the skies! He can see how to eat and drink, how to distinguish between spurious coins and true ones, and how to estimate the amount of force in a waterfall; but, alas! he has no eye for the sungilt hills, for the green of the grass, or for the rainbow on the clouds! He can hear the din of business, the clink of money, and the voices of flatterers; but he has

no ear for the melody of the bird or the harp of the insect, the treble of the wind or the bass of the cataract.

IV.

THE SEASONS.

Some thoughts, in regard to the seasons of the year, should be expected to suggest themselves to him who is treating of the higher design and the higher pleasures of the senses.

The World is continually changing. At one time, she appears clothed in soft verdure. At another time, we find her clad in the yellow and purple remnants of a once glorious vegetation. At still another time, she presents herself to the eye, arrayed in a vesture of snow. But, in each of her different styles of dress, she has charms for the senses of man. Not many people may see, that, even in mid-winter, she is beautiful; but, if they do not, the fault must needs be in themselves. It is natural, I know, for one to be unpleasantly affected by the first sight of the blighting frost. The earliest appearance of frozen dew assures us, that the gentle flowers will soon fade and perish; that the glad birds will soon close their musical mouths, and fly afar, in quest of warmth, of freshness, and of bloom; that the babbling brooks will soon be covered with ice, and be heard murmuring on account of the chains of their long wintry bondage; and that little animals will soon be seen trembling in sunny fields and farm-yards, and looking as if they would much rather be dead than alive, in such chilly weather.

But these unpleasant emotions, at the opening of

the cold season, should be considered in connection with others of an entirely different character. Many of the aspects of winter, when viewed from the serene altitude of philosophy, cannot but appear positively charming. Mark, for example, the exquisite beauty of the snow-crystal. The vapor of clouds formed at a temperature below thirty-two degrees, freezes into bunches or flakes of spotless crystalline forms. The crystals which fall, under the same conditions, all exhibit a similar configuration. Think now, of those gems of symmetry, falling noiselessly from the higher regions of the air. Were it possible for the angels to scatter on us particles of their food, might not the crumbs of that celestial aliment be fitly likened to the snow-crystals of winter? How these small crystals are able to preserve their form, during all their long descent, and even after their arrestment by earthly surfaces, it were not easy to tell. But we know, that they do, thus, retain their shape. You have observed them, as they fell into the hollow of your hand, or into your bosom. One glance, it may be, was all the attention you gave them; but, in that single glance, you saw a figure which is now treasured among the most beautiful images your memory is keeping. Then, you cannot but have observed the brightness exhibited by these crystals, on clear and chilly mornings, when the sun touches their inimitable edges with his rays, and makes them glitter as nothing else in nature can.

But you say, that winter is cold—very cold. We agree with you. Its beauty is cold. There are harsh tones in its winds. Its stars tremble, as if

from a want of caloric. Its fields of snow, as they gleam in the sunlight, soon compel us to long for that warm radiance which plays about the front grate of the domestic stove. To the most of us, summer, of all the seasons, is by far the most agreeable. We cannot avoid liking the breeze which brings perfumes from bushes of roses, much better than the stern wind which carries snowdrifts on its wings. But do we take no pleasure of the winter? May it never be said, that we do not! Surely, there are hyemal felicities. Thanks let there be, for the necessity which, during a part of each year, makes the stove laugh every evening, through its grate, and renders "sweet home" doubly sweet! Thanks, also, for the energy which the pitiless north wind imparts to a person's body and mind, on the wintry day; and for the nameless charm it gives to his nightly repose, causing him to gather up his feet and become lost in peaceful sleep, as in a heavenly trance! Laboriosus and Hypochondriacus, and such as they, shrug their shoulders, in the December mornings. Unthankfully, they receive God's gift of the great and beautiful winter. But we, of the other party, do not do so. To all of us, the cold season is a blessing. Let the white, soft snowflakes fall, we say, in their time. Ever will we welcome them, as if they were sent to remind us of the purity of the spirits of the blessed. We will endure Boreas, with all his Arctic severity. His weird cries and moans shall not break our mood of cheerfulness. Most of the time, we will remain, within doors, engaged in the noble work of mental culture. But, often, we will run forth, into the chilly

air. Freely, we will inhale the pure breath of the season. Through the drifts we will go. Shod with skates, we will move swiftly over the transparent and opalescent ice. Thus, will those who belong to our party, pass all the winters.

V.

UTILITARIANISM.

“In those vernal seasons of the year,” says John Milton, “when the air is soft and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against Nature, not to go out and see her riches and partake in her rejoicings, with heaven and earth.” Not a few people may justly be charged with this “injury and sullenness” against Nature. To a multitude of persons who, in December and January, express a desire for the return of May and of June, Spring and Summer almost in vain put on their beautiful garments, and pour forth their charming music. These persons resort to but few, if any, entertainments which tend to elevate and refine the mind, while they contribute to preserve its youthful vivacity. Hence they have no springs of goodness in them, overflowing, perennially, with manly sympathies. They cultivate, in themselves, more than anything else, those low longings which are the basis of an unblessed acquisitiveness. They are men—I speak of the majority of our men of business; and I say that they are men who carry a perpetual old age, in their blood and in their limbs. “Nature,” says Thomas Carlyle, “when her scorn of a slave is divinest, and blazes like the blinding lightning

against his slavehood, often enough flings him a bag of money, silently saying, 'That! Away; thy doom is that!'" There are persons of this class, who seem to look grudgingly on the ground over which an unappropriated brooklet must needs meander; and who seem ready to recommend to Nature an economical reform in her present modes of investment, so that she may bestow on cotton plantations, fields of tobacco, and patches of potatoes, the wealth of power she expends in adorning birds, insects, and the plants of gardens. "A palm tree," says Mr. Bayard Taylor, "is to them a good post to shoot a pigeon from; Dendara is a 'rum old concern;' and a crocodile is better than Karnak."

Then, what bleakness these utilitarians exhibit in their faces! The whole atmosphere about them seems to betoken lowery weather. They have no cordial smile for you; no look of genuine geniality. They are

"Muffled round with selfish reticence."

I love pleasant, joyous faces! Who does not love them? I think there is nothing among all the winning objects on earth, that is more winning than a joyous face — a face which is expressive of a large and kindly soul. Such faces! how they drive one's pulses off the sullen *creep* to the chirping *run*! How they turn men from human wolves into human gazelles! Why, I would rather meet a face of mel-
lowed, longing, loving features — what the poet Goethe calls a

"Sweet, heaven-lighted countenance —"

on a cold, damp morning, than to receive a small

gift of gold. God bless the man or the woman who is prepared to meet everybody with a cordial "How do you do, neighbor? — I am well myself."

Have you ever thought, reader, what a contrast there is between a joyous and an unjoyous face? One is like a summer in Palestine: the other is like a winter in Norrland. One affects you, like a draught of pure wine: the other affects you like a draught of sour beer.

I hate to meet some men. I declare, sometimes, that I will not meet them; and then pass to the other side of the road, or get over the fence and go "across lots." Who would like to meet a man professing to be civilized, and yet having the countenance of a barbarian? Who would not be willing to make many steps, out of the way, and even through Canada thistles, rather than encounter a face which never bears glad testimony to the healthful influences of Nature. Said Sir Walter Scott: "Give me an honest laughler!" And said one of his retainers: "Sir Walter speaks to every man, as if he were his blood relation." Such a person! When he walks in the old paths, do they not seem to become new paths? Is not the air about him redolent of his goodness? And does not every fresh sentence he utters, seem to make his mother-tongue more rich and dear?

Let me hope, that I have not been unjustly severe in what I have said, concerning those of our men of business, who, as the penalty for losing sight of the true end of life, and of the true design of created things, have become shriveled, both in soul and in body. And let me say, here, that if any one of this numerous class should rid himself of the cares of his

occupation so long as to peruse these pages, I wish he may specially observe the protestation I am, now, ready to make, that nothing I have said has been ill-meant. Oh, no! my brother of the farm or of the store—thou who hast lost the early sunny luster of thine eyes, and the youthful, joyous look of thy countenance, and the clear, musical intonation of thy voice—lost these charms of genuine manhood, long ere time has begun to warn thee, with gray hairs, of approaching years of senility, never, believe me! never would my pen seek to wrong thee. But it would show thee how cruelly thou hast wronged thyself. Nay, it would urge thee, with kindly entreaty, faithfully to strive, even in this day of thy firm habits, to undo those chains which have communicated a harsh rust to thy once bounding blood!

PAPER III.

THE STUDENT.

WE owe our word student to the verb *σταύδω*, in the Greek, the primary signification of which is, *to strain every effort*. It passed into our language, through the Latin, undergoing, on the way, a slight change in the form of its root. But I assume that, in the heart of our noun, much of the force of that old Greek verb still lives; so that, to-day, when you are asked to think of the student, you are to think of a person who is straining every effort to achieve certain intellectual results.

It is, then, not play, but work, to get an education. Costly was the power of Chilon's son to triumph at the Olympic festival; and costly the power of Demosthenes to shake Philip's throne. Themistocles used to say, that the trophies of Miltiades would not let him sleep. The words were spoken in that period of his life, in which he was studying hard how to become a second Miltiades. Not sunshine and soft winds alone, give to the oak its gnarled and lasting strength. You cannot become a great man; you cannot become a hero or a scholar, without much work and much patience.

To study is diligently to search after ideas. In its academic sense, it is not a process by which anything new is brought directly into the world; but it

is a process by which many things new are brought directly into a person's mind. Before you had studied this science or that one, it was not for you to add to it, by discovery. Before you had studied Physiology, it was none of your business to teach people the use of the diaphragm.

So, we learn, at once, that the student proper is required, for a time, to have no mind of his own, but to be making up his mind from his books and his teachers. It is important to see, that this statement is true. May the young learner be sure to mark its truth! And may it serve to save him from the trouble necessarily consequent on too early an attempt to teach his teacher, or to write articles for the press!

He who has been a student, ever has a high advantage over him who has been only a thinker. Not much should you allow for an idea of God, held by a clear-headed Indian who has never heard of your Bible. Not much should you allow for a theory of the age of this globe, put forth by a genius who has never read any other than the Mosaic account of the creation. You demand, that he who teaches you, shall have been a student himself. Many a sad error, now in the world, or that has long been in the world and is just ready to leave it, took its rise from some process of reasoning, carried to a conclusion, on or over some system of truth, into which the original reasoner had never inquired. If he had, he would not have brought forth that error.

Thus, I teach, that *to acquire* is, for a certain period of time, the proper work of the student. To

this work, he should, in the main, give up himself. He should be devoted to study. Ever should he be searching after ideas and reasons; after elementary principles; after the solutions of problems. In this work, he should *strain every effort*. He should master the sciences, passing round no obstacle which, by perseverance, he can surmount. He should travel through history, carefully noting its important personages, incidents, events, and epochs. He should peruse the literature of past ages, and of the present age, taking lasting impressions from standard works in authorship. Let it be no great matter to him, what specific use he may, in future time, have for his elementary knowledge and his mental discipline. If possible, he should penetrate into all studies. He should gather ideas from whatever sources he can find them. He should seek them in books, in men, in animals, in plants, in the city, in the circus, in prisons, in mad-houses. I protest against any absolute limitation to the territory of the student proper. Let him enjoy entire freedom for research and acquisition. Let him study everything which he has the time and the will to study;—even Mesmerism, even Spiritualism, even the Koran, even the creed of Mr. Parker. As he is a student, it is, surely, his right to examine every side of every subject, just as much as it was Galileo's right to prove whether the doctrine of the priests and the cardinals was, or was not true, that the sun and the stars daily circumvolve the earth. Had the same Galileo never claimed the freedom to which he was, as a student, entitled, his discovery would have been made—who knows when? I see

how Shakspeare was able, through his immortal plays, to touch so many delicate springs in human nature, when I see how carefully and deeply Shakspeare had studied human nature. Do you not dislike the limitations prescribed to the students of Jesuitic schools? Be willing, then, that the student be free. Say to the bigot: Away from him, with thy scornful frown, because he chooses to read so many books in Theology. Leave him to himself, while he is so well engaged. Thou wouldst not permit him to know any other creed than thine. Thou wouldst rather see this fine youth in a dungeon, than see him *straining every effort* to learn the difference between doctrines and dogmas, Christianity and sectarianism. Thou wouldst have only the powers of his *cerebellum* interested in his faith; and thou wouldst make his heart to be like the heart of a cat. And, for all this, thou art, at least, an intolerable saint!

But while no field of inquiry is forbidden to the student, still may he be subject to an intelligent guidance. There should be a course of disciplinary study marked out for him to pursue. Not like young Jonathan Swift, at Dublin University, may he be permitted to reject the harder tasks set before him by his tutor, and choose to amuse himself in reading history and the poets. If so, then let him, by-and-by, be called a blockhead by his class-fellows, and let him have to sit more than once for his degree, and receive it, at last, *speciali gratia* — all which transpired in the case of stubborn Master Swift.

I.

DISCIPLINE.

The design of education is to prepare the mind for future activities and triumphs. Hence the value of the knowledge a person acquires, at a seminary or a college, though it may be considerable, is as nothing compared with that of the discipline which he derives in acquiring it. Education is a process of loss as well as of gain. Be a complete student, if you will, yet, in time, you must needs forget the details of nearly all the lessons you will have recited. Our scholastic zeal should tend, in the main, to enlarge our minds, and give them receptivity and readiness. When a study has helped you to all the mental enlargement and discipline it can, then you throw it aside. So, you flung away the primers you used to read. So, you flung away your first little book in Geography, and your first little book in Arithmetic. Ah! how rich would you soon be, were all the ideas you have lost, so many dollars, and you could easily recover them! But they are, rather, the kernels you have lost from the granary of your memory. Those who have been assiduous students know the effect, even of a few days, on their garnered crops of intellectual grain. But it is the discipline a person needs to retain, not so much the details. How much do we all wear out and throw aside, in our progress from infancy to maturity! How, by ten thousand little losses, do we pay well for the graces of our manly years! So, every skillful boxer must have had to deal out many

a blow, long since forgotten, in disciplinary fist-cuffs. What polished scholar knows all that he has ever learned? Those men of letters who are the greatest, are so, not because they have accumulated the most learning, but because, by a long and careful schooling of their intellectual powers, they have gained the highest self-mastery.

Do not, therefore, look sorrowful, when you see that much of what you formerly learned from your Algebra and Geometry, your Astronomy and Calculus, is more dim to-day than it was yesterday; and will, to-morrow, be still nearer the borders of Oblivion. Is it not enough for you to know, that you once marched over these mathematical empires, surmounting all the obstacles which opposed your progress? In this knowledge, do not forget that you have, and will ever have, an evidence of what you are, intellectually and potentially.

This, then, must be said—that the student should aspire to something better than mere learning. If he does not, his education will, surely, prove a failure. Learning, if this were the more excellent part of an education, could be acquired without the expense of a long course of study at college. It could be acquired, in any old building, either in the city or in the country, where there is a full library of miscellaneous books. But a mere stuffing of the mind is no more an education than a miser is a man. It would not cost much to fill a young head with other men's thoughts; nor would it cost much to inflate a bladder with air. But, in either case, what would the result be worth to the world?

I do not forget, here, that it is not equally facile

to all young men, to gain the advantages of a college. Many, if they conclude to become men, in any sense, must needs find it almost impossible to become other than what are called *self-made* men. By such, there should be pursued a course of disciplinary study, embracing a close observing of men and things, a careful perusing of standard works in science and in literature, and frequent exercises in vigorous analytic and synthetic investigation. May it never be forgotten, by this class of students, that the books they read should be well chosen. Those ephemeral productions which fly round the world, on pinions of tinsel, containing more sentences than thoughts, should be read as wise men read dandies — that is, by *looking them through*. Certain it is, that no such books will hold position in the library of him who aims to become a deep and manly scholar; such a scholar as Benjamin Franklin, or such a scholar as Hugh Miller.

II.

PLEASURES.

I have spoken of the proper work of the student. But how, now, are you left to think of this my man who is busy educating his intellect? Perhaps you regard him as only a laborer, applying himself wearily to his tasks. Not so shall you be allowed to think of him longer. Does Nature ever fail to make mental industry, if it is true and successful, prolific of exquisite felicities? I protest that she does not. During all his long period of assiduous effort, she gives to the student sweet compensative

inspirations—gives them in a series of beautiful intellectual reactions.

There are certain refined pleasures which are experienced only by students and thinkers. The experience of these pleasures is, usually, a nice secret, bosomed in the intellectual being. It is rarely made a matter of common conversation. It seems to be too elevated and pure, to bear to be associated with familiar topics. Yet the number is large, of those minds which have, often, been either convulsed by its inspiration, or almost overcome by its rapture. It were hardly necessary to observe, that these pleasures are not derived immediately from the senses. They are too exquisite to be of such an origin. We are too passive under the strongest impressions received from the natural world, to be transported by them out of the body into the spirit. The beautiful rather exhilarates than enraptures the mind; and the sublime never produces a blissful expansion. The emotion raised by the former is gay and brisk; that raised by the latter is awful and solemn.

The occasions of these higher pleasures depend on the consciousness of successful intellectual effort. They are occasions on which the inner man exults over his victories of thought.

The fact should, however, be remembered, that, in the life of the mind, there is a progress, leading to that state of development, in which the highest of these pleasures are experienced. Pleasure, of some kind, seems indispensable to true health and growth. In the first period of the mental life—that of childhood—a person is content with pleasures of merely a physical origin. Hence, he seeks

playmates among such as are of his own age, and sports with them in field and forest. With rare gymnastic exploits, he commands the attention of manhood and of old age. He is continually at play, when awake—or, at least, he wants to be. His sleep, at night, is so disturbed by dreams concerning the thousand happy incidents of his day-light experience, that it were almost a mistake to call it sleep. His father and mother advise him not to pursue this or that course of pleasure, because they have, in their day, seen the folly of it. But he tells them, that *he wants to see the folly of it too*. It were well if the lad have not for his father some grim Laboriosus, who, as if this were the right way to prepare his boy for manhood, scars his young skin with whips, in that period of sprightliness and mobility in which nothing in the world is half so sweet to the heart as play. But, though at the cost of many smarts from such tyranny, the boy continues sportive. He chases butterflies. He makes and launches mimic boats. He climbs trees, and looks into birds' nests. He frolics with favorite animals. He runs, sometimes, away from school. He whistles, occasionally, at the words of grave counselors. He will be all a boy, even in despite of stern manners and the cruel lash.

So, the highest pleasures which are experienced during this early period, are the pleasures of the senses. But as years are added to the boy's life, he gradually discovers that there is a sweetness to be derived from employments less connected with the senses than with the higher powers of the mind. He arrives at that point of development at which

he finds himself in view of the intellectual world. He now begins to turn his attention inward on himself, rather than outward on nature. He has perceived what it is to perceive; he has thought of what it is to think. Ideas have begun to attract his mind, in words written and spoken. He prizes books, not for their pictures, but because they are vehicles of truth and thought. This is the period of life in which the pleasures of study engage and enchant the mind.

These pleasures are the chief incitement in education. How slight—slight because entirely tedious—would be the mental activity of the student, were it impossible for him to experience them! Is it not sadly remarkable, that, in all the standard works on the human mind, this species of stimulus to intellectual effort, if referred to at all, is treated so inadequately? Its importance will be obvious to you, when you consider the truth, that the application which is essential to all the higher developments in education, would, without it, be utterly unendurable. Who would ever struggle through the more abstruse branches of mathematics, but for the rewarding felicities which make the prosecution of these studies so sweetly toilsome? Who would trouble himself to master Philosophy or Chemistry, were not the task made much more than pleasant, by the ever-enticing charm of novelty? Let a student, in any field of classified knowledge, fail to experience those refined satisfactions which repay mental industry, and his ambition will soon go out of him. Ah! who can tell how many young eyes, formed to be lighted by exerted and kindled native

talent or genius, have been doomed stupidly to fill their sockets, in consequence of an untimely application to studies which produced no thrills of encouraging inspiration? The inference of a natural unfitness for success in the pursuit of mathematical science, has undoubtedly, in not a few instances, been drawn, by a schoolmaster, from indications which were really the result of the bewilderment and the disgust experienced by his pupil while that pupil was engaged on some long train or series of tedious abstractions. If you undertake to educate an intellect, by taxing it with studies which afford it no delight, you will, by-and-by, surely find yourself trying to instruct a person that shall seem to you a dunce. May all teachers of youth bear this thought in mind! May they not be in haste to pronounce little heads blockheads! There is often enough a case, in which a schoolmaster has vastly more of the block in his head, than any pupil that ever drowsed in his soporific presence.

But ever cheerful is he who knows the pleasures of study, and has full freedom to prosecute the noiseless quest which secures them. With what alacrity he pursues the sciences! With what glad ardor he traverses the peaceful and flowery domain of literature! Dear to him are the names, Archimedes, Euclid, Laplace, and Newton. He receives Descartes, Bacon, Locke, Stewart, and Cousin into his study, saying in his heart: "Come in, ye metaphysical noblemen! and linger with me, here." Henceforth, he holds superior company. Learned astronomers, pioneer philosophers, famed physiologists, geologists, mineralogists, zoölogists, concholo-

gists, philologists, theologians, jurists, lexicographers, and critics have entered his room, and taken places round his table. Nor are these all. Illustrious and favorite men of letters are, also, there. Homer and Horace are present, to entertain him with their noble songs; Herodotus and Tacitus to teach him rich lessons of Grecian and Roman lore; Shakspeare to captivate him with his unequalled wisdom and wit; Milton to move him with his sublime imagery and harmonious verse; Johnson to awe him with his serious reflections and august rhetoric; Swift to amuse him with his droll sarcasm; Charles Lamb to enliven him with his exquisite humor; Macaulay to attract him with his pungent antitheses and brilliant climaxes; De Quincey to fascinate him with his opulence of words; Addison to please him with his melodious periods; Coleridge to spiritualize him with his elevated speculations; Sydney Smith to delight him with his satiric keenness; Irving to exhilarate him with his liveliness and elegance; Tennyson to charm him with his beautiful strains; Emerson to invigorate him with his nervous epigrams of poetry and of prose.

Such is the society, in which the zealous student is permitted daily to mingle. Such are the pleasures of study. In view of their sweetness and their evident superiority to all the pleasures of common worldly industry, every young person should be considered sadly unfortunate, who possesses no taste for intellectual pursuits. "When I was a student," says Carlyle, "I resolved to make myself master of Newton's Principia; and although I had not, at that time, knowledge enough of mathema-

tics to make the task other than a Hercules-labor to me, yet I read and wrought unceasingly, through all obstructions and difficulties, until I had accomplished it; and no Tamerlane conqueror ever felt half so happy as I did, when the terrible book lay subdued and vanquished before me."

But it is curious to observe how Nature admonishes us, to regard all our pleasures as of less importance than something else. As if, in our moments of happiness, we should not forget, that our frail barks are to be guided by us, amid ill-seen shoals and reefs, in life's changing ocean. All human joy is like the music of the spheres. It is never to be considered paramount. There is a severe constancy, without which happiness is only a dream. This constancy, which is of vibration, of effort, of progressive movement, we are to keep good, though at the cost of what may seem many raptures. Hence, it is appropriate to discuss, in this place, the dangers to which the very felicities of the student expose him.

III.

HEALTH.

It is possible for the glad lover of books, to become a victim of his passion. He may be led fatally to overlook the claims of his own physical nature, as well as the demands on him of the ordinary society of the world. He is tempted to become bookish. He has discovered a new world. In this, he wishes to live. He is delighted with its pure air, its fountains, its flowers, and its great lights. He

is fain to mingle and converse, participate and sympathize, triumph and exult, with its urbane and genial inhabitants. He may do this — all this. But let him keep himself subject to the restraints of a wisely-exercised judgment. He may abandon the world of politics, with its medley of ultraism, ambition, and chicanery. He may leave the world of fashion, with its follies of sycophantic flattery and of prudish affectation. He may retire from the world of sordid acquisitiveness, with its exhibitions of groveling toil and of miserly gloating. But let him be warned, lest he turn his back on that strong and indispensable world into which he was born crying, and out of which he cannot go without a pang!

The student may suffer his books to steal from him his health. While taking special care of his intellectual nature, he may neglect his *human* nature. A young man, in college, is, I think, in need of a physician, when he cannot find time to walk, at least, as many as four miles a day. This is not to say, that a daily and brisk walk of six or eight miles would harm him. It is better for a student to have to work for the means of his education, while he is getting it, as many students do, so that his frame may hold its strength, and his blood retain its color and pulse, than that while his intellect is gaining discipline and knowledge, his body shall be dwindling to a skeleton. A sad picture of premature decline, would be that of many a youth who might, this day, be found, self-incarcerated in some upper room, and dreaming among his books, as if he were a living tombstone having an epitaph engraved on his face.

It is better to be poor from loss of property, than to be poor from loss of health. Man was described by one of the Grecian philosophers, as “a two-legged animal without feathers.” May I not describe a dyspeptic bookworm, as a two-legged animal without feathers, having a frame of bones covered with a pale, cold skin; suffering the *room-atism*, almost continually; and passing most of its time in a chair, with its spinal column bent badly out of shape? Alas! for that deluded youth whose passion for study is taking the color out of his cheeks, the elasticity out of his limbs, the music out of his voice, and the beauty out of his eyes, and is fitting him for an early ride in grim Charon’s boat! There should be no such students in any of our schools. Among their first scholastic lessons, students should learn how important it is to preserve the soundness and the vigor of their bodies. They should set a guard against whatever may result in an untimely undermining of the citadel of the soul. Ever should they bear in mind how poor a bargain would be made, were all the wealth of the world accepted as an equivalent for so much of the flesh which rounds off the angles of the limbs, or for so much of the energy which lives in the stomach. Consider how many a man is now suffering the penalty of inattention to the demands of his physical nature, during the period in which he was an enchanted student, who, if he possessed the gold of a hundred worlds, would freely give it all in exchange for one little drop of some rejuvenating elixir which, after many years, might restore to him the vitality and the bloom of earlier years! Do you not think that the

experience of Robert Pollok, in the close of his short life, was often imbittered by the reflection that he had suffered his books to steal from him his health? Do you doubt that the gifted Henry Kirke White contemplated, at last, with not a little melancholy regret, the fact that he had permitted his studies to prepare him for the grave, in the days of his opening manhood? He died at twenty-one—died because he had applied himself to his studies with an application so unremitting—died deeply lamented, on account of his virtues and his talents. This is the sum of history's record, concerning the close of that young man's brief career. But I believe that the last days of Kirke White were days of mourning in his soul—a mourning inaudible, and too great for tears!—a mourning of the very faculties of his fine intellect, in their consciousness that all his hopes of earthly usefulness and immortality were perishing with that faded tabernacle, which, had he but guarded it well, might have maintained its strength and freshness, during a long period of golden and blessed years! It is by such instances as that of Pollok and this of White, that we must be taught how deplorable is the fate of a student, endowed with superior talents and animated by a lofty ambition—a young man too generous and noble for such a doom—sinking into the final sleep, while his heart is pulsating in life's romantic forenoon!

There is one true way to get an education, and get it safely. It is that way in which the body and the mind are exercised harmoniously together. Thus, dyspepsia and consumption are precluded, as

results of intense study. Thus, that necessity is set aside, by which genius, it should seem, cannot begin a course of thorough discipline, without taking a tendency to decline, which will end either in early death or in a prematurely enfeebled body. May the student deserve to be called a bright-eyed, generous youth, who spends part of his time among books and teachers, and part of his time walking, climbing, leaping, and swimming. May he remember that sweet hymn to health, found among the fragments of the Greek poets :

“Health, most venerable of the powers of heaven! with thee may the remaining part of my life be passed, nor do thou refuse to bless me with thy residence. For, whatever there is of beauty or of pleasure, in wealth, in descendants, or in sovereign command, the highest summit of human enjoyment, or in those objects of human desire which we endeavor to chase into the toils of love; whatever delight, or whatever solace is granted by the celestials, to soften our fatigues, in thy presence, thou parent of happiness, all these joys spread out and flourish; in thy presence blooms the spring of pleasure, and, without thee, no man can be happy.”

A certain young American has laconically expressed a truth which every college-student would do well to inscribe in capitals, on the wall of his study: “Intellect in a weak body, is like gold in a spent swimmer’s pocket.” How many bookworms there are, at twenty-one, whose bodies appear almost as old as do the bodies of some octogenarians! You may say that, after all, it has been proved that the average length of life is greater with scholars than

with any other class; and that students, distinguished for scholarship, have lived longer, on the average, than those whose standing was low. But this furnishes nothing to the student, in favor of a neglect of diet, of bathing, and of bodily exercise. Of the bookworm who makes a hobby of his chair, it may truly be said, that he either dies before he has had time to do anything noble, or lives too long without doing anything noble. Mr. Beecher says that the sponge should go with the Word; and so it should. But it should also go with the text-book. A dyspeptic bookworm is worth little more to the race, for his learned intellect. We should have sound bodies as well as scholarly minds. May it never be deemed an unimportant part of a person's education, that he learn to play adroitly in the free air, to eat right, and to keep himself clean! "Many dishes, many diseases," says an ancient writer. And to this, it may properly be added, that fast eaters are a class of self-murderers. In walking, in running, and in horse-riding, a person has the dust blown out of him.

A distinguished physician says that, when we are still, we use five hundred cubic inches of air in a minute. If we walk at the rate of one mile an hour, we use eight hundred cubic inches in a minute; two miles an hour, one thousand; three miles an hour, one thousand six hundred; four miles an hour, two thousand three hundred. If we run at the rate of six miles an hour, we use three thousand cubic inches of air in a minute. If we ride a horse, on a trot, we use one thousand seven hundred and fifty cubic inches in a minute. If we ride a horse, on a

canter, we use, in one minute, five hundred cubic inches.

The exercises of the gymnasium should, I think, be made a requirement, and skill in them be held as an accomplishment, in all our colleges. In other words, there should be established, in each of them, a gymnastic professorship. Only let that bodily activity which preserves health, be raised to the dignity of a regular scholastic duty, and it would soon engage the attention of students, as if it were itself a study.

It is well that not all lovers of books overlook the value of out-of-door exercise. It is well that the word scholar has not yet become suggestive chiefly of leanness, of sharpness, and of ghostliness. There are many students who daily wear in their faces the beautiful evidences of health. They eat long at their meals. "They put," as Emerson says of the English, "a bar of solid sleep between day and day." They have some flesh on their limbs, to make less dangerous the shock of sudden contact. They have, also, warm blood, rubicund cheeks, and a sweet breath. While they are fitting themselves to be teachers, authors, or orators, they do not lose sight of the value of pure air. While they are translating Greek and Latin, and are sliding to infinity and back on mathematical curves, they do not forget to take lessons from the birds, the fishes, and the flowers. Though ambitious to win the praise due to high scholarship, they do not neglect the morning bath, in cold water, which always opens as many applauding mouths as a person has pores in his skin.

At colleges which are located near bodies of water, as at Harvard and Yale, in this country, and at Cambridge, in England, are found clubs of athletic and skilled boatmen, who vie with one another in exciting and healthful rowing-matches. At those colleges which have an inland location, as at Amherst—*Alma Mater nobis*—and at Williams College, all but the bookworms are accustomed to exert themselves daily in different kinds of sport, adapted to keep up the pulse of health in their blood-vessels, and preserve the youthful flexibility and strength of their muscles.

It is interesting to observe, in history, the attention which the ancient scholars used to pay to the subject of health. Few of these were persons who might have lived to do immortal things, had they but possessed an ordinary amount of pulmonary or of gastric power. In the palmy days of the Greek language, I will answer for it, that genius was not often seen peering through an organism, prematurely enfeebled and shrunk. It dwelt, moved, sung, and grew eloquent, in a bodily tabernacle which was almost a paradise of health. There lived in its hands that heat which woman loves, and which Shakspeare calls

“The precedent of pith and livelihood.”

I do not believe that physicians had many invalid students for patients, in the days of the “divine Plato.” Immortal Homer was familiar with gymnastic exercises. You can, perhaps, recall what he says, in the *Odyssey*, concerning the physical powers

of Ulysses. At the entertainment which was made for him by Alcinoüs, Ulysses was indignant when one of the young performers boastfully told him that he could not wrestle. Immediately turning to the quoit, he seized it, and beat them all. Then, the weary but brave wanderer challenged them to compete with him, in boxing and wrestling, and found them speechless and ashamed. Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, each enjoyed the high health which is afforded by adequate bodily exercise, and each taught the value of it to his disciples. Almost the last thing Socrates did before his death, was to bathe himself. All the most useful scholars, of every age, have been persons who, while students, prized pure air, cold water, and physical sports. Our Webster was, in his own way, a *sporting* man. He was fond of the field, of the forest, and of fish-catching. Not much was he like the Andover divinity student, who, as a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* tells us, closed his eyes on the beautiful autumnal scenery around him, and sought his study with the prayer, "Lord, turn thou mine eyes from beholding vanity!" It is said, that Webster once remarked, concerning a certain eminent Bostonian who is still living, that "it was a prodigious pity he had no single taste whose gratification would take him out of his hot-air library into the open air."

Listen now, thou youth, who art in love with thy books! listen, and be warned! Thou knowest that thou shouldst break the spell which binds thee to those books, and which is making thy skin to shrink and thy face to fade. As thou prizest length of days, as thou admirest an erect and manly form, as thou

knowest that, in "this God's world," thou shouldst value rosy flesh, painless digestion, and dreamless sleep, I bid thee to break this spell! Mountains are yonder—go thou, sometimes, and climb them! Springs of pure water are bubbling yonder—go thou, sometimes, and drink from them! Three hundred and sixty-five beautiful mornings are in every year—go forth, and partake of their bracing influences! What! art thou willing that thy books should become thine executioners? Art thou at rest, while they are drinking up the juices of thy young body, and making thee either a pale consumptive or a lean dyspeptic? If so, then, Mr. Bookworm, shame ever be on thee!

IV.

IDEALIZATION.

The hint has already been given, that the passion for study places a person in familiar relations with a society entirely distinct from that of the actual world. It is a society of ideals. Its men are ideal men; its women are ideal women. The student is indebted, chiefly, to his imagination, for the felicities which, in this higher society, he is permitted daily to experience. By that power, he is made able to see a reality in a sign, a hero in a story, a city in a sentence. How often has a brief description placed before you some beautiful being, in human form, whose faultless character would be impossible, on this uneven and stormy planet, except as an ideal! The book-world has, then, this other name; it is, also, the imagination's world. You who have,

for hours, bent, with a beguiled and delighted mind, over some fascinating novel, and then have gone forth into the midst of real life, you know the difference which we must ever expect to find between conceived and perceived objects; between ideals and actualities. Signs and pictures invariably misrepresent, when they stand for material objects or for living beings. At a great distance off, our friends seem better than they are; and our enemies worse, perhaps, than they are. "Good and bad men," says Coleridge, "are each less so than they seem." "None," says Rochefoucault, "are either so happy or so unhappy as they imagine." Rail-roads always look well on paper. The speculator in fruit-trees, knows the value of a clean book of vivid paintings. Not on any emblem or representation of a thing, will your imagination let you look as on the thing itself. You read about the "Swiss Family Robinson," and you think you would like to live in the top of a huge tree. You peruse Defoe's story of Crusoe; and you almost long to be leading Crusoe's life. How difficult, through any words of history, to see Napoleon, as he was, in his last delirious hours on St. Helena! How idle a thing, for a hypochondriac poet to try to make you and me truly conceive his feelings, when his heart was breaking, or when he had serious thoughts of shooting himself! Forests, flowers, birds, rivers, the sky, woman, genius, war, death—these all must needs seem either better or worse than they are, when the mind looks on them, through the descriptions of poetry or of prose. It is exhilarating to read of heroes, seizing on common opportunities and turning them into

great and glorious occasions, or struggling, alone, to achieve some triumph of invention or of discovery; but if you would know what heroism really is, you must form your idea of it, in some other place than your chair. Your ideal general falls to the ground, when his horse is shot from under him, and as you see him leaping on some other horse, and flying again into the hot battle, the whole scene seems to you sublime, and you think it easy for just such a man to do just such a deed. But suppose yourself to be the real rider of those two horses; and I imagine you can easily conceive a few terrible circumstances which will materially alter that handsome ideal. You are interested in the account of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, or from Waterloo; but do you not see that Napoleon himself must have found it no agreeable task, to have to skulk, for his life's sake, over a strange and rough country?

Here, then, is the second great danger, to which the student, by his very pleasures, is exposed. It is the deceptive influence of an over-idealizing imagination. To suffer more or less from this kind of deceptive influence, is, undoubtedly, the common lot of students. Every scholar has his personal history of extravagant idealization. He can recall some period, in his life, of illusory imaginings and misplaced trust. To its very beginnings, he can trace back some splendid ideal, in the destruction of which, much of his being went to ruin. Most vividly, will the beautiful error recur to his thoughts. He will see its early progress from a mere conception to a charming intellectual form, its constant increase in attractiveness, its gradual yet sure occu-

pancy of the mind, its primal access to the world of passion, its effect, then, on the will, and its influence, afterward, on the speech, the manners, the conduct, the life. He will remember how that ideal affected his view of all the beautiful objects around him. It made the sun shine brighter. It added new luster to the stars. It gave the rainbow a fairer tinge, and the morning a purer freshness. Last of all, he will remember, and, it may be, live over the feeling of desolation which pervaded his soul, in that hour, when he first saw how completely he had been deceived by a brilliant ideal.

V.

THE DREAMER.

It is apt to be the mistake of the student, that, for too long a portion of his life, he remains under the fascination of books. He may not soon enough begin to live from himself. The bookworm is always a dreamer. He never is a real thinker. He never is a real inventor or a real hero. He is a builder of castles in the air. The world in which he lives most, is the ideal world. In this, he experiences pleasures of an elevated kind. They are much higher than those of the senses. They are perhaps superior to social pleasures. But he is, by nature, capable of pleasures of a kind still higher, the sweetness of which he knows not, and little cares to know. This charmed lover of books, so long as necessity does not force him forth into the whirl of human life, is not often, if ever, painfully sad. His intellectual experience consists of a succession of delightful

dreams. He could hardly define to you, trouble, depression, distress, or anguish. He never has *the blues*. He has no practical word to say, about that long trial which is the inevitable cost of lasting reputation. All the reputation he has gained, or will ever try to gain, is simply that of a builder of splendid air-castles. He sees little of living men, and hence suffers little from them. He is content to be a pale and solitary idealizer—a personification of elegant leanness—a human snail that has become shrunk in its shell. You point at him the finger of ridicule, for thus passing his days as a mere intellectual voluptuary; but the doomed bookworm receives your derision with all the indifference of an intoxicated opium-eater.

Not all, but a large number of bookish idealizers, are thus strangers to the actual world. Every student tends to become just such a dreamer, by as much as he pursues the pleasures of study for their own sake. The young seeker after knowledge should ever keep in mind the truth, that the legitimate object of his employment is to prepare himself for a life of higher pursuits and more noble felicities. Else, he can scarcely avoid a fascination, under which he will forget what he ought to be doing, like those companions of Ulysses who, being sent by him to make inquiries of the lotus-eaters, tasted the delicious flowers and refused to return. Some of the saddest mistakes and failures of educated men, can be traced to erroneous views of human nature and human life, formed when they were students, rejoicing in ideal society. They, then, failed to see the true difference between the

real world, and the imagination's more beautiful world. How many a student has left his long-loved seclusion, and gone forth to build a reputation, with the acquisitions he has been storing, and on the opportunity which opens before him, only prepared to soon win the name of a wild enthusiast! With a mind abounding with fanciful ideals, he was entirely unfitted for practical life. He was only a refined dreamer. He deserved to hear old men call him a young radical, fresh from college, whom it would do much good, should he go to school awhile to his father.

The bookish adventurer, as he enters the world of facts, is, like every enthusiast, an instance of a kind of intellectual activity, which, under proper restraints, would lead to useful innovation. But, in his case, this activity is illusory. He is deceived by his imagination. This faculty has impaired his reasoning faculty and his judgment. By idealizing too much, he has given to a thousand objects a false character. Hence, when he enters the atmosphere of strong and hearty actualities, he is destined soon to receive the treatment due to a brilliant young enthusiast. What real humanity is, this visionary aspirant will little know; for he will only have read and dreamed of it, not met it in felt contact. Therefore, in whatever direction he may apply himself, he will be prepared to leap to erroneous conclusions. If he turns his mind to politics, he will propose schemes and measures the unpractical character of which will make experience and sagacity inquire from what asylum of wild men this fine lunatic has come. If he devotes himself to science, he will,

perhaps, soon be heard advocating some long abandoned theory, or announcing some discovery of his own, in which, in despite of his many words, all sound thinkers will see only enough to make them whistle at the triumph and sigh at its cost. If he chooses the pulpit, he will thence put forth beautiful webs of poetry and romance, spun in his dear land of dreams; or, what is easier to say, he will be found preaching moonshine when he should be preaching lightning. The truth, simply told, is, that this bright-eyed idealizer must be educated over, before he can be worth any practical sum to the race. By as many as a hundred strong-headed men, the loss of him would not be felt, at all; and humanity, as a whole, could spare him as easily as an ostrich could spare any one of its brilliant plumes. It is reality, force, heroism, that have weight, in this world. But air-castles, fanciful theories, and all romantic absurdities—for these men will not barter feathers. Learned dreamers are not they who make the nation strong. “It was very fine,” said Robert Hall, speaking of a certain ornate and lauded sermon, “but men cannot eat flowers.”

The bookish enthusiast must lose in imagination and gain in judgment—must learn to strive and to wait—before his knowledge or his works can be entitled to genuine respect. This person is over-doing, when he seems to be doing well. Before he knows it, the object of his ambition has become a hobby. Give him a conservative’s inch, and he will take a lunatic’s leap. Men, sometimes, trust enthusiasts, but never for a long time. They soon learn what the characteristics of all mere idealizers are;

and then, they are ready never to trust them more. So, when the French party of freedom had discovered how poor a guide their own patriotic but visionary Lamartine was able to be, to sad, brave men, resolved on the installation of a republic, they, then, were ready to leave Lamartine to his poetic illusions. So, Fourier gets an *ism* fastened to his name, making it become the ridiculed synonym of every scheme, like his own absurd Community System.

VI.

THE RECLUSE.

When the experience of a bookish student is im-bittered by his contact with the stern realities of the world, then he becomes a recluse. In this case, as in that of the dreamer, the intellect is miseducated. The distinction between the two, is the result of a difference in allotment. The former is free to enter or not to enter the actual battle of life; the latter enjoys not this freedom. He is forced to leave his retirement, and find among men the means of a livelihood. Under this compulsion, his idéalizing habit subjects him to trials, in which his sensibilities are continually wounded and torn. Hence, this forlorn lover of solitude owes the misery of his experience to an unguarded taste for intellectual lotus-eating. We pity the dreamer for his absurdities; but we find him hopeful, even while his mind is surveying the fragments of its ruined ideals. Though never successful, in practical life, yet, by virtue of his buoyant imagination, he is never despondent. In the recluse, we, on the contrary, find a sufferer. His mind is disordered. It is morbidly sensitive.

All that he conceives, all that he remembers, all his ideas of symmetry, of goodness, of heroism, are unwittingly shaped and colored by him into illusions. He exorcises what is deceitfully lovely, what is corruptly fair. Forms of angelic perfection shine and flit in the chambers of his mind. There, beauty appears free from defects and from blemishes. There, the jarring vibrations of discord are not heard. Lovers walk there, whose youthful hopes are destined, not to be disappointed, but to be fulfilled in years of unbroken fruition. Not long, however, is he permitted to enjoy these happy views. He is compelled to enter the dusty world of hard and stubborn facts. He leaves, for a time, his seclusion. The scramble of selfish men, after wealth, luxuries, and laurels, shocks him. He perceives that human beauty is never found perfect. He sees how common it is for friendship to be only an appearance, and ambition only another name for unholy cupidity; for "impiety to be in lawn, and fidelity in fetters." In their real shapes and colors, those realities which give life its dark side, now exhibit themselves; and he looks on crime, remorse, grief, want, vice, cruelty, envy, and injustice. His sensitive soul recoils from the scene. Like an exotic removed to an austere clime, he is no longer happy in the morning light. His imagination now deceives him, by exaggerating bad things into worse. The smallest imperfections are wrought into deformities; and the most tolerable suffering into misery. This habit soon results in a deep and settled disease. The person's mind becomes filled with what Atterbury calls "the imagery of a melancholic fancy." He mingles with men only

when he must. His life is not life; it is only a gloomy existence.

Long is the catalogue of those who have drooped and faded, in consequence of illusory ideals, formed in the retirement of study. It includes some of the brightest geniuses that have ever rejoiced or sighed amid the bloom of the world. In this catalogue must be named Petrarch, Cowper, Steele, Keats, Tasso, and Collins. Coleridge, after pressing once the hand of Keats, whom he had met by accident, remarked to the friend with whom he passed on, "There is death in that hand!" Not long afterward, the young poet, whose gifted spirit had been pierced by criticism, was expressing among his last words, the sweet, mournful utterance: "I feel the daisies growing over me!" Collins, it is said, was a finer poet than Milton. But he had not received an education like that which equipped the intellect of Milton for the smoky and fiery whirl of real life. Hence, he spent his last days, moaning in the aisles and the cloisters of the Chichester cathedral. Byron, who knew what it is to find the actual at war with the ideal, in human experience, and who had, himself, often felt the pain of a sensitive nature wounded by harsh criticism, left few words more true than these:

"Alas!

Despair and genius are too oft connected."

Whiston said, that he would not have deemed it proper to publish his work against Newton's Chronology, in Newton's lifetime. He knew the temper of the philosopher too well. He should have ex-

pected it would kill him, even as Locke's Confutation of Bishop Stillingfleet's metaphysical speculations concerning the Trinity, hastened his end. "Authors," said Cumberland, "must not be thin-skinned, but shelled like the rhinoceros." May I not, in this strong saying, fitly substitute students for authors?

The discussion of ideals, in their connection with *love*, would be in harmony with the theme of this paper. But the paper is already sufficiently long. The deficiency will, therefore, be supplied by the following discussion.

PAPER IV.

THE INTELLECTUAL SIDE OF LOVE.

IN every great susceptibility, humanity changes not; but what it was, at first, that it no less is, to-day. I go back to the primal times, and I find that whatever was native to man's heart, then, is native to my heart, now. "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." Adam and Eve were lovers. Do you think they were so well-matched, that they had not lovers' differences? See how much that, to the end of this world, will be common to mankind, there is, in those words of Moses: "And Laban had two daughters: the name of the elder was Leah, and the name of the younger was Rachel. Leah was tender-eyed, but Rachel was beautiful and well-favored. And Jacob loved Rachel, and said, 'I will serve thee seven years for Rachel, thy younger daughter.' And Laban said, 'It is better that I give her to thee, than that I should give her to another man: abide with me.' And Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed to him but a few days, for the love he had to her." The true hearts of the race all know the feeling which, more than three thousand years ago, moved Boaz to cause handfuls of gathered grain to be scattered for Ruth, the fair gleaner who had, unwittingly, smitten him with her beauty.

The same feeling is universal. Not even the great men and women of the ages, can be considered strangers to its mysterious throbbings. Love, as a passion, successful or otherwise, has been a mighty element, in all social organizations and disruptions, from the earliest. History does not tell us all things. It does not tell us how different, but for betrothals and marriages, had been the civilization of the Jews, of Egypt, of India, of Greece, of Rome, of Western Europe, of America. Between Adam's day and Homer's, between Homer's day and Shakspeare's, between Shakspeare's day and Tennyson's, there have been lovers who were some of the time wise, and some of the time silly. There will be similar lovers, always. The poets and the novelists will as soon become extinct, as will perish from human hearts that passion which, with so many delicate agonies and raptures, sends the race to destiny in pairs. Oh! shall I tell you, that ten thousand have died, who began, in the very days of their youth, to pine for an early and unregarded lapse into that dreamless sleep which lasts till the morning of the resurrection, because their first love — "that first love which comes but once" — was ill-requited? In all the world, there are those who have been duped by seductive flattery. Their sorrow is constant and bitter. By

"A long, long weeping not consolable,"

the fountains of their tears seem so nearly exhausted, that their eyes cannot easily become moist again. Be assured, young gentlemen and ladies, that you

ought seasonably and carefully to study that affection which is the subject of possibilities so melancholy and deplorable! Let us reason together.

I.

IMAGINATION.

Solitary idealization, and that alone, will explain many instances, in the world, of avowed as well as of silent misanthropy. Can you not conceive how the young person, especially the young student, who has not yet been well taught the necessary imperfection of everything earthly, may be led to form such views of human excellence and beauty, as will one day be the means of turning him, for a considerable period of time or for life, into a gloomy recluse, morbidly prejudiced against the race? Certainly, no apology is needed for undertaking to suggest something in respect to that preparation which every young person should make, for the days of a passion that may move his heart, he little knows when, and that may affect his mind, he little knows how.

Woman was made for man, and man for woman; and the feeling of love which causes the bosoms of both to throb in answer to each other, was, indisputably, a part of the Creator's plan. Hence, it is found, that no person lives many years, without forming such an ideal of human features and traits, as gives him a tender and even over-regardful interest, in that portion of the race, which is to furnish him an object of love. He becomes diffident in mixed company. He invests fair women with an

imaginary loveliness. To approach them, is, to him, almost as much as to go into the presence of angels. Whenever he is with them, he is under the restraint of a painful embarrassment. His manners are, then, awkward; and his voice unnatural. He deports himself, as if it had been his ill-luck to be born with features or with limbs, such as will not let him be genteel. His eyes are in his way; and he hardly knows where to put his hands. He feels, in short, as if he were entirely unfitted to commune with beings so graceful and lovely, and as if he should remain apart from them, till he shall have learned how to act and talk as winningly as they do. So, for a long time, he does remain apart from them. But he does not forget them. Their bright faces still smile, along the gallery of his mind; and the echoes of their musical voices, still linger in its chambers. At length, after acquiring many lessons under the severe tuition of experience, he will, perhaps, have come to regard these flowers of humanity, with less trembling diffidence; and with an estimate which does not so much overlook the fact, that they are apt to be as frail and faulty as they are beautiful. Then, he will have become a young gentleman. The days of his boyish imaginings will be over. He will manifest a measure of self-possession. He will exhibit some of that penetration which enables a person to read human nature. Possibly, he will have been taught how great a difference always exists, between an ideal and its correspondent reality.

The history of the practical men of the world, so far as their minds and conduct have been influenced

by views of womanly beauty, will be found to be entirely in harmony with the foregoing account. But when you turn to scholars and authors, you will find that only a few of these have, either seasonably or adequately, disabused themselves, in respect to the romantic dreams of early boyhood. The student, by the very necessity which keeps him for a long time in retirement, is prevented from deriving the full advantage of those associations which tend to correct the mind's preconceived views of humanity. So, when in his first confusion of bashful self-distrust, he goes away to hold communion with his *beau idéal*, the chances may not be many of a timely modification of his immature conclusions. In solitude — that nursery of visionary ideals — he may dream overmuch of beauty and of love. His future may rise before him, in a bright, unclouded vista of domestic bliss. He may not contemplate the possibility of disappointment. He may not let himself see that Job and his wife, Socrates and his Xantippe, Sir Richard Steele and his Prue, Milton and his Mary Powell, were but just such matches as are always too common in the world. The majority of scholars have been unhappy in their domestic relations; but our youth may not consider the real secret of their love-troubles and their troubles of matrimony. Then, he may have the romance-writer to lead him on, in his romantic speculations. And is it not, chiefly, for the pleasure of our boyish young idealizer, and such as he, that this writer paints his fairest pictures of beauty and of passionate devotion? Whom do the Margarets, the Lauras, the Rebeccas, and all other pictures of

sinless female loveliness, that have been drawn by the pens of poets and of novelists — whom do they most delight and charm? I tell you, it is the young dreamer among books, who has not yet rubbed sufficiently against the hard edges of the world, to know the difference between fancies and facts. When Thales was in his youth, his mother pressed him to marry. "No," said Thales, "I am too young." Sometime afterward, she renewed her entreaty; and then Thales said, "I am too old." In that interim of experience, the philosopher had, perhaps, met, among the girls of Greece, only the daughters of Vanity. "It is better," he used to say, "to adorn the mind than the face." Philosophers are, generally, too old to wed unadorned minds.

Sooner or later, all dreamers who do not die too early, are destined to feel the truth, that earth is everywhere earth; and that other truth, that when the inspired writer declared men to be lower than the angels, he meant to include women, also. If the student makes this discovery, not too late, he may deserve to be congratulated on having saved himself the trouble of suffering, for a few or for many years, as the victim of an illusory trust. Right early, should he put himself in some way, in which he may be most likely to make this discovery. Right early, should he learn, that neither things nor persons are what they seem, in ideal forms; to be; and that they can be known as they are, only by the teachings of stern experience. May he not deceive himself among his books. May he see the danger of excessively indulging a romantic imagi-

nation. Not too distrustfully, should he look on earthly objects; but he should look on them, with sufficient distrust. He should, at least, learn, that all splendid ideals of living humanity are destined to be broken to pieces, and to sink in the whirling waters of Passion's disturbed sea; and that, in every instance since history began, the love of the dreamer has ended with that utterance of Solomon's—
“Vanity of vanities!”

II.

REASON.

He that would marry well, should know how to read character well. In this world of adorned faces, you should have wise eyes. It is not every bewitching countenance that derives its attractions from a heart which not even torture could make false. If you are reasonable, you will defy fashion, before you will marry a delicate lady who flouts at everything philosophic, and deems herself beautiful enough if she is outwardly beautiful. The wife of the Vicar of Wakefield thought, that rising too early would hurt her daughters' eyes, that working after dinner would redden their noses, and that their hands were never so white as when they did nothing. Goldsmith probably meant, that she should be taken as a representative definer of womanly beauty, in the fashionable sense. But, in respect to beauty in woman, be it your care to consult the thinkers. Here are the words of some of them: “I would prefer,” says Addison, “a woman that is agreeable in my own eye and not deformed in that of the

world, to a celebrated beauty." Says Lord Bacon: "That is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express; no, nor the first sight of the life." Says the venerable Fuller: "Neither choose all, nor not at all, for beauty." Love, without reason, was deemed by Bacon unmanly. "Great spirits and great business," says he, "do keep out this weak passion."

So, we learn that a person should, in his matrimonial choice, be governed, not less by practical than by ideal considerations. Do not leave yourself to be swayed, overmuch, by the impulses awakened by first impressions. There should ever be a goodly space, between a fancy and an attachment—a thrill and a decision. Reason should preside at the birth of love; and reason should never abandon this wayward offspring. Do you not see, that passion is born blind? You will find that your favorite poets and nearly all great poets have written some extravagant and exceptionable pieces. In respect to these productions, they erred, in not allowing sufficient scope to reason. Thus, we may account for those bad passion-poems among the gems of Pope; and for that abnormal voluptuousness which clouds the beauties of Alexander Smith. Byron is reasonable, in "Childe Harold"; is he reasonable in "Don Juan"? Shakspeare himself is sometimes passionate, without reason. Does he not appear more manly, in any one of his plays, than he does in his "Venus and Adonis"? I grew nobler, as I read Currer Bell's "Jane Eyre," her "Shirley," her "Villette," and her cool, stern story of "The Professor." There

acted a strong reasoning faculty, over the passion which breathes in those books. Their author appears consistent. Her pictures of character and life, are generally true to fact. Her style is intense in its condensation, and admirable in its elaborateness. She has clothed the love of woman, in words which will undoubtedly be fresh, for centuries. She is brave, as well as sentimental. "She could have stood out," says Mr. Bayne, "under the lightning, to trace, with firm pencil, its zigzags of crackling fire." If you read her, she will do more than soften you with her irresistible pathos; she will impress you with her almost sublime severity. And this is the gifted woman who teaches you, my dear young gentlemen, and you, my dear young ladies, such a lesson of lessons, when, in speaking of the class to which the vain, selfish, unpractical, beautiful Miss Genevra Fanshawe belonged, she says: "They seem to sour in adversity, like small beer in thunder; the man who takes such a woman for his wife, ought to be prepared to guarantee her an existence all sunshine."

It is, therefore, evident, that, in love, reason should be a constant guide to this blind passion. Reason should, often, go a long way before love, as its explorer. It should be, silently but resolutely, inquisitive, in the intellectual direction, in the moral direction, in the physiological direction, and in the affectional direction. It should not be content with mere appearances. It should demand more than superficial charms. A lover greatly errs, when he excludes from the grounds of his final decision, the consideration of health. No pair can,

reasonably, be coupled for life, if each has no more knowledge of the other, than can be learned in fashionable excursions, or at parties, or at the table. You see no person, in special acts or particular interviews, as that person is, the most of his or her lifetime. Who is a hero to his valet? Intelligent reason will not be satisfied with observing the action, with hearing the word, with scanning the exterior, only in situations in which the person had expected these to be scrutinized. It will find a route to the person's less affected style of demeanor, and more ordinary modes of self-treatment. "Let me know," it will say, "if this one who has made the bosom over which I rule to throb, does or does not, in the social hour, disguise, somehow, the results of long-violated physical laws. Let me have knowledge whether this one has or has not learned the value of perfect lungs and a sweet breath. Be it mine to know whether the flush of this face is hectic, or is only *rouge*, or is nature's own rosy blood revealing itself through the pores of a delicate skin. May I never consent to a marriage with one that is an angel in the parlor, but an invalid in the kitchen!"

Thus, will intelligent reason be sure to hold back the passion of the heart, till its object shall have been studied, in its relations to air, water, light, food, sleep, and exercise. It will not overlook the dependence of happiness on health. It will see the inevitableness, where disease is, of an incapacity to endure fatigue, of a complaining spirit, of a morbid imagination, and of an early loss of young looks.

III.

ASSIMILATION.

The lover, if he is subject to the guidance of reason, will inquire how far there should be likeness, between himself and his object. Certain it is, that, to some extent, there is required, to insure harmony between the two, a possibility of ready assimilation, in respect to disposition and taste. Let not one be naturally fastidious, and the other naturally lax. Let not one be extravagant, and the other parsimonious. Let not one be extremely neat, and the other slovenly beyond correction. Let not one have a mind that will see nothing but a pair of stockings, while the other shall be reading aloud to her a lecture on the solar system, or on some lofty theme of literature. Let not one be disposed to complain because there is too much gay company, and the other because there is too little.

So far as life is to be practical, should not two lovers be so adapted to each other, as to be able to spend it in perfect concurrence? Should not their relation, in this respect, be, even like that which existed between Montaigne and La Boetie — the relation, as Montaigne used to say, “of one soul in two bodies”? See, now, how rare are the wedded couples whose white hands work always together, on the way to destiny! In this pair, you find estrangement manifest at various points of the practical; but the inharmony resulting, is occasional, not continual. In this other pair, on the contrary, the instances of disagreement are so numerous, that

each wishes the union had never been formed, and that it could easily be dissolved. Ah! how many such wishes are, each day, expressed, in homes occupied by pairs whose nuptials doomed them to a life of conflicting preferences! Do you not know an instance here, and an instance there, of two lovers, married, the one to tease with the grating utterances of an inferior mind, and the other silently to weep and suffer? In your past life, have you not sat, for once at least, in the still presence of some high-minded, beautiful mother, who, as you could see, had, during all the years of her matrimonial union, mourned to herself, pouring out tears all unseen, it may be, except by the eye of the heavenly Father, — in view of the dull, rude, stony-bosomed being, to whom she was led to join her rich heart, in her youth, before she had learned the true signs of a large and loving nature? Did you not mark her almost passionate fondness for the bright-browed little one which God had given her, in her prime, as if to be a means of repairing her broken heart, and making her pale face again to freshen? And, in her yearning look, did you not read the words: “Some relief have I found, from the sorrow of these years! After so long a time of misery, some true sweetness makes endurable these my contemplations and these my dreams. My life shall not, through all the days of my womanhood, be like the mock-sleep of a night of pain. God has said, let there be light for me, and light there is. Before me is my beloved. In all the world, there is no one dearer to me. Sweet child! being of my fondest longings, my tenderest solicitude! On thee, will I bestow

the affections of my reviving heart. And oh! shall I not know, in the future years, how to tell thy happy footstep from that of him whom I blindly espoused, when I was buoyant with the vivacity of life's morning? Shall I not know thy voice from the voice of him whose vulgar insensibility to all that is gentle and noble, has made me wretched, so long, so long!"

Let the inexperienced duly mark those instances, in the world, which illustrate the doom of ill-guided love. Let them, at an early age, become discoverers of character, interpreters of manners and looks, translators of the language of taste, of temperament, and of disposition.

I have hinted, that, so far as life is to be practical, two lovers should, previous to marriage, be sure, that they can so join their wills and their hands, as to spend it, in perfect concurrence. I hope you know what practical life is. Remember, it has many stubborn realities, many trying emergences. Remember, there is so much in it, that it will not allow you to expect to be, all of the time, merely a lover. You should expect to be a worker, an eater of strong food, a thinker, a former of plans and projects—perhaps a rigid economist. You should, also, expect to be, at times, a sufferer—a sufferer from unhappy collisions with men, from loss of property, from unexpected bereavement, and from sudden disease. Think, now, my brisk young gentleman, what a fate would be yours, should you be a practical man of the world, and should you become sick, and should you have for a wife, one who could write poetry or novels, but could not attend you with availing min-

istrations. Or, suppose yourself to be a person, having a taste for intelligent simplicity, rather than for complex adornment and fashionable display; and suppose that your fair spouse should be disposed to walk the kitchen-floor shod with silver. Think what would, then, be your fate. Imagine yourself, my fine young lady, wedded to a man so unlike you in taste, that you could never move him to admiration, with your exquisite music or with your elaborate paintings; and who, if you should speak to him of the importance of a flower-garden, would be ready to exclaim, "Vanity!" Or, suppose that you are a woman of sound sense, and that you should marry a dreamer, who should be disposed to commit to you all the practical matters. I have read, that when Frederick Morel, the writer, was told that his wife was at the point of death, he did not throw down his pen, but merely remarked: "I am very sorry; she was a good woman." There have been many cases like this; and many, like that of the poet Shelley and Miss Westbrook, who, having been wedded in a fit of precipitate ardor, went up into the Lake district, lived there awhile, and then parted for life. These were instances in which the dispositions and the tastes of the married lovers were, undoubtedly, incapable of adequate assimilation. Milton's first wife—she who parted from him within a month after the nuptial day—was ill-qualified to be a help-meet to an author that was destined to become blind, and to write the *Paradise Lost*. "Dante himself," says Carlyle, "was wedded, but it seems not happily. I fancy the rigorous, earnest man, with his keen excitabilities, was not altogether

easy to make happy." Montaigne, it appears, did not marry to suit himself. "Might I," he says, "have had my own will, I would not have married Wisdom herself." You have read of the troubles between Sir E. L. Bulwer and his lady; and between Dickens and Lady Dickens. Would you not say, that these pairs were wedded previous to a careful study, by them, of the possibilities of adequate assimilation in practical life?—previous to the serious inquiry: "Can we harmoniously co-operate, during all the years that shall follow the tying of this delicate bond?"

It has been confidently said, that literary men are, generally, unhappy in their marital relations. Do you not see why? You cannot show, that when mind is married to mind at the same time that heart is married to heart, the union is not insured to be blissful. Have there not been men of letters who could have written of conjugal fruition, from an experience extending through unclouded, beautiful years? You will find, that Sir Walter Scott, in his matrimonial life, was happy; and that Southey lived, not only with his first wife, but also with his second, in sweet peace. You will find, that Cooper enjoyed the matrimonial relation, that Moore was happily mated, and that Shelley's second marriage was the entrance to a period of joyful domestic experience. There is also proof, that Wordsworth was content with his wife, that Professor Wilson was well wedded, and that Dr. Johnson, who was twenty-one years younger than his wife, "continued to be under the illusions of the wedding-day, till the lady died in her sixty-fourth year." It is refreshing to read John

Foster's own account of his matrimonial felicity. "In the greatest number of opinions, feelings, and concerns," says he, "we find ourselves perfectly agreed; and when anything occurs on which our judgments or dispositions differ, we find we can discuss the subject without violating tenderness, or in the least losing each other's esteem, even for a moment."

Numa, who, as you well know, was so unlike all the other kings of early Rome, since he was a sort of poet, holding company, in still retreats, with the Muses, had a lovely wife of the name of Tatia. "She was partaker," says Plutarch, "of his retirement, and preferred the calm enjoyment of life with her husband in privacy, to the honors and distinction in which she might have lived with her father at Rome." Plutarch himself was also happy in the matrimonial relation. In attestation of the fond admiration with which he regarded his wife, he named his only daughter after her. Her name was Timoxena. In a beautiful epistolary portrait, he represents her as being far above the general weakness and affectation of her sex. She had no passion for the expensiveness of dress or the parade of public appearances. She thought every kind of extravagance blamable. She had an ambition which went not beyond the decencies and the proprieties of life.

It is, therefore, untrue, that the marriage vows of men of letters are, necessarily, the entrance to a life of alienating differences. Undoubtedly, the best ideals of matrimonial harmony which can be found among all the pictures of fascinating novelists, are

realized in the literary world. We do not know all the happy homes, through the doors of which there come, from time to time, manuscripts of thought and feeling, which thrill the living race. In right matches, books and learning, authorship and fame, do no more divide husband and wife, than do beautiful children, a pleasant journey, a new house all paid for, the purchase of a farm, a promotion to office, or an increase of salary. If there is a union of the hearts, the dispositions, and the tastes of two lovers, nothing but successful tyranny or mighty death can keep their warm hands apart. Each, for the sake of companionship and co-operation with the other, will be ready to dare danger, to face ridicule, to be deaf to gossip, to endure midnight watchings, to defy distance, to welcome poverty. How great have been the sacrifices which many such lovers have made, to insure an unbroken cohabitation! How beautifully have passed away the lives of wedded pairs, whose marriage in affection was contemporaneous with their marriage in disposition and in taste! It is said, that when the wife of Plautius died, he threw himself on her lifeless bosom, and breathed no more. He could not endure existence, separated from that help-meet, so devotedly loved, so devotedly loving! Pliny, on the death of his wife, said, that "study was his only relief."

The Church speaks, often, of her heroic ministers who have dared the perils of barbarism and of disease, in foreign mission-fields. Why does she not speak, as frequently, of her missionary women—those sweet heroines who, by their patience and their constancy, made their husbands' hearts doubly

strong, under the sun of Africa, amid the heathenish gloom of India, or on the soil of the pagan islands of the seas? We read of famed historians, painters, sculptors, musicians, poets, statesmen, philosophers; but who tells us how far the triumphs of these stars of the race, were dependent on the noiseless influence of women? It had been, I have thought, no more than justice, if a hundred married authors had dedicated their works to their spouses, with tender acknowledgments of the aid which, in their scientific or literary toils, they received from those gentle and noble beings. Dr. Edward Hitchcock, of Amherst College, has given, in his "Religion of Geology," a happy example of this kind. Not often is a person permitted to read words of prose, more melodious and touching, than those which appear in that book, in the letter of dedication, entitled, "To my Beloved Wife." "Early," says the distinguished geologist, "should I have sunk under the pressure of feeble health, nervous despondency, poverty, and blighted hopes, had not your sympathies and cheering counsels sustained me. And during the last thirty years of professional labors, how little could I have done in the cause of science, had not you, in a great measure, relieved me of the cares of a numerous family! Furthermore, while I have described scientific facts with the pen only, how much more vividly have they been portrayed by your pencil! . . . I know that you would forbid this public allusion to your labors and sacrifices, did I not send it forth to the world before it meets your eye. . . . In a world where much is said of female deception and

inconstancy, I desire to testify that one man, at least, has placed implicit confidence in woman, and has not been disappointed."

IV.

CONTRAST.

It is a question of no small moment, how far two lovers may be unlike, and still maintain, in perfect strength, the bond of their attachment. That, in all excellent respects, there needs not, nay, that there should not be similarity between the one and the other, will be evident without any course of elaborate argumentation. Eve was, surely, never so much like Adam, that he could see in her, all his own talents. Do you not think he was the more delighted in her, because she possessed many beauties that were not in himself? To this day, the happiest marriages have been formed, in some manner, on the principle of compensation. "You may depend on it," says a certain philosopher, "that a slight contrast of character is very material to happiness in marriage."* Ambition should not wish, I think, to wed similar ambition. Genius should not wish to wed similar genius. I do not like the temper of the wife of Socrates; but, I ask, did not Socrates — such as he was — get on better with that stormy Xantippe, than he would have done with some patient saint, who had been as much wanting in domestic neatness, as himself?

* The word matrimony is, in this case, preferable, as it expresses the *state* of married persons. The word marriage refers rather to an *act* than to a state.

Had Socrates, with his disposition, married a good-natured slattern, he might have died thinking woman fit only to be a toy or a menial. Are there not many easy, slovenly husbands who would make far less trouble, under the domestic roof, if they had wives that could occasionally raise a Xantippean storm in the kitchen? But you should hush me, here. My object is not to suggest how ill-matched pairs may the better do; I aim to prevent unhappy marriages.

Should there be unlikeness between two lovers? Of course, there should. I dare not tell you, in how many respects, the one should be the complement of the other. But you ought to know, that God has given to the true woman a beauty of form, which man, how noble soever he may be, cannot see in himself. Let us be united in shaming those weak lecturers who, overlooking the natural differences between man's organism and woman's organism, have aimed, it should seem, to put the tender feet of the gentler into the stout boots of the sterner sex. May woman never become free to be inured and toughened, by out-of-door exposures! She was not made to be rugged. By nature, she is not adapted for the agricultural field, the platform, the bar-room, the justice's court, the governmental office, the intrigues of politics, or the stormy scene of war. I cannot think, that she is adapted for the pulpit. Nature has given her a fitness, neither for the harder engagements of actual life, nor for oratory. In her very form, do you not read the expression: "Choiceness! choiceness!" Man's body has the more strength; woman's the more symmetry. The

one is the more angular; the other is the more curved and oval. Both are designed to live much in the midst of pure air and heaven's own light; but the one is, evidently, designed to have more muscle and toughness than the other. From the earliest times, all the best thinkers of the race have agreed, that the two sexes should never become generally accustomed to exchange places. And do you not see how, like the whistle of the idle wind, the prate of the poor female lecturers goes by? They cannot make it look right for fine, eloquent women, to speak in public. They could not, though they should agitate the question, during all this millennium, all the next, and ever so many more. The highest order of men will never cease to glory in the bright destiny of that rib of Adam, which was turned into a form whose beauty has made all poets rapturous, and caused ten thousand shrinking souls to become brave!

Have you not observed, with what gallant firmness, the true men refuse to hold the feminine nature, in any other than the nicest regard? See what they insist on as woman's rights! In every vehicle, she shall have the best seat. The gate shall be opened for her. She shall be treated respectfully in the street. The path shall be made clear for her. The crowd shall give way, so that she may pass through it, unharmed. If she is seen weeping among strangers, pitying eyes shall at once be directed to her, and generous hands at once be occupied in ministrations for her comfort. No wretch may, with impunity, attempt to tarnish her fair reputation. Cursed shall be the mouth that

dares to pour out obscenity, in her reproving presence. In the hour of peril and disaster, she shall, if possible, be rescued, though the deliverance must needs be at the cost of brave blood. Look at all that is or that has been called wealth, and tell me what has not been held as worthless, in comparison with woman. For her, kingdoms have been given up as trifles, and fortunes have been cast away like the treasures of dreams. Are not all the fine houses built for her? Are not the superb vehicles and the spans of shining horses for her? What have you, dear married men, that you did not get for your spouses? and what have you that you would not give up for them? So true it is, that woman, in all the civilized world, commands a special respect, on account of her special charms. And so true it is, that the female lecturers, with their silly enthusiasm, will never move the higher class of minds to much more than ridicule.

Turn we, now, to the souls of two lovers, so that we may inquire how far unlikeness or contrast of *internal* character, may contribute to happiness in matrimony. I am sure you would agree, that, if either is ambitious for distinction, it were better for the man to be so. The true ideal of conjugal harmony does not involve similarity between husband and wife, in aspiration, in learning, or in fame. Have you read those words of the poet Tupper?

“Hath she learning? It is good, so that modesty go with it.

Hath she wisdom? It is precious, but beware that thou exceed.”

There should, at least, be so much unlikeness, that

man may, usually, be the leading actor. Let woman, with

“Her low firm voice and tender government,”

counsel, persuade, encourage, and inspire her companion; let her companion be moulded and guided by her influence; and then let him proceed to action, representing the two in his masculine strength and courage. His success should include hers. Her reputation should be in his name. “For a man indeed,” says Paul, “ought not to cover his head, forasmuch as he is the image and glory of God; but the woman is the glory of the man.” Again he says: “But I suffer not a woman to teach nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence. For Adam was first created, then Eve.”

Little scope could there be for adequate assimilation of the minds of wedded lovers, unless the right one be the head. In matrimony, you will find that suitable likeness of character and suitable contrast of character, are, in some manner, mutually dependent. Hence, if a person has no passion for books, and intends to lead the quiet life of a farmer, then let not this person seek to wed a lady of literary ambition. If a person is a bright author, let him not seek to wed an authoress. If a person is highly learned, let him not wish a wife that shall be more highly learned. If a person has a strong will, let him not desire to marry a woman who would not give up first, to prevent a quarrel.

Neither of the two should, however, be really inferior to the other. There should be a worth, on one side, equivalent, though not entirely similar,

to the worth on the other side. The husband should be, in many respects, the counterpart of the wife; the wife, in many respects, the counterpart of the husband. Nature has put as much power in woman, as in man; but man's power is the more masculine, woman's the more feminine. Tennyson tells us, that

“Man dreams of fame, while woman wakes to love.”

Do you not see, that, by as much as the sterner sex outstrip the gentler, in the intellectual race, by so much the gentler ever outstrip the sterner, in the race of feeling? Do you like to read of the Ferdinands of history, better than of the Isabellas? Woman has, evidently, a deeper and richer heart than man. This makes her capable of a class of mental attainments, peculiarly exalted. No person of discrimination will deny, that there are women of genius. Indeed, is not the highest species of genius, found only in connection with feminine characteristics? “Something feminine,” says the same philosopher from whom I recently quoted, “is discoverable in the countenances of all men of genius.” When Milton was at Cambridge, he was called the *lady* of Christ's College. There is a manly greatness; there is, also, a womanly and finer greatness. In philosophy, in mathematics, in invention, in military skill, in all that requires the highest analytic or the highest synthetic power, man has excelled and always will. But, in quickness of perception, in general intellectual vivacity, in delicacy, depth, and intensity of feeling, in constancy, in that patience which tires not by the bed of the

sick, in that love which endures privation, fatigue, the waste of flesh and bloom, and which conquers the fear of death—in these, while man is, too often, but weakness itself, woman is strong, is admirable, is sublime !

“Though women,” says a writer in the North British Review, “have usually finer spiritual sympathies than men, they have not the same power of concentrating their minds in these alone, and living apart in them, for a time, without being disturbed by the intrusive superficialities of actual life and circumstances.” And here, even at the expense of incurring criticism, I will, once more, quote from Coleridge—a writer who, on such nice questions as that now before us, always exhibits peculiar insight. “Man,” says he, “seems to have been designed for the superior being of the two ; but as things are, I think women are, generally, better creatures than men.” He says, further, that a man with a bad heart has been sometimes saved by a strong head ; but a corrupt woman is lost forever.

These writers are true. Six thousand years have proved, that there is a natural inaptitude, in woman, for great triumphs in metaphysics. She is not so successful in the abstract way, as otherwise. You can easily puzzle her, with philosophical, mathematical, or theological questions, till she blushes. She arrives at conclusions, with more instinctive quickness than man, as if she were able to reach them by shorter routes. Shakspeare, in his play of the “Two Gentlemen of Verona,” amusingly expresses this distinction :—

- Julia.* What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus.
Lucetta. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!
Julia. How now! what means this passion at his name?
Lucetta. Pardon, dear madam, 't is a passing shame.
 That I, unworthy body as I am,
 Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.
Julia. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?
Lucetta. Then thus — of many good I think him best.
Julia. Your reason.
Lucetta. I have no other *but a woman's reason* :
I think him so, because I think him so."

Woman's mind has, obviously, less real logical ability, than man's; but, for all that, she is dearer to the angels, than man is. There is nobleness in the nature that can solve hard problems of abstract science and discover universal principles; is there not as much nobleness in the nature that can endure torture for the sake of affection and fidelity? I have known divinity-students who, because all the famed theologians have been men, had concluded that woman's soul is inferior to man's. Those Christian boys had forgotten the power of their mothers!

"Lo now, what hearts have men! they never mount
 As high as woman in her selfless mood."

The internal natures of two lovers may, therefore, be, to some extent, in contrast, and still be equally worthy. The peculiar power of constancy, the fine sensibility, the fund inexhaustible of healthy feeling — these, on the woman's part, may perfectly answer for her want of remarkable analytic and synthetic power; and she may be just as truly a heroine, in her way, as her masculine companion may be a hero in

his. And, as the two need not be, in all respects, similarly endowed, so they need not be, in all respects, similarly educated. Because you, my young gentleman, are a scholar, must you, therefore, seek to wed one that has been as highly taught as you, in the schools? Do not shut your eyes to that which is so much better in woman, than book learning. This is desirable, but it is not indispensable. Because you belong to a family of wealth and style, should you, therefore, seek a spouse, only amid scenes of affluence and display, of etiquette and voluptuousness? Should you pass by this retired and retiring jewel of womanly taste, good sense, health, and generosity—this diamond of human loveliness, giving forth its light in virtuous obscurity—this being of almost perfect form and features, who knows the happiness of genuine life; who, it may be, can neither dance, nor play on the piano, nor read French, but who can make a noble mind more happy than a seraph could; who wears no costly silks and has no gold for you, but who has, in her fine, deep nature, a wealth which fashion's glittering jewelry and all the treasures of imperial opulence could not buy? If you have a sterling soul in you, do not do so! Remember that the richest bosoms are found apart from the society in which affectation imposes its tortures, and in which false pride perpetrates its martyrdoms. The resolution to wed one that can make a bright show, may cost you too much. Your high culture, if it has been true, cannot but have made you more desirous of simplicity. "Partial culture," says a suggestive writer, "runs to the ornate; extreme culture to

simplicity."* Are not those ever the least showy, who are the best educated? The wise scholar has the more thought; the pedantic scholar the more ornament. The one is the more simple-hearted; the other the more conceited and strained. So, if you are wise and manly in your learning, you will prefer less glitter with more substance, to more glitter with less substance.

Do not forget the fact, that your books insure to you excellent literary company. You will not, therefore, desire for a spouse one that can talk to you, like those poets and philosophers with whom it is your privilege daily to commune in your study. Should you wed one that is true and lovely, you would not wish her able to write poems or essays for the press. Nor would you sigh, if she should not understand your Greek, your Latin, and your Hebrew; or if she should think infinitely more of your heart than of deserving to be called a queen of the parlor. Whomsoever you choose to wed, you must needs find her human and erring. But, surely, you would never tire of the riches of loveliness in her, if she should be beautiful in nature's own bloom, in chastity, in humility, in thoughtfulness, and in continued mental improvement. Such a companion, though her scholastic acquisitions should be only moderate, would make life to you like a blessed vision. She could not but possess an ever-increasing susceptibility, both for the beautiful in the natural world, and for the beautiful in the ideal world. Your promotion would be her promotion, your

* See the article, entitled "Suggestions," in the "Atlantic Monthly," for December, 1858.

tasks her tasks, your triumphs her triumphs. Little could she be to you, like the spouse of Bishop Cower, who, fearing her husband was impairing his health by his literary habits, entered his study, one day, and burnt all the notes which he had been for eight years preparing. "Woman," said the patient but mis-married scholar, "you have put me to eight years' study more."

Few descriptions of a wife of genuine worth are, perhaps, better than that which is found in the words of King Lemuel, in the Book of Proverbs. They are words, let it be observed, with which his mother instructed him :

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

But it is time that this discussion were concluded. Therefore, how abruptly soever the sequel may seem to be begun, it must now be made. I doubt not, ye careful readers, that you are ready to pronounce the theme which has been before us, one of delicate yet important topics. And you cannot have failed to observe, that we have explored only one side of this wide field, which, to you and me, is ever so interesting. I linger, youthful readers, to give you my kind wishes. Happy may you all be, in your days of love! Happy may you be, also, in those after-days, in which you will be seen, passing, in pairs, on to the end of the great journey! Oh! may you not, then, have to shed the unavailing tears of the ill-wedded! May not one of you be

doomed, by an unhappy matrimonial choice, to take on your lips that lament of Madame Le Brun: "How bitterly have I since repented it!" Remember those words of Dacier: "It is in vain for a man to be born fortunate, if he be unfortunate in his marriage." Let no one of you, unless he is sure that he is destined never to find a lover, think to live and die single! "Sickness itself," says one of the married, "is pleasant to a man that is attended in it, by one whom he dearly loves." I wish not, that, like Vanini, you may believe every hour lost, which is not spent in love. But may you prepare, rationally, for love's days, then choose an object worthy of affectionate devotion, then be wedded, and then find it so sweet to live, that your cherished friends—and I when I meet you—will be disposed to say, that you were "paired in heaven!"

P A P E R V.

THE THINKER.

You have seen some youth who was just opening into those years of life, in which the saying of the poet Pope has, in many an instance, seemed too true, that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." You observed the exuberance of that young person's language, the excessive fertility of his fancy, his unbounded self-trust, his impatient eagerness to try the strife of riper years, his lively forecastings of the extreme cheapness of human success.

This boy, you said to yourself, will, by-and-by, have become more of a thinker. Less exuberant will, then, be his language, and less abundant and florid his imagery. His style will indicate a maturer mind. His words will be somewhere within a foot and a half in length. His wit will be more keenly significant. He will be less self-confident and more self-possessed. No longer will he be vain of his little stock of learning. He will well know how great a difference there is between a person with a serene and steady head, and a person whose head is only a sort of balloon tied to the top of his spinal column.

It is interesting to trace the progress of that intellectual work by which the mere *student* is changed into the *thinker*. The subject of this work passes,

gradually, into a new being. His tastes, views, habits, recreations, speech, looks, manners — these all undergo a process of substitution. Once he was bold; now, he appears modest. Once he was boisterous; now, he appears taciturn. Once he was fickle and vain; now, he appears firm and manly. Once his mind was only a consumer; now, it is a producer.

The thinker is not content with mere facts and objects, effects and statements. He is inclined to search for principles, purposes, causes, laws. Appearances do not satisfy him. He seeks inward, upward, downward, so that, if possible, he may find the substance, the essence. All things seem to him to change for the better. The insignificant becomes full of meaning; the worthless displays wealth; dull things become charming; dead things become living. He prizes every moment of time, as worth a thought and a thrill. Everywhere, he is a finder of reasons. He finds them, in the street, in the solitude of the forest, among earnest people and among frivolous people, in prosperity and in adversity, at festivals and at funerals. All day long, his mind grapples gladly with its own difficult questions. Thought, with its very pain, is sweet to him. He loves it better than food, than sleep, than gold, than praise. It is his refreshment in weariness, his cure in sickness, his relief in disappointment, his beguilement in grief. He is, now, and evermore, a cheerful thinker!

All the curious things which he meets must submit to the ordeal imposed by his inquisitive and analyzing powers. The tree must unfold to him its

laws of growth and of reproduction; the flower must tell him some beautiful story of its interior life; the little noisome insect which he once brushed away, as utterly worthless, must entertain him with some account of its interesting career. Happy surprises animate him in all his wanderings.

Small is the bird — too small to claim the attention of most people, as it flies through the air or hides itself under the foliage, singing here and silent there; in company in this place, and alone in the other. What canst thou, little, gay, slender, fickle bird, exhibit, that should occupy and delight, for one moment, the thoughts of a man? Art thou not an insignificant thing, in this wide, magnificent world? Not such is the language of the thinker. But, in words similar to those which Charles Kingsley supposes the old Squire to have uttered, as he read the Hampshire gentleman's book about birds and weeds, he is ready to exclaim: "Bless me! why I have seen that and that a hundred times, and never thought till now how wonderful they were!" To him, the bird is a living curiosity, extorting great questions. It is curious for its life; for what life is like a bird's? It is curious for its skill; for what human artist can equal the skill displayed in a bird's nest? It is curious for its geographical knowledge; for what learned geographer can travel, with his map and compass, as unerringly as a bird can, without them? It is curious for its song; for what human warbler can perfectly imitate the song of a bird? It is curious, because it migrates, yearly, from clime to clime. It is curious, because its whole structure is such as to adapt it for flying.

Its feathers are curious, its feet are curious, its bones are curious, its respiratory apparatus is curious. Surely, little bird, thou art a wonderful object to the thinker!

But this person does not confine his thought-loving faculties to the natural world. He enters, also, the intellectual world, as an observer, analyzer, discoverer. The whims which, in earlier days, superstition taught him to respect, must, now, suffer a withering test. One by one, they are doomed to be thrown to the winds. No longer does he hear, as he used to do, the ticking of a death-watch, in the nightly beating of the little jaws of the female anobium, on the wood-work of a dwelling-house. He laughs at fortune-telling and ghost stories, witchcraft and necromancy. He doubts where he once would have believed; and looks with surprise on his former credulity. Facts he does not admit, without evidence; theories he does not adopt, without discussion. He reasons, sometimes, even against science itself. At the mercy of his inquiring mind, are all the opinions which he has adopted from other men. Not for the sake either of relation or of friend, will he entertain one which he finds untenable. He is unwilling to be indoctrinated, in religious beliefs, by arbitrary teachings. No creed is he prepared to accept, before he has subjected it to the test of severe thought. The sects must allow him perfect freedom of reason, else he will turn his back on them all, and go off whistling!

I.

CHARACTER.

You cannot tell when you first began to think. Not even that fond and gentle being who rocked your cradle, in the days of your helplessness and innocence, can tell when you first began to think. None but God knows your first thought; and you, surely, do not believe you will ever be able to draw that secret from the mind of the All-Searcher. However, there is this, in respect to the incipency of your mental life, which is certain: when you began to think, you began to form character. Character is thought deposited in some manner on the soul.

Every person, how much soever he may be losing from his reputation, is certainly adding to his character. This differs, in important respects, from that. You can pass all the way through life, without reputation; but you cannot go so far, without character. The one is external, the other internal. The two are, in but few instances, harmoniously correspondent. A person may think corruptly in his heart, and yet may appear well. Another person may appear very disreputably, and yet may mean well. Substance, in the natural world, is not more often belied by show, than character, in the moral world, is belied by reputation. Joseph had a good character; Potiphar's wife had a good reputation. The benevolent Samaritan had a good character; the priest and the Levite who passed by on the other side, had a good reputation. Charles

Lamb once observed, concerning a woman whose countenance was marked by small-pox, that she looked as if the devil had ridden rough-shod over her face. But after forming some acquaintance with the woman, he said "he liked her *internals* well." A poor man may possess a character worth infinitely more than the greatest estate; a rich man, with a bad character, is deemed poor by the highest authority in the universe. Hence, Lazarus, in the parable, is represented as going, after death, to Abraham's Bosom; and Dives is represented as going, after death, to the doomed place in Hades! The Almighty God never looks at a man's reputation to see what he is. He looks at his character. In the sight of God, as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.

Character is durable. It is everlasting! Lord Bacon and many later philosophers teach us, that none of our thoughts are ever entirely lost, though they may seem to be. You cannot show, that you ever forget anything forever. A hundred years from to-day, you may think over what you now think, just as you may have thought over, yesterday, feelings and purposes which you cherished, five, ten, twenty, or forty years ago. This statement is in harmony with those words of the poet Ossian:

"There comes a voice, that awakes my soul. It is the voice of years that are gone! they roll before me with all their deeds."

All that is either good or bad, in character, appears to be resolvable into heart-thoughts. Faculties are not character. Principles and laws are not

character. We form character in the use of our faculties, and according to certain principles and laws. Character is the result of thought and habits of thought, attended by emotions. Our capability of thought lies, of course, within the sphere of the will. A purpose is a thought harbored in the heart, with a determination. Nothing ever becomes a part of your character, till it has been an object of choice to you. Inseparable, therefore, from the truth, that as we think in our hearts, so are we, is the antecedent truth, that as we will to think in our hearts, so are our thoughts. We can direct the trains of our thoughts. "Though we cannot," says Lord Kames, "add to the train an unconnected idea, yet, in a measure, we can attend to some ideas, and dismiss others."

I have said, that character is durable—is everlasting! Let me illustrate this truth.

You have seen those broad and heavy leaves or layers, called flagstones, which are used for walks, in our cities. These stones were once nothing but depositions of soft clay. They were, once, in the mud state. But, under the action of various causes, they, in time, become hard and firm rock. Your Geology, if you have one, will describe to you the process. Particles, sediment, indurating influences, long time; then, solid stone strata. Do you not see, here, something analogous to the permanence of human character? Day by day, we think, and think, and think; we purpose that and that; we foster one desire and another; we acquire habits of right thought or of wrong thought; and these

thronging heart-thoughts constitute the lasting layers of our character.

In youth, the will is, comparatively, weak. The boy is easily diverted, easily enlisted. There is little strength in him, to withstand powerful temptation. His father, his mother, his schoolmaster, his associates, the books that he reads, readily incite him to think, either purely or corruptly. It is a sad thing to misinstruct a boy! Vicious influence, exerted on a young mind, may, and, in most instances does, insure to that mind, an ignoble maturity. We are apt to look, with great lenience, on the follies of youth. We know, that youth has no fixed habits of thought; so, we say to ourselves, that this erring boy, or young man, will, probably, become manlier as he becomes older. But may not this be a serious mistake? Does not your boy, if you have one, deposit into character, every one of the thousand heart-thoughts which daily pass before the eye of his consciousness? Is it not generally true, that as a person thinketh, in his heart, while he is young, so he is, in after-life? Are not idleness, corruptness, meanness, in boyhood, usually followed by correlative idleness, corruptness, meanness, in manhood? Do you believe that Caligula and Nero—those “serpents to the Romans”—became all that they were, as men, after they had passed out of their teens? Do you not infer, from the virtues of our Washington, when he had become a man, that he could have had no really vicious habits when a boy? Between thirteen and nineteen, vibrates the pendulum of destiny!

The bad man, who would reform himself, over-

comes his old habits of thought, and acquires new ones. But his previous thoughts are not lost. Regeneration—that change which Jesus announced—does not make a man who has sinned recklessly, half his lifetime, to be, at once, as firmly virtuous and pious, as it does a man who has sinned recklessly, only a few years. The longer the period in which a person has been selfish and corrupt, the greater is the amount of evil character that he has formed. The convert of to-day, is ready to weep at the review of his past life. Your entire history, up to this hour, is unchangeable. It is written on your soul. So, on the gray slabs of sandstone, which the geologist finds in the Connecticut valley, are marks of rain-drops and of birds' feet, made long before the Noachian deluge; and those marks will last there, till the heavens shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat!

Do you think, that Saul of Tarsus, in his conversion, lost all the character which he had been forming, up to the time of that event? Why, then, did he so often revert to his past life with feelings of painful and gloomy regret? Were not all his old thoughts still packed away in his soul; and did not his memory, every day, bring specimens of them, and show them to him? O how permanent, how durable, how ineradicable is character! A man may burn up his property; he may annihilate his reputation; he may, with a suicidal ferocity, tear the spirit of life out of his body; but he cannot obliterate the effect on his soul of any one of the numberless acts which his mind has already performed. Something of this effect is destined to outlast all

mutations and all transmutations. Something of this effect necessitates to him a continued power of recalling his old feelings and volitions, purposes and acts. A bad man can no more entirely separate his character from his soul, than demons can demonize themselves! God will forgive a man's sins, and will assist him in living a pure and noble life; but he will not make him to be as if he had never had his previous experience. Forgiveness of sin, and the beginning of a right life, are not reformation. The former may be instantaneous; the latter may require years. In the former case, a man adopts new principles of thought and conduct; in the latter case, he overcomes old habits.

Every impure thought which you have ever entertained, is somehow connected with your nature, and will always be liable to reappear to you. The black sin of yesterday, or of last year, may be pardoned; but, ages on ages hence, the recollection of it will be possible to its perpetrator. No good man is able to contemplate, with unmixed joy, his past life. Look within you, and you will see evil thoughts which became yours years ago. We are apt to suppose that memory brings to us our previous experience, from various outside points. This is a mistake. We remember nothing that is not a part of our character. Our former thoughts are all connected; and they are, also, connected with our present thoughts. We shall never be, as if they had never been in our hearts.

On this truth, depends that inward experience of guilty men, which is called remorse. Who does not know something of the bitterness which is insepara-

ble from guilty recollections? "What exile escapes himself?" asks a Latin poet, in one of his verses. Sin carries the serpent remorse coiled in her bosom. Remorse is not always awake. Like all serpents, this one has its seasons of torpidity. Hence, sin is permitted to have more or less of pleasure, and more or less of serene sleep. But there are hours—there must be hours! in which vicious men, disguise the fact as they will, are painfully conscious of the character of their souls. Memory brings back to them, the corrupt associations of the never-dying past. To live, as hundreds of people are living, is to take the wrong way through life, for a little pleasure and much pain. "A rogue," says Coleridge, "is a round-about fool." All dishonest men are in bondage to fear and shame. Judas takes the round-about course over the Devil's territory; and, one day, is rewarded for an act of treachery, with thirty pieces of silver. But, by-and-by, he finds that the price of innocent blood, having touched his hands, has somehow communicated to his soul, a spark of that fire which is reserved for all ungodly men; and then Judas gets a halter and hangs himself. The physician who attended Voltaire declared his death to have been terrible indeed, and said that the furies of Orestes could give but a faint idea of those of Voltaire. Even Richelieu flew from his death-bed, exclaiming that the sight was too terrible to be sustained. You may have read of the remorseful hours of Thomas Paine, when he found that he was approaching the borders of that "dark and unknown sea which rolls round all the world." His experience, then, was imbittered

by his compunctious remembrances. The woman who attended him in his sickness, said, that, "when-ever alone, he kept groaning, day and night, as if in great distress of mind."

There is never a long time, in which the wicked man's conscience is permitted to sleep. Something will occur, precisely adapted to call up afresh the iniquities of the past, however deep the secrecy, or however long gone the years, in which those iniquities were committed. What great sin or crime was ever entirely forgotten, by its perpetrator? Sin leaves its enduring effect on the soul; and because the vicious man does not think, to-day, of his evil act of yesterday, this is no evidence, that it will not come back, and haunt his mind, in many a future hour. Do you not know what memory is?—what its laws are? Go, to-morrow, and commit a wrong against helpless innocence, or against your honest neighbor; and, even when ten or a score of years, shall have elapsed, some trifling circumstance may bring that wrong all back, so that the recollection will disturb you, as if it were an avenging angel. The priest and the Levite, who passed by on the other side, were taking the circuitous route of folly. Certainly, they were doomed to experience some remorse, before death; and, unless they repented, to experience a great remorse, in death; and to experience a remorse, I cannot tell you how much greater, after death. Would they not have found it far less expensive, to have gone right on, even at the cost of doing what the good Samaritan did? No wicked thought can be annihilated. "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret

thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil." "Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof, in the day of judgment." The human soul, it should seem, is full of cells, with trap-doors to them, in which memory hides the volitions of to-day, and leaves them to be sprung out by the accidents of future experience. By the very laws of association, remorse for unforgiven sins is made inevitable. The corrupt soul cannot but have its guilty remembrances and recollections. Conscience cannot, by any means, be so soundly stupefied, that it will sleep, all of the time. Men may fly from the localities of their evil deeds, and may alight on the other side of the world; but, "*quis exsul se fugit?*"—what exile escapes himself? What vicious man can outstrip his own thoughts? What Nero can live at peace with himself, and die, exhibiting in his countenance, the light of a blessed expectancy? Cain was doomed to smell Abel's blood, every day after the murder in the field. Cain and Judas! How inseparable from the idea of remorse are these hateful names! How inseparable from the same idea, is, also, the name of Belshazzar, of Herod, of Pontius Pilate, of Pope Alexander the Sixth, of Archbishop William Laud of England, of Sir George Jeffreys, that brute of a Chief Justice to the King's Bench under James the Second, and of James the Second himself!

Probably, the most complete picture which has ever been drawn, in illustration of the horrible remorse of the vicious soul, as the result of returning thoughts, is that which Shakspeare has given, in his inimitable play of Macbeth. Having de-

scribed, in a vivid manner, the inward wretchedness of Macbeth himself, the "myriad-minded bard" proceeds, next, to describe the strange actions of the guilty Lady Macbeth. He represents this woman as keeping, during the absence of her husband, a light burning in her room, from evening till morning. She has not sufficient courage to sleep in the dark. But this is not all. Her dreams are full of bitterness and terror. The remembrance of Banquo will not let her head lie easy on its pillow. She rises in her sleep, takes water, and washes her hands. Yes, this delicate somnambulist thinks, that she sees spots of blood on her white hands; and hence she dips them in the water, and wrings them. But her ablution proves unavailing. The blood-spots will not out! With a look of despair, the lonely woman gazes, for a moment, on those everlasting stains. Then, she retraces her steps, saying to herself: "All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand!" So, Memory always becomes a Nemesis to the vicious, using their by-gone thoughts as instruments with which to torture them. "The good," says Goldsmith, "are joyful and serene, like travelers that are going toward home; the wicked but by intervals happy, like travelers that are going into exile."

The foregoing view of character and its durability, furnishes ground for the belief in future punishment. Death will, obviously, put the soul into a new situation; but there is no evidence for the conclusion, that it will destroy character. Nor is there any evidence, that it will cause an extinction of those faculties and laws, by which character

is formed. Memory, in the next life, will still be memory; else how could recognition, there, be possible? Conscience will still be conscience; else how could the difference between right and wrong, there, be known? Death only takes the soul out of the body, and introduces it into an untried situation. It does not change, at all, the soul's nature or its dispositions. He that is unjust, shall be unjust still; he that is filthy, shall be filthy still. The soul goes forth from the body, with its character unchanged. But, in the future life, memory will, probably, have a new behavior, corresponding to the new state. Possibly, all the thoughts of the past will be restored. May we not form some notion of the amount of character which will, there, be made visible to the eye of consciousness, by considering the effect on the mind, of unusual bodily states, in this life? There are certain kinds of mental excitement, in which it appears that a large part, if not all, of a person's previous experience, is made to rush with inconceivable rapidity, before the inner vision. Numerous individuals that have been rescued from drowning, have testified to the truth of this statement. Other testimony has been derived from instances of nervous fever. And it is, chiefly, in view of undisputed facts, of both these classes, that philosophers have deemed the assumption more than plausible, that "no thoughts are ever lost, that they continue virtually to exist, and that the soul has laws within itself, which, whenever fully brought into action, will be sufficient to produce the prompt and perfect restoration of the

collected acts and feelings of its whole past existence."

"Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain.
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies."

So important is the connection between thought and character, that it may be well for us briefly to retrace the ground, over which we have come. Every thought of the heart, is an addition to character. Character is old and is new. The character of one man differs from that of another. Each person possesses a character which he has formed for himself. Your associates, parents, teachers, and favorite books, may incite you to think purely or corruptly; but, for all that, as you think in your own heart, so are you, and so will you be. No one can make you either virtuous or vicious, in despite of yourself. The thoughts which you receive from other persons, never become yours, till you have thought them over, and made them yours. So, you can make Moses' thoughts, David's thoughts, Solomon's thoughts, Jesus' thoughts, Paul's thoughts yours. The author, the preacher, does not think for you, so as directly to form any part of your character. All of this is formed by the innumerable acts of your own will. So, God gives soil, sunshine, rain, and seed to the husbandman; but leaves him to be the plower, the sower, the reaper.

Every individual, be he poor or be he rich, must needs carry all the thoughts which he has ever cherished, with him, throughout this life, and into the

next one. Is there not many a character, even in the Church, which might be a subject of mournful discussion? To more than one person, the examination of his previous life, is always exceedingly painful. It is a grief to the good man, to know that he was ever a bad man. Such a man is ready to say, with tears: "Oh! how many impure thoughts of other days, have become parts of me!—thoughts which burned within me, when I was under the influence of unblessed passion, and all the elements of my nature were in wild conflict!—thoughts which were harbored in my heart, when I was profane, deceitful, unkind! Ah me! These will not pass away. I shall never be, as if they had never been. They may reappear to me, ages on ages after the time when men shall say I am dead, and shall bury me. If I should go to paradise, I should sometimes see them! If I should become a glorified saint and mingle with the winged angels, I should sometimes see them!"

II.

TRAITS.

The mind has habits which seem to be native. These are, often, represented as constitutional traits. They are, it is supposed, derived, somehow, from parents, as features are. This I conceive to be an error. Thought is what gives rise to traits. Certain peculiarities of the infant's derived organism, may be a preparation, enabling it to think, more readily, in one mode than in another. But bodily character is not mental character. The mind, so

far as we know, possesses no habits which it has not acquired. Never has a person been born with the trait of self-control, with a taste for music, or with a passion for mathematics.

When the child has begun to acquire habits, then you can cause it to think in such modes as may best please you. By continued impressions, you can insure to the child traits, either lovely or unlovely. Do not, I entreat you, allow yourself to be, in any instance, foolish with the child. Do not accustom its ear to the cant and the silliness of baby-talk! Speak to it, from the first, either wisely or not at all. Strive, always, when those little eyes are on you, to be mild, and reasonable, and noble.

It is not necessary, that the child should grow up, with a dread of darkness or with a belief in ghosts. Do not seek to entertain it with nursery stories that will make it afraid to be alone. Do not insure to it the trouble of having to unlearn such whims, as that of the death-watch, the crowing of the hen, or the shoulder over which the new moon is seen rising. Cause it to listen, with a fearless joy, to the rattling thunder; and to think, pleasantly, of silence, of death, and of the tomb!

There are few habits, either of intense fear or of whimsical thought, in grown people, that were not acquired, in early childhood. Miss Hamilton, in her *Letters on Education*, gives an account of a lady, of fine intellectual powers, who, in her infancy, received an impression of death which shocked her.* Always afterward, any circumstance

* See Upham's *Mental Philosophy*, Vol. II., Part Third, pp. 411-416.

pertaining to death, was the cause to her of great misery; and, whenever she was sick, her agony at the thought of dying, was indescribable. Lord Byron became, somehow, impressed, in early life, with the belief that Friday was destined to be to him an unlucky day. The impression never lost its power over him. Governor Sullivan, of Massachusetts, could not see a serpent without falling into convulsions. The aversion rose from an incident which occurred to him, in his boyhood. He, once, fell asleep under a tree; and, on awaking, found a serpent crawling over him! Dr. Johnson had several superstitious habits, which were early contracted. One was that of "going out or in at a door or passage," says Boswell, "by a certain number of steps from a certain point, or, at least, so that either his right or left foot should constantly make the first movement, when he came close to the door or passage." He would retrace his steps, if "he had neglected or gone wrong in this sort of magical movement." The mother of Nero was a murderess; did she not impress many of her evil traits on the mind of her son? It is supposed, with good reason, that Byron received his unhappy temper from his mother. Montaigne's father caused his son to be waked, in the morning, with the sound of musical instruments, lest the genius of the boy should be injured by his being too suddenly roused. Who knows the effect of the music of those mornings, on the mind of one of the most vigorous essayists that have lived?

Everything with which the child is concerned, tends either to give it some new mode of thought,

or to alter those modes in which it has already begun to think. Hence, its education commences very early. No great man was, in all his childhood, much more than the objects of his senses made him. You cannot show, that Napoleon the First was always Napoleonic. The influences, rising out of the child's situation, must, for several years, give disposition to the child's inner powers. Among its educators, must, therefore, be named looks, words, acts, the rattle, odors, colors, tastes, the pressure of kissing lips, and even the sting of the pricking pin. By-and-by, the child will have become able to walk alone, and to do things which should be sternly forbidden. Then, it will, sometimes, need to be educated with the rod. Later in life, it will need the instructions and the corrections of that higher educator—the schoolmaster. And later still, it will have become its own educator. Then, in various situations and associations, it will acquire new traits; and will modify its old ones.

Traits are, therefore, always the results of thought. National traits are those peculiar habits which the minds of a people have, in common. "In France," said Montesquieu, "I was the friend of everybody; in England, of nobody; in Italy I had to compliment every one; and in Germany, drink everywhere." The traits of these different nations are concerned, it is true, with ancestry, blood, temperament, soil, climate, trades, and professions. They are, however, acquired habits. Physical relations and influences give rise to traits, only because they give rise to modes of thought. "I incline to the

belief," says Mr. Emerson, "that, as water, lime, and sand make mortar, so certain temperaments marry well, and, by well-managed contrarieties, develop as drastic a character as the English."

In every person, some traits are in a process of decay, others in a process of growth. There is no situation, in life, that has not its influences which tend to make character either better or worse. You know not how much your daily associations affect your intellectual tastes. You are made manlier or meaner, by your intimacies. A person becomes, in many respects, more and more like those with whom he chooses or is obliged, continually to mingle. Constant intercourse with high society, gives elevation and refinement; but, should you become the keeper of a saloon or of a bar-room, the power of the company to degrade you, would be far greater than your power to ennoble them.

The high schools and the colleges derive no small proportion of their inestimable worth, from the relation which they sustain to traits. There are authors who express a heroic but partial conception of what it is to be truly educated. In stirring words—such as are used by one author, in a strong and earnest essay on "Intellectual Character" *—they would tell us, that books and colleges are greatly valuable, only so far as they tend to fit the young man to live rather than to play at life; to be a man rather than "a memory, a word-cistern, a feeble prater on illustrious themes, one of the world's

* See the seventh number of the Atlantic Monthly.

thousand chatterers." And they would assure us, that "no varnish and veneer of scholarship, no command of the tricks of logic and rhetoric," can, alone, make the mind a positive force in this dusty and tough world. They speak well of education, considered as a means of "giving thought the character of fact"; and they inform us, that "activity for an object—that activity which constantly increases the power of acting, and keeps the mind glad, fresh, vigorous, and young—has three deadly enemies—intellectual indolence, intellectual conceit, and intellectual fear." With the able author of the essay to which I refer, they are ready to call these, "the triad of malignants." This class of authors are true. But they do not seem to give sufficient attention to those amiable and lofty traits, which invariably result from a careful awakening and training of the mind.

These traits are many. One of them is the *love of solitude*. Become a thinker, and you will become a companion to yourself. You will no longer have a distaste for seclusion. How many a world-rousing book owes its existence to the fact, that its author was, at a certain time in his life, unexpectedly thrown into the bosom of some Juan Fernandez of the literary world, or into the severe solitude of a prison! Cowper, from long retirement, had acquired so great a fondness for nature, that he was hardly willing to number among his friends, him who should, intentionally, crush an innocent worm. Cervantes wrote the first part of his Don Quixote, in a jail. Locke's great work on the Understanding, was composed while he was suffering — rather let

me say *enjoying*—concealment in Holland. Through more than a hundred years, I go back, and find poor Bunyan, in a prison, writing the words: "I never had, in all my life, so great an insight into the word of God, as now."

Another of these traits is *cheerfulness*. The happiest of men, are they who depend the most for happiness on inward resources. Such is the reflex influence of thought, that he whose theories are vicious, may himself be a person of serene integrity. Epicurus was better than Epicurism. Hume was not such a man, as, from his infidel opinions, many would suppose. He was, personally, an illustration of the truth of his observation, that "the pursuits of literature possess such a superiority above every other occupation, that even he who attains but a mediocrity in them, merits the preëminence above those that excel the most in the common and vulgar professions." Though it should seem, that some of his hours must needs have been remorseful, yet it is certain that he possessed a soul of genial sympathies. You would find it hard to prove, that he was a man of base vices, of stoic gloom, or of hypochondriac sourness. Literature would have clasped him to her bosom, with an embrace not to be relaxed, in all her bright years, had it been possible for her to maintain her honor, in despite of current ecclesiasticism. Dr. Adam Smith gives to this cheerful skeptic, the pleasing adjectives—"charitable, generous, urbane." Says Hume of himself: "I was ever more disposed to see the favorable than the unfavorable side of things—a turn of mind which it

is more happy to possess, than to be born to an estate of ten thousand a-year."

Theodore Parker is, also, far better than some of his peculiar views. To his Boston congregation, in a letter written on the island of Santa Cruz — that "little quiet and fair-skied island of the Holy Cross" — whither he had retired, that he might hide himself from his enemy, Consumption, he, thus, with the unction and the sweetness of a poet, speaks from a soul, cheerful even in affliction: "Sermons are never out of my mind; and when sickness brings on me the consciousness that I have naught to do, its most painful part, still, by long habit, all things will take this form; and the gorgeous vegetation of the Tropics, their fiery skies, so brilliant all the day, and star-lit, too, with such exceeding beauty, all the night; the glittering fishes in the market, as many-colored as the gardener's show, these Josephs of the sea; the silent pelicans, flying forth at morning and back again at night; the strange, fantastic trees; the dry pods rattling their historic bones, all day, while the new bloom comes fragrant out beside, a noiseless prophecy; the ducks rejoicing in the long-expected rain; a negro on an ambling pad; the slender-legged, half-naked negro children, in the street, playing their languid games, or oftener screaming 'neath their mothers' blows, amid black swine, hens, and uncounted dogs; the never-ceasing clack of women's tongues, more shrewd than female in their shrill violence; the unceasing, multifarious kindness of our hostess; and, overtowering all, the self-sufficient, West-Indian Creole pride, alike contemptuous of toil, and ignorant and impotent of

thought—all these common things turn into poetry, as I look on or am compelled to hear, and then transfigure into sermons, which come also, spontaneously, by night, and give themselves to me, and, even in my sleep, say they are meant for you.”

Another trait of the educated thinker, is *self-control*. He whose mind is well disciplined, finds it easy to withstand, when he will, the influence of degrading circumstances. On the lowest themes, he thinks more purely than other men. With great facility, his mind passes into serene moods of abstraction. Neither pain nor misfortune is able to extort from him, the growl of petulance or the murmur of dissatisfaction. He is master of himself. He is a man !

The noblest kings and conquerors have been kings in self-government, and conquerors in thought. Under the thoughtful Numa, Rome flourished ; under his less thoughtful successor, Tullus, she declined. Augustus Cæsar was a man of thought ; and, while he was emperor, the people prospered. But Caligula was a slave to his passions ; and, as a consequence, proved a serpent to the Romans. To be deeply and serenely thoughtful, is to be devoted to the true, the beautiful, and the good. The thinker moves, in the walks of society, with an exalted and benignant composure. To him, those illusory bubbles of pleasure, which the votaries of fashion, with so great eagerness, pursue, have no enchantment. He surveys the restless throng, sweating after little fortunes and little honors ; and gives them the smile of pity, as they rush along. They

know not that power of his, by which he easily subdues his grosser nature, becomes heroic in self-denial, and grand in adversity. He considers their character and their situation; and seeks opportunities for communicating to them such instructions as will tend to keep down their passions and elevate their thoughts. The great orators of the race have been educators of the people. Such were Pericles, Cicero, Henry, Webster. Such were Pitt, Fox, and Burke,

“the wondrous three,
Whose words were sparks of immortality.” — BYRON.

These men were not demagogues. They were thinkers, instructors. They were not lovers of money. They preferred those riches which are unfading and imperishable. Their minds had become accustomed to intense exertion and rapturous inspiration. They had acquired such self-control, that, almost at any time, they could dazzle their hearers, like the mid-day sun. None but thinkers can be genuinely eloquent. These only are able to be kingly without the help of purple.

There is nothing great and strong, that is liable to freaks of discomposure. It is a long time before the storm can make the ocean “boil like a pot.” You cannot rouse the passion of an elephant, so readily as you can make a lap-dog snap at you.

There are those who say, that if a person’s soul is small, by nature, all the education which is possible could not make it larger. This is an error. Man’s soul is not a material entity, so that you can say it is small or great, in the same sense as that in

which material objects are known to be small or great. It is, rather, a power which man possesses, of acting mentally, in various modes, morally in various modes, sympathetically in various modes, and physically in various modes. Some have, undoubtedly, inherited, by birth, much more of this power than others. But there is no necessary limit to the development of any mind. You have ability to become strong in memory, strong in imagination, strong in reason, strong in speech, strong in feeling, and strong in action. It is in the power of every sane person to exemplify a noble patience and a lofty tranquillity. He may, at least, become well balanced in mind, so that he shall be able to bear insult, as Jesus did, without rash resistance, and trial without fretfulness; able to be cool in controversy; able to punish conceit and impertinence, if so it be best, with masterly silence; able to be earnest without being fanatical. The inevitable effect of a proper development of the mind, is the superseding of that mind's youthful liability to excitement and change, by a manly immobility. As the work of education goes on, the power to withstand distracting influences increases. By-and-by, it ripens into a habit.

All men of extensive culture and well-balanced powers, are men of great self-control. They have no fits of violent passion. They never write, with splenetic vehemence, against antagonists. They do not return contradiction for contradiction, or rage for rage. They are subject to no movings of vulgar zeal. Washington was a pattern in self-control. Isaac Newton was, also, distinguished for this noble trait. He was once shocked, as he entered his room,

to find there the ashes of certain manuscripts of his, containing the results of long-continued research and experiments. The work of ruin had been accomplished by his pet dog Diamond, which, having been accidentally shut in the room, had upset the candle on the desk. "O Diamond! Diamond!" exclaimed the philosopher, with a beating heart, "you little know what mischief you have done!" That was all! No wild excitement showed its lightning in those patient eyes. The loss of the papers so affected Newton, as deeply to injure his health. M. Biot endeavors to prove, that, for a time, it deranged his understanding. But, how great soever may have been the effect of the circumstance on Newton, there is no evidence that Diamond was either kicked or cudgeled by him.

Another eminent person, not less lovely than admirable, for his self-control, was Charles Lamb. Robert Southey, the poet, had once wounded the delicate sensibilities of Lamb, by an act of literary injustice. "Elia" retorted, in a magazine article. But, in all that article, you can trace no unholy bitterness. A vein of sad resentment runs through it — nothing worse.

Simplicity is another trait of the well-disciplined thinker. This person is intent on intrinsic values. He looks, directly, in men and things, for what they really are. What, he asks, is the import of this ornate sentence? What is the meaning of this complex dress and of this affected etiquette? No one who has become a lover of intrinsic excellence, can be fondly inclined to extrinsic display. It is a beau-

tiful sight, that of a rich mind, uttering its thoughts, in clear and condensed sentences, as if it were determined that no gaudy adjective should be allowed to flutter its peacock plumage, in the face of the bright outcoming idea.

The student, as he changes, more and more, into the thinker, is continually losing in his passion for the showy, and increasing in his desire for the simple. Not all who think themselves polite, are truly so. There are a thousand persons, whose views of what is the most significant of genuine worth, are entirely false; and who, in their love of brilliant complexity, have often badly entertained minds of the highest order and prospects.

The well-developed thinker possesses, also, the trait of *liberality*. He is liberal in feeling, and liberal in his views. Who are the most contracted, in their affections, their pursuits, and their doctrines? Do they belong to the class of educated thinkers? Surely, they do not. They are those, the range of whose minds has ever been limited. A situation in life, either ill-chosen or adopted from necessity, explains the illiberality and the superstitious conservatism of many a mind unsymmetrically developed. In no age has the number been large of those whose education was so thorough, as to deliver them from a weak conceit of self, and make them magnanimous. Few are the minds that, with liberal views, look over the broad world.

You find many who, having but partially educated themselves, are inclined to speak, disparagingly, of those educational steps which are taken in

the high schools and the colleges. They are unable to appreciate the beautiful in literature. They receive little good of a fine style, of originality, of exquisite wit, or of the melody of periods. If author A. does not believe just as they do, in theology, or in something else, they see nothing specially worthy in his productions. You in vain tell them, that an education of the highest grade would be the best legacy they could bequeath to their sons or their daughters. You in vain assure them, that a refined literary taste is an excellent ally to religion, in the work of self-elevation; and you are, by no means, able to make them admire any works more than their own, or anybody more than themselves.

There are many ill-educated and erring people, whose mistakes it would hardly do for you to correct. Their conceit of self is despotic. It will not let them see, that they have misreasoned, misimagined, or misinterpreted. It will not let them see how little they have learned, and how much knowledge they might yet acquire. Praise never affects, well, this class. A generous and noble mind is simply encouraged by praise. It is never inflated. Praise is a help to it, enabling it to do better next time. But you should be chary of your eulogistic innuendoes, if they are to fall on the ears of one of those little men, whom you would scarcely dare to find in error, lest you should incur such treatment from them as poor Gil Blas, in the story, got from the self-admiring Archbishop. Of little true liberality, forsooth, are those conceited mortals who love you if you praise them, but hate you if you try to correct one of their blunders. "Seest thou a man,"

says the proverb, "wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him."

But while genuine liberality excludes conceit of self, it not less completely excludes sectarianism and bigotry. The educated thinker views the Christian Church as a great tree, from the trunk of which emanate branches of perennial growth and fruitfulness. The sap which runs in the branches should be presumed to be similar to that which runs in the heart of the trunk. Sectarianism is not necessary to the existence of sects. It rises from an over-eager zeal, concerning things of little practical importance. Sects may be legitimate; but sectaries can never be so. Differences, in respect to doctrines, produce sects; differences, in respect to mere tenets, produce sectaries. Secession may be just and needful; but who can show that violent secession ever is? What need is there of prostituting discussion into fierce controversy? What need of setting reason aside, to give play to malevolent passion? What need of letting Prejudice enter the soul to hatch there her brood of blind impulses? The existence of a variety of sects should tend, on the principle of division of labor, to promote religious investigation. Angry disputation is what accounts for the sectarianism of the ages. Angry disputation it was, which introduced that long period of papal domination, the dense moral darkness of which was relieved only by the blaze of martyr-fires. Men are, by nature, so constituted, as to differ in respect to their creeds. Furthermore, early associations and early education, naturally give rise to peculiar preferences in faith and practice. It is, therefore, evi-

dent, that the members of different sects should agree to disagree. While they are unable to adopt views in all respects similar, still they should be completely harmonious, in aim and in feeling. They should love one another! They should see, that old tenets, hugged with a porcupine pertinacity, cannot justly be considered pleasing to "the dear God." Christ and Christians! This, in brief, is the analysis of true "Orthodoxy." Now, you can tell who of the various sects are to be deemed members of the generic Christian Church. Methodists are not Christians, unless the spirit of Christ is in them. Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, Episcopalians, are not Christians, unless the spirit of Christ is in them. Every genuine convert will enter his adopted branch of the Church, with precisely this view. Never will he refuse to acknowledge, as brethren in Jesus, the genuine members of other branches. Never will he allow himself to cling to his own branch, at the expense of excluding from his heart the interest of every other. Never will he deserve to be called, by men of liberal opinions outside of all the branches, a conceited and fanatic sectary, whose soul is too contracted to be either reasonable or charitable.

Another trait of the educated thinker, is *humility*. Are not those who possess the most knowledge and culture, ever found to be the most humble? Consider the impressive humility of Isaac Newton, who, in the close of his long life, when his friends were expressing their admiration of his works, only said: "To myself, I seem to have been as a child playing

on the sea-shore, while the immense ocean of truth lay unexplored before me!" He that is wanting in true humility, should be considered wanting, also, in education and thoughtfulness. Officiousness and all airs of overweening complacence, indicate smallness of intellectual capacity. The mind which has been so developed and informed, that it is accustomed, without self-admiration, to compare itself with the great minds of the past and of the present, accustomed to think what heights of truth there are that it has never scaled, and what depths of truth there are that it has never sounded, accustomed, also, to meditate on its own imperfections, weaknesses, and limits—this mind can be in little danger of exhibiting either vanity or arrogance.

I wish to speak of one more trait of the disciplined thinker. It is *reverence*. In this world, it is our fate to find impassible bounds. Here and there, our powers of analysis and simplification avail us nothing. You can come to no reality, that will not, at some point, defy you to know it further. Everything has its mystery. The surface of the world abounds with puzzles. The things we know best, are things which we know only in part.

You look on the luxuriant vegetation, fresh with vernal moisture or with the dew of the summer morning; and you ask, "How do these things grow?" You say, that there are certain laws by which they are developed from seeds into plants; and then, you ask, "Whence have these laws their force?" That they have any power of themselves, you cannot believe. They are mysterious. You are

sure that you can know them only in part. But you are resolved to know them as well as you can. Your reason says to you: "There certainly must be an unseen agent, constantly acting in these laws of organic life." And here you are content to stop. You are satisfied with the comprehensive inference, that vegetation is, because God is; that the one is mysterious, because the other is infinite.

This inference is the only one which can give the human reason perfect satisfaction, amid the innumerable mysteries of nature. We can analyze and simplify, to a certain extent; but we must find limits to our processes, at which we shall be most content to say, "God knows the rest!"

It is plain, now, why every object, element, and law of the material universe, can be known by us only in part. Whatever exists must exist mysteriously, because it is somehow connected with God. You will, ultimately, best explain cohesion, repulsion, motion, radiation, combustion, by the generalization, that these are what they are, because God is what he is. Matter cannot think, cannot form plans, cannot say "I will." How, then, has the sun power to send light to our eyes? How has the earth power to reflect the sunlight to the moon? How has the moon power to reflect the sunlight to us, so as to make our evenings radiant and beautiful? How has the globule of condensed vapor, as it drops from the cloud, power to separate the sunlight into the seven colors of the rainbow? How has the mist of the air power to become flakes of snow-crystals? How have the grass and the clover power to become green, so that when we look on

the sodded fields, they appear as if overspread with soft carpets woven in some stupendous loom? How has the rose power to put forth its ruby blossom? How has water power to freeze into transparent ice? How has the charcoal power to crystallize into the diamond, the jewel of wealth and of royalty? How has the magnet power to perform its feats in attraction; and how has electricity power to travel with so great speed along copper wires? To all these questions, the last and most satisfying answer is, that God is everywhere, causing all things to be, in some manner, mysterious, like himself. The Atheist admits, that Newton's deduction, in respect to gravity, explains, admirably, the harmony of the solar system. Why does he not admit, that the deduction of an infinite and omnipresent Deity explains, perfectly, the whole creation, including gravity itself?

But consider, also, the mysteries of mathematics. It is true, that there are principles of numbers and of geometry, which will exist forever. Such is the truth, that the three angles of a triangle are together equal to two right angles. Such is the truth, that the square described on the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle, is equal to the sum of the squares described on the two other sides. Such is the law of the Binomial Theorem. Such is the principle of Logarithms. Such is the relation which a cylinder sustains to its inscribed sphere. And such is the generalization, that any quantity, as a , raised to a power denoted by a cypher, as a^0 , is equal to unity. These mathematical truths are everlasting. But who knows how they exist? Can you show, that they depend on anything else, so

much as on God? There is, also, the truth, that space exists, and the truth that duration exists. But what is the basis either of space or of duration? You may say, that these realities exist, in the nature of things; but might you not better say, that they exist, because God exists? You cannot comprehend boundless extent, because you are man. You cannot comprehend eternal duration, because you are not God. Surely, you can know these things only in part—space by fragments of space, duration by fragments of duration.

Again; we find mysteries, in the domain of astronomy. Certain it is, that we can know but little concerning the planets, the satellites, and the suns of the sky. We are separated from them. We see most of them only as twinkling points. The astronomical body, nearest our globe, is the moon; and little, indeed, can we claim to know of that. We have never made it a visit. We say, that it has mountains and valleys, caves and jagged craters, because, with the telescope, we trace appearances on its surface, which we cannot better explain. We know, that it moves round the planet on which we dwell. We are certain, that it turns on its axis; and that its days and nights are each fifteen times longer than our own. But we are two hundred and forty thousand miles distant from the moon; and, therefore, we can know it only in part. Men are not, often, permitted to go beyond our atmosphere, and come back again. We have no traditions, no revelation, concerning either vegetable or animal life, on the other worlds. The most that we know about those worlds is, that they exist, that they be-

long to the solar system, that they are subject to gravity and to Kepler's three laws of the planetary motions, that they have their days and nights, that some of them have several moons, that they move in elliptical orbits, and that all of them reflect to us the light of the same sun.

Not less mysterious to us are the comets, many of which, as they come forth from the unknown regions of space, sweep with great speed and brilliance, round their powerful center. We cannot tell, of what material these eccentric wanderers are made. We call them comets, from the Greek word *κομη*, which signifies *hair*. We say, that they consist of a nucleus, a hair-like envelop, and a tail. This, with a little more, is all that we know concerning the comets.

The fixed stars are, also, to be classed among those fine secrets of space, which send to us, in their rays, no hint in respect either to their nature or to their design. We walk, almost nightly, under gleaming orbs, compared with which, we suppose our own globe to be but a speck; and yet, our globe appears large to us. It cannot be circumnavigated in much less than three years. It has wonders on its surface, which but few men have seen. It has fruitful lands whose atmosphere but few men have inhaled. It has vast caves whose walls have echoed the voices of only a few travelers. It has cataracts whose thunders have shaken only a few beholders. It has a fiery heart which no man has visited. We know our globe only in part!

Let us reflect, also, on the mysteries of animal life. Do we know the basis of instinct? Can we

explain how the bird is impressed, when and where to make its yearly migration? How has the eagle the curious art of teaching its young the use of wings? How has the honey-bee the mathematical principles, according to which it builds its beautiful comb? What is that, in the head of the fly, looking through those unnumbered eyes which are seen with the microscope; and looking so keenly, that, with all your slyness, you can hardly put your hand on the little fellow's back? How knows the spider to weave the web, in which it insnares the insect whose blood it longs to drink? Whence have the ants their art of forming communities and of building subterranean cities? What is the secret of the transfiguration of the dull grub, into a being with flecked and brilliant wings? The best comment you can make on any one of these mysteries is, that it is what it is, because God is God!

Turning, now, to our own complex being, we shall find proofs, not less striking, that everything is mysterious, and that the supernatural is in all mystery. You cannot tell how it is that your heart beats, or how it is that your mind thinks. You know that you have a soul; but you do not know its substance. You cannot explain the connection between your mental nature and your physical. At more than a myriad of points, you are mysterious to yourself. Can you perfectly explain sight, hearing, touch, taste, or smell? Do you know how your volitions are telegraphed along your nerves to your muscles? Can you explain how it is, that when your brain has become fatigued, a little brisk exercise, in the free air, or a little lively converse with genial

friends, will completely restore to the cerebral organ its lost vigor? Can you explain the whole philosophy of memory? Can you account for the phenomena of Mesmerism? Can you account for sleep? Night by night, you experience a change, as wonderful as that of death itself. You place your head on your pillow. You close your eyes. Your nerves become calm. Your heart beats pleasantly. A sensation of painless repose gradually possesses you; and, thus, you sink into a state of mysterious self-forgetfulness. Sometimes, you are not completely in this state; and then, you dream. You awake, by-and-by, and are able to recall the thoughts and the images which show the unsoundness of your slumber. The philosopher endeavors to explain the phenomena of dreaming; but he succeeds only in part. The very unbeginningness of God, is not more incomprehensible to you and me, than is the experience of sleep. We can enjoy it; and can know its recuperative effect on us. But the most satisfying conclusion we can reach, in respect to it, is, that it is one of those inscrutable modes, by which the Almighty God sustains animal life.

“How wonderful is Death!

Death and his brother Sleep!” — SHELLEY.

We infer, therefore, that there is nothing, in the Universe, the innermost secret of which we can completely make our own. All our processes of thought, lead us to the mysterious, the incomprehensible. We do well, in our inquiries. We arrive at great generalizations. We clap our hands, in

view of our discoveries. Still, the things which we best know, are things which we know only in part. "The last step of reason," says Pascal, "is to know that there is an infinitude of things which surpass it." Everything has its mysterious something. Where is the philosopher who knows all that a simple grain of sand is? Here and there, we must pause, in our investigations, and confess that we have come to mystery—that little particles of mean dust have balked our brave faculties—that the very air and the very water contain elements which are as mysterious as the nature of the soul itself. It is only in part, that God has revealed his will to man. It was only in part, that the prophets prophesied. It is only in part, that we can know our origin, our relations, or our destiny. Mystery is in everything; and the supernatural is in all mystery!

With what disposition, let us now inquire, should we arrive at those limits of analysis and simplification, at which our finiteness dooms us to pause? The true answer to this question is, that we should, then, rest in God. We should think, that something of his power is present, in everything, making the nature of everything incomprehensible; and we should see, that the reason why we can know only in part, is because God only can know the whole. Under the trees of the forest, we should tread reverently, assured that there is an Almighty Thinker near us, working out his own ideals, in his own modes; forming every fiber which is moistened with sap, and fashioning every veined leaf, according to his own secret thought. We should hear the Most High, in the thunder which makes the still air

tremble; and should be mindful of his power when we behold the lightning licking the clouds with its fiery tongue. "O Lord," exclaimed the Psalmist, "how great are thy works, and thy thoughts are very deep. A brutish man knoweth not, neither doth a fool understand this." Become a thinker, and you will become a person of reverence. Often, when the sun is setting in the hazy blue of the west, or when the shadows of evening are falling, you will wander alone, for the purpose of giving greater scope to the devotional longings of your nature. In beautiful secluded places, you will court the society of those good angels, and of that holy Spirit, by whose noiseless agency we all are influenced, in modes which will be mysterious to us, so long as we shall remain in the flesh.

III.

POSTHUMOUS INFLUENCE.

The thinker imbodyes his personal force, in many forms. Hence, he insures to himself the power to influence men, after his death. "Is Mr. Butler dead?" asked Queen Caroline, of Archbishop Blackburn. "No, madam," responded the prelate, "but he is buried." Books, implements, machines, edifices, models in the fine arts—these all are organisms, in which buried thinkers, in a true sense, still live and are mighty. The kingly soul passes two lives, under the sun. One is its life, as a producer; the other is its life, in the works which it has produced. In one, its power is more its own

and its country's; in the other, its power is more the possession of all men and of all countries.

“Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread.”

Shakspeare is Shakspeare's and England's, till he dies; then he is the bard of the world. Washington, after his death, is the world's Washington. “No people,” says Phillips, “can claim, and no country can appropriate him.”

Every individual has, in his mind, a number of ideals of great men whom he never has seen, but of whom he has read, with ardor, admiration, and delight. No faults, no infirmities have place in these ideals. We all, I think, find it difficult to form a conception of Napoleon the First, as having possessed failings common to mortals. Our imagination, in despite of our reasoning faculty, precludes from our ideal of this hero, every base trait. How often are we almost prepared, openly to palliate the hardihood with which he repudiated his innocent, clinging wife; and to gloss that selfish ambition, for the sake of which he caused the waste of such rivers of human blood! Even in his death, on St. Helena, how often do we see him, as a great man, writhing on his couch, in sublime, Promethean agony! “The splendor and enthusiasm of the hero,” says Lord Kames, “transfused into the readers, elevate their minds far above the rules of justice, and render them, in a measure, insensible of the wrongs which are committed.”

To this ideal tendency, is, undoubtedly, owing

the fact, that, when we read the writings of the prophets, of the apostles, and of the Christian fathers, we almost overlook the appalling deaths of many of these heroes of the Church. Do you think to ask, when you peruse Isaiah and Jeremiah, whether the one was sawn asunder, or the other was, in some different way, martyred? Was it not a long time, before you sought to know the manner in which Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, and Paul died; and before you tried to form a vivid conception of Peter, as suffering crucifixion with his head downward? Were these men overcome, at times, by bodily infirmities? Were they worried, day by day, by the question, whether they were or were not to be martyred? Not in this way, do you think of them. But their holy earnestness so permeates you, that you almost think of them, as men who possessed souls without bodies!

The number is not great, of those who, before their death, insured to themselves extensive posthumous influence. This kind of influence depends on the fact, that the works of the thinker tend to raise the mind of every one who studies them, into a mood of inspiration, similar to that in which the thinker himself produced them. Newton, by his discovery of the law of gravitation, made the minds of all civilized people partakers of his own interest in the beauties and the wonders of the heavens. The *Paradise Lost* prepared intelligent minds for a participation in the Miltonic inspiration and rapture. There is philosophy, as well as poetry, in those words of Cowley, which Dugald Stewart calls "his first burst of juvenile emotion:"

“What shall I do to be forever known,
 And make the age to come my own?
 I shall, like beasts or common people, die,
 Unless you write my eulogy.

* * * * *

What sound is't strikes mine ear?
 Sure I Fame's trumpet hear!
 It sounds like the last trumpet, for it can
 Raise up the buried man.”

From the foregoing view of posthumous influence, we may learn how good a thing it is, to all men, for one excellent man to have accomplished a work which will make him famous. When a new triumph of thought is achieved, you have reason to exclaim, “I am a nobler man for that!” It is well, that the pyramids of Egypt were built. It is well, that the Colosseum and the St. Peter's were reared. From these structures men derive an elevating inspiration. Poor, indeed, would be the race, were there no treasured models of painting, of statuary, and of architecture. He is a benefactor, who produces a standard work in the fine arts.

IV.

MANLINESS.

How may a person form a manly character? Let him learn to think. Let him learn that man was not placed on this goodly planet, merely to eat, to drink, to be merry, to use his limbs, and to sleep. Let him learn that we are not men, till we have become thinkers—that a thousand voices are all of the time bidding us to think—that every thriving tree,

and living bird, and busy insect, seems to say to us, "O! how I would think were I a man!"

Do you not see, that there are too many who hardly seem to think one real thought, from their cradles to their graves; and whose faces and words seem always indicative of a heart that is wanting in value, and that can be cheaply bought? Vanity is almost synonymous with vacancy; but is not our fashionable society composed, principally, of vain people? A few think too much; but thousands think too little. It were a sin for a person to think himself to death; but what were it for a person to think so little, that his head should contain nothing better than thoughts of pleasure-parties, music, showy apparel, gold adornments, and the latest novels? The brain may ache, from two causes — from too much thought, and from the want of thought. In the latter case, there is not sufficient mental energy to counteract the outside pressure. The head feels as if it were about to collapse. Ah! what bubbles there are in human form, and what bubbles these bubbles pursue!

Manliness thou hast not, young man, unless thou art deeply thoughtful. Boys may turn into men, by a speedy change. There is only a year between the grandiloquent style of a sophomore, and the scholarly anti-wordiness of a senior. To have become thoroughly informed in respect to the size of the universe, to have caught some vivid glimpses of the infinitude of the finite, to have questioned down to those knots of mystery with which nature abounds, to have clearly conceived how much there is to be known and how little the most learned man has

learned—surely these persuasions and glimpses, and such as these, with

“The pain sublime of thought that has no word”

which accompanies them, should suffice to keep a person's mind from ever being a boy's mind again.

But let it be observed, here, that a great many boys never turn into men; or, rather, that a great many men are always nothing more than boys. Such was Alcibiades of Athens, “whose ruling passion,” says a French writer, “was to make a noise and furnish matter of conversation to the Athenians.” Such was Homer's Thersites. Such, too, was James of England, the royal successor of Queen Elizabeth, of whom Sully, who knew him well, said “he was the wisest fool in Europe.” These boys might have been men, had they timely learned to think. He who never “hangs plummets on the heels of pride,” never possesses true stability. He who does not become thoughtful, does not become a man; for manliness is the result of thoughtfulness.

Not a few young persons make the mistake of confining their intellectual powers, for too long a time, to the activity of mere acquisition. They are found doing the work and enjoying the pleasures of a mental adolescence, when they should be engaged in the plans and the projects of a mental manhood. They study well, remember well, imagine well, dream well; but they do not observe, abstract, compare, reason, generalize, classify, and invent well. They gather excellent knowledge from books; and still go on harvesting and garnering, till, like

the covetous man in the parable, they must needs be startled and mortified, by the terrible edict, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee! Then, whose shall these things be which thou hast provided?"

It is well to lay up knowledge; but to make no use of the knowledge laid up, this is unmanly. What nothingness to the earth, would be sun-heat and the rain of summer clouds, muck and compost, if the earth could never produce anything? What nothingness would oxygen be to the lungs, if it were not employed in the fiery process of blood-making? And what nothingness must knowledge be to him who gathers it, as the stone gathers substance, merely to hold it in a stolid embrace! Too many bright intellects have gone out in mean obscurity, which, had they seasonably formed a habit of philosophic searching, might have shed a great light on mankind. Man was made to be a philosopher—every man was! There is no sane person who should not live a life of intellectual productiveness. He ought, somehow, to bestow on the race, a work new and peculiar. He should be an originator, in his own way, not in any other way. ORIGINALITY is what gives grandness to the mind of man. To perform some difficult task, helped but little, and mimicking nobody; it may be to embody some ideal into a form which shall cause a hundred souls to throb with better life; it may be to project some excellent social, educational, political, or religious enterprise; it may be to discover, or, by means of ingenuity and skill, to make available, some force,

adapted to carry civilization further forward—activity, like this, rewarded, as it ever is, by pleasures which permeate the soul with a refreshing sweetness, is the kind of activity which every person will seek, whose longings are healthy and heroic.

Did you ever consider the truth, that we owe all our sciences to the exquisite pleasures of thought? Books of science are not, as many people would at first suppose, the results of long-continued joyless inquiry. They are, rather, the offspring of a delightful travail of great minds. Those who have given us our sciences, were, it is true, men of much taciturnity and gravity. They were, perhaps, often pronounced unsociable. But what could have kept them so long in solitary activity? what could have made them willing to forego popular amusements? what could have maintained the vigor of their bodies and the ardor of their minds? what could have afforded them adequate encouragement to perseverance in their toils? what but the sweetness of pleasures which they preferred before all the pleasures of appetite, of wealth, or of fashion?

Do not say, that God has brought any rational person into this world, never to be a thinker! What is it for a man to live without thought? It is to neglect the higher powers of his soul, for the sake of developing its lower ones. It is to look on wonderful things, without ever seeing them. It is to take into the ear, the most exquisite sounds, without ever hearing them. It is to suffer with no power to be strong. It is to enjoy with no experience of intellectual rapture. God is dishonored by him who

plows, not caring to know of what the ground is made; by him who sows grain, never considering the philosophy of its germination and growth; by him who daily makes a fire, but, in all his days, never thinks what combustion is; by him who frequently passes by a steam-engine, never ascertaining how it operates as a means of motion; and by him who walks, every month, under the moon, never inquiring whence it borrows its light, why it exhibits its phases, or how it becomes eclipsed. Do you not believe that God is displeased with the man who is content to live without thought? He who is not, sometimes, a philosopher, is a slave, a dreamer, or a blockhead. What would you think of an eagle, having wings which might bear it above the clouds, but which should keep those wings folded, and should travel always on the ground? What would you think of a fish which should be able to dart, like a sunbeam, through the water, but which should choose to remain on the river's edge, among the weeds and the tadpoles? What would you think of a tree which should bloom, every year, but which should never produce fruit? And what should you think of a man, possessing a mind, but who should be content to let that mind's higher powers lie for ever asleep?

The great truth is yet to be generally learned and practically applied, that no person can live a noble and joyful life, so long as he stints his intellect to meager opportunities. May the beautiful day hasten, when all absurd subordinations of mind to matter shall have ceased; and when men everywhere shall

strive as earnestly to secure intellectual, as they now do to secure material, advantages—when the farmer will be much more than a plower, a sower, a reaper, a seller, a laborer ; when he will be a public-spirited patriot, a companion, to some extent, with scientific and literary men, a citizen of the world, in one expressive word, a thinker ; and when there will hardly be found, in all the land, a person pursuing the carpenter's trade, the shoemaker's trade, the mason's trade, the butcher's trade, or any other trade, who shall not, at the same time, be found to possess a well-stored mind and a refined taste for the employments and the pleasures of the higher intellectual life.

PAPER VI.

CONVERSATION.

THOUGHT is followed by expression. Expression is a natural consequence of mental operation. It is, also, generic. In utterances, and in many other modes, you communicate your feelings and your wishes. The celebrated Roscius could hold the attention of an audience, by looks and gestures alone; and, in this way, he was ready to vie, in effective expression, with the eloquent and popular Cicero, who addressed men's ears as well as their eyes. Do we not often speak well when our tongues are silent? "Silence," says Currer Bell, "is of different kinds, and breathes different meanings." Of some faces, we are accustomed to say, that they have no expression. To the thoughtful man, those countenances only are beautiful, which are communicative of intelligence and amiable traits. Campanella, the philosopher, held, that it is impossible for a person even temporarily assuming a particular look, to avoid, while his countenance is thus changed, the mental disposition naturally connected with that expression. He claimed, that, by mimicking men's looks, he could enter into their thoughts and feelings. It is certain, that some observing and sagacious persons can, with singular facility, translate the language of silent thought and emotion.

With a quickness apparently intuitive, they are able to ascertain character from its modes of mute expression. Amid the secrets of how many unconfiding hearts, do these persons wander! They could soon express for you your wordless mood, and, perhaps, make you own that they have, in some manner, unbolted your soul, and stolen your long-treasured ideal.

Self-expression is inevitable. Only learn all the alphabets through which thought is manifested, and you could make deceit itself pronounce you almost a prophet.

We may, therefore, conclude, that, whenever awake, we are speaking, in some manner, of ourselves. There are two kinds of egotism. One is voluntary, and is disagreeable; the other is involuntary, and is pleasing. A person often talks fluently of himself in his sleep.

Expression, considered as a matter of choice, is either a means of securing participation in experience, or a means of exerting influence. The reason why we sometimes express more than we do at other times, is, because we employ more expressive signs. I have made discoveries, says the inner man; how, now, may I best communicate them? I have formed ideals of beauty and truth; how, now, may I best embody them? I have framed theories; how, now, may I best declare and illustrate them? The thinker has secrets which are too good to be kept.

I.

LANGUAGE.

The chief purpose of expression, in social hours, is to secure participation. Its chief purpose, in oratory and in composition, is usually twofold—having reference both to participation, and to the exertion of personal force.

The principal means, by which ideas and feelings are conveyed from the mind, so as to be understood and shared by other minds, is language. Words are the vehicles, in which ride the soul's bright offspring. Written words are anchored vessels of thought. Utterances—those “mouthfuls of spoken wind”—convey ideas and feelings from the lips of the speaker to the ear of the listener. But these vary in the speed with which they traverse the air. In some instances, they move fast; in other instances, slow. Some of them are tossed off, like playthings; others are shot off, like rockets or like bombs. Some of them move like weak-winged birds; others move like the lightning. Utterances vary, also, in sound. Some of them buzz and hiss. Many of them are shrill. One class have a chirping sound; another class have a harsh, discordant sound. Some utterances are low-toned and muttering; others are softly and tenderly musical.

But the power to express thought, in utterances, adds, incalculably, to human enjoyment. Conversation doubles the pleasing effect on a person's mind, of his own perceptions of beauty and truth. Furthermore, it makes these perceptions sources of plea-

sure to him, again and again. How would ten thousand choice objects of solitary observation lose their enchantment, could no after-delights be experienced, by us, in filling the air between our lips and the sympathizing ears of friends, with sweetly-sounding words and sentences! The deaf and dumb may become able to converse by means of pencils, pens, and their fingers; but, in their higher life of thought and feeling, they must needs suffer the painful pressure of an experience which they have no way effectually to communicate. What would a visit to the Moon or to Mercury be worth to you, if you could never make it a topic of conversation? What would you give to see the Alps, Mt. Blanc, or the lovely woods of Vallambrosa, were you incapable of conveying your impressions of natural scenery? Who would wish to go to Heaven, if it were certain that all the inhabitants there are deaf and dumb? When a traveler beholds, for the first time, the pyramids of Egypt, he thinks of the astounding magnificence of those structures; and then, of what does he think? Is it not his far-off friends and fellow-countrymen, and the grand theme which he will have for their entertainment, when he shall have reached his own dear home again?

The most pleasing objects become less so, as soon as we find that we must never speak of them; and more so, as soon as we make them topics of harmonious conversation.

The power to communicate thought and feeling, is as much to the soul, as motion is to the body. See the gifted first Napoleon, on St. Helena, doomed to perpetual loneliness! See how soon his heart

sinks, and he loses the Napoleonic spirit, and becomes petulant, weak, and delirious! It is but natural, that he who has begun to live among a people whose language he little knows, should be disposed to receive, almost as a bosom-friend, the first stranger who relieves his wearied ear, with words spoken in the same sweet tongue which he learned from the lips of his mother.

Language should be understood to be a result of the desire of communication. As thought precedes expression, it is plain that speech was not, originally, "an instinct inspired by God himself;" but was, rather, an invented means of securing a profitable and agreeable participation, in the plans, the projects, and the ideas of the mind. The tendency of the experiences of the soul, when not communicated, to recoil on the soul, and make its sensibilities morbid, is sufficient to account for the invention of alphabets and languages. The American, on the Nile, takes lessons of his dragoman, as if he were a disciplined linguist; and the Hungarian refugee, in England, is not long in learning how to talk as they do on the banks of Thames river. Communication, by words, is so essential to human welfare, that nations do not have great thinkers, till they have well-developed languages. "It is with languages," says Condillac, "as with geometrical signs; they give a new insight into things, and dilate the mind, in proportion as they are more perfect." A modern critic observes, that Homer could have done nothing with the language of New Holland.

II.

CONGENIALITY.

Conversation requires a participative hearing. "No enjoyment whatever," says Seneca, "can be agreeable without participation." Who does not know, that there are delicate experiences which are blissful to him who has a congenial sharer in them; but which would be to him only as the cup of Tantalus, if he could not have such a sharer? To whom would not the future be entirely uninviting, were there no possibility of passing, congenially attended, amid its glooms and its splendors? And to whom would not the past present few attractions, could no remembrances and reminiscences of delightful conversation, often flock before his intellectual eye, from memory's fair inner world? Think how many beautiful objects are near you, and how many scenes, gilded with an undying luster, you can recall, which owe their peculiar charm almost solely to experiences of congeniality. You have spoken, with soft eloquence, of the deep forest, when clothed in its summer livery. The birds, you said, were rejoicing in the gorgeous trees. You sat beneath the overhanging branches and foliage of grouped evergreens. The repose of the place was cool and sweet. In all your future life, you will not forget the hour and the scene. And, at another time, you have spoken, with a poetic unction, of happy wanderings in flowery valleys, and roamings over breezy highlands, and dallyings on the banks of gently-rolling rivers. But you may not have considered, why

these and similar remembrances have a power so soothing and perennial.

Suppose yourself to be thrown into the lap of some virgin island, situated at a distance from any scene of busy society. Conceive that, on this island, you should be doomed to remain, having all your physical wants adequately supplied, but having no companion to share in your experience. Around you, Nature would exhibit her beauties and her glories. The atmosphere would be salubrious. By day and by night, on one hand and on the other, wonderful objects would present themselves to your senses. Refreshing perfumes and melodies would be borne on the breezes. Brilliant gems would gleam amid the sand of the shores. An enticing luxuriance would cover the ground and wave in the trees. The forms of attractive animals would daily move, in the air, in the water, and on the land. Over the scene, the sky would bend kindly. Angels themselves would be delighted to stop there, and linger. Beauty, grandeur, and sublimity, would never be wanting. But you have, perhaps, already anticipated the thought, that, under the doom which has been mentioned, you could not be happy, on this fair island. Why not? Simply because you must needs live there, in utter loneliness. "Were a man," says Cicero, "to be carried up to heaven, and the beauties of universal nature displayed to his view, he would receive but little pleasure from the wonderful scene, if there were none to whom he might relate the glories he had beheld. Human nature, indeed, is so constituted, as to be incapable of lonely satisfaction : man, like those plants which

are formed to embrace others, is led by an instinctive impulse to recline on his species; and he finds his happiest and most secure support, in the arms of a faithful friend." Seneca affirms, that, even if wisdom were offered him, under such restriction as would oblige him to conceal it, he would reject the offer. If, in the situation which has been supposed, you could associate with human beings who should be strangers, yet disposed to treat you with kindness, then some pleasure and content would be possible. Should you, on another supposition, be permitted to hold familiar and congenial intercourse, whenever you would, with friends, then, and then only, could your experience, on the virgin island we have imagined, in any moment, afford you intense pleasure.

Thus, we arrive at the secret of Nature's continued power of enchantment. It lies in the possibility of mutual participation. Harmonious intercourse, between kindred, lovers, or bosom-friends, is what keeps the scenery of the seasons in repute, from one age to another. Deprive a person, for life, of the delights of congeniality, and no landscape would greatly please him again. Does not a man commit suicide, when his inward experience is such that other persons cannot participate in it? Let the bliss of harmonious converse be proved impossible in Heaven, and Heaven would become to you and me a dreary word. Oh! how ill would man fare, in the woeful moods which affliction or his own sin causes him to experience, could he not vent his grief, and get sympathy!

“But when they left her to herself again,
Death, like a friend’s voice from a distant field
Approaching through the darkness, called; the owls
Wailing had power upon her, and she mixed
Her fancies with the fallow-rifted glooms
Of evening, and the moanings of the wind.”

TENNYSON.

It is not affirmed, that a person may not be an agreeable companion to himself. Solitude is, certainly, not always unpleasant. The philosopher finds his highest enjoyment in seclusion. All that is most valuable in books, has resulted from a fondness for solitary study and thought. But you will observe, that it is one thing to be so separated from society as still to have the power of interchanging ideas and feelings, and another thing to be so separated from society as to have no such power of interchange.

• “Solitude,” says Balzac, “is certainly a fine thing; but there is a pleasure in having some one whom we may tell, from time to time, that solitude is a fine thing.” There is a difference between solitude and loneliness. When a person’s situation is such that all intercourse with other persons is impossible to him, then his thoughts inevitably become dark and joyless. Lonely prisoners have been known, who had made companions even of rats and insects. The Count de Lauzun, who was confined by Louis XIV., for nine years, in the castle of Pignerol, where he was in perpetual twilight, had become affectionately attached to a spider. He amused himself with efforts to tame this insect. He supplied it with flies. He superintended the progress of its web. This occupation afforded him considerable relief. But the jailer, one day, discovered his amusement, and

killed the spider. "And the Count," says Dugald Stewart, "used, afterward, to declare, that the pang he felt, on the occasion, could be compared only to that of a mother, for the loss of a child."

In the light of the foregoing views and facts, we may conclude, that the man whose inspirations and visions are too lofty to be understood by his own generation, cannot but manifest, in his general demeanor, a mood of mournful seriousness. Jesus Christ, undoubtedly, expressed a deep and habitual sadness, during the entire course of his mission. And, in the ages, there have lived and died solemn Homers, Platos, and Miltons, who, during all the years of their manhood, might have been seen looking longingly into the future, for that perfect participation in experience, which they desired, but could not realize, on the trial-stage of their gifted souls!

It is sometimes thought, that genius is constitutionally unsociable and taciturn. But genius is sufficiently sociable, in congenial society. That it should rarely or never be so, out of such society, where is the wonder? Do you find fault with Milton, because he usually liked to commune with himself, better than with the light-minded Mary Powell? Would you think it strange had Dean Swift written, that Gulliver used to feel sadly incommunicative, in the social circles of Lilliput? Genius is rarely so empty as to relish talking with vanity, and rarely so silly as to enjoy answering a fool like a fool.

True and happy conversation is that, in which there is a mutually agreeable interchange of thought

and feeling. Hence, before you pronounce a person unsociable, you should consider what kind of society it is, in which he is unsociable. Thinkers do not tire of converse with thinkers. Philosophers usually have fruitful lips, when philosophers are their company. Wise men do not call wise men taciturn.

Does a fashionable gentleman affirm, that he would not like to make an excursion with a geologist? Does a garrulous lady declare, that a certain statesman would make an uncongenial partner in the conjugal relation, because he remained silent, yesterday, while she was discoursing to him on music? Does a conceited, noisy fanatic, deem a profound theologian a weak debater, because, in a brief discussion, he gave up to him so many points, and became utterly speechless? Does a shallow panegyrist of nature, at Niagara Falls, manifest surprise, because his neighbor, who is distinguished for mental depth and force, can behold the grand scene without jumping, as he does, almost out of his shoes, and shouting "with the noise of twenty devils?" All such instances illustrate the general truth, that, between great minds and little minds, there cannot but be a want of that congeniality which is indispensable to pleasant conversation.

III.

GOSSIP.

There is a kind of intercourse, which prevails to a lamentable extent, in nearly every town and neighborhood. Gossip is the talk of people that have more grasp of ear than of intellect. It is reproduced con-

versation. The gossip communicates ideas which he has received either from the persons who first uttered them, or from other gossips. So, Barker's mill swallows water entering it in one line of motion, and whirls out the same water in another. How many people there are, that talk as if their minds were little machines, placed between their organ of hearing and their apparatus of speech, and always kept in running order! These machines convey to the vocal spout, what enters at the auditory funnel.

Cheap, indeed, is gossip. It requires no more thought than is needed for blowing a sound out of a dinner-horn. The attention is not fixed. The reason is not vigorously exercised. The judgment is not carefully employed. Who ever gossips, that possesses a thoughtful, fruitful mind? Who ever gossips, that is capable of holding an abstract truth better than he can hold a flea? How much imagination does gossip require? Sufficient merely to complete a scene when some rumor of it is heard, or to make out a notorious affair from some half-expressed surmise. How much memory does it require? Sufficient merely to keep the latest street-news fresh for a flippant rehearsal, on the first occasion which presents itself. How much conscientiousness does it require? Sufficient merely to allow persons to do to others as they would *not* that others should do to them.

Such is gossip. Certainly, you never find an individual, with a strong mind, indulging in this species of semi-automatic talk. He who is thoughtful, subjects his perceptions, his gleanings of infor-

mation, the rumors, the reports, the fancies, the notions, and the whims which come to him, to the test of reason and judgment, before he introduces them, in his social hours, as leading topics. His mind impresses on whatever it receives, its own energy. His utterances are charged with the electricity of thought.

Buffon, it is said, used to derive pleasure from listening, during the time of his morning toilet, to familiar rehearsals of the village gossip, from the lips of his barber. But it will not be supposed, that Buffon was pleased to return gossip for gossip, in his chit-chats with that unthinking master of the razor. He possessed a mind which could trace signs of the times in the talk of the streets, and could learn useful lessons of human nature from the prate of tell-tales. He was a thinker. His words abounded with meanings. They expressed the operations of a soul that was profoundly busy. There is little doubt that he inwardly despised the very gossip to which he regularly listened.

In our American society, there are thousands who are addicted to the kind of inane talk of which I speak. Gossip is specially prevalent in all our country villages. It serves to indicate how great is the need of a more thorough intellectual culture, on the part, especially, of the female sex. Not all women who dress well, move in fashionable circles, and talk nimbly, are ladies. A lady is something nobler than a human butterfly that can gossip fluently. A real lady is the representative of the beautiful in human symmetry, the refined in human manners, the perfect in human virtue, the gentle

and constant in human love. She is the charmer of man. From vice, from folly, from error, and from the dangerous mazes of worldly ambition, she charms him. She is the reformer of man. In his tastes, his manners, and his dispositions, she reforms him. Her success depends on the expression of her soul. Beauty of appearance is necessary, but beauty of words is more necessary. She may be rich or poor, a maiden or a mother, an accomplished player on the piano, or one who does not play on the piano at all; still she cannot but be a highly interesting inhabitant of this world. A real lady never gossips. She is too thoughtful, too amiable, too modest, too wise to gossip. Gossiping women are not womanly ladies. They make bad neighbors; for they either disturb the harmony of the neighborhood in which they live, by their offensive habit of tattling, or they make its intercourse too shallow to be profitable and sweet. They make poor friends; for true friendship cannot thrive on such aliment as is afforded in the talk of gossips. It requires an underlying fund of goodness and strength. It requires mutual breathings of tender meanings. It may, nominally, subsist between minds that are without depth; but it is genuine only when it subsists between minds that are deep and worthy. Furthermore, they make uncongenial companions in the matrimonial state; for a beautiful wife, without a beautiful soul, there never was, and never will be. Love itself soon tires of charms which are only external. Vanity is a disappointment of affection; and weak talk never fosters a fond constancy. "A fine woman who knows what she is about," says one

of the novelists, "is satisfied that nothing is less enticing than a merry look; the eternal smile must be left for those whose only beauty consists in a fine set of teeth." None but dandies should marry gossiping women; for dandies are the only class of men that know how to do without souls. A thoughtful man should be linked with a thoughtful woman, else, in the conjugal relation, there will, surely, be trouble. Conversation between husband and wife, if harmonious, is the sweetest of all that can be; but let Thought marry Vanity, and the intercourse between the two cannot but be sadly uncongenial.

IV.

LOQUACITY.

There is evil, also, in desultory and purposeless talk. Some people say a great deal, in a short time; but they say little that it were worth while to remember. Their ideas are uttered without order, and, apparently, without aim. Expression should be as much rational as thought. As in correct reasoning, ideas are closely linked; so, in correct intercourse, words and sentences are intimately connected. "Do not speak," says an Asiatic proverb, "till you have thought on what you intend to say."

Of rambling talkers, there is not a small number. Their tongues are as fond of a change of subject, as the school-boy is of a change of recreation. They tire you, with a medley of superficial observations, on unrelated topics. How wonderful are the powers of some people! In their talk, they can circumnavigate the globe in half an hour, and then be ready

for a trip to the moon ! Into how brief an interval of time can they press steam-engines, telegraphs, reaping-machines, a hundred late literary books, almost as many remarkable men of the age, the city of New York, the Mississippi river, the Niagara Falls, and big things ever so many more ! It were almost hazardous for a man who is accustomed to profound and accurate thought, to attempt to converse with a stranger in a vehicle of travel, lest he become engaged in conversation with some one of those prodigies of volubility, who keep a philosophic mind rambling, till it is overcome with fatigue. Charles Lamb gives an amusing incident which will serve me, here, for an illustration.

He was, once, riding in a stage-coach, containing one of that class of loquacious persons who presume to consider themselves "well-informed men." "A rather talkative gentleman," says Elia, "but very civil, engaged me in a discourse, for full twenty miles, on the probable advantages of steam-carriages, which, being merely problematical, I bore my part in, with some credit, in spite of my totally un-engineer-like faculties. But when, somewhere about Stanstead, he put an unfortunate question to me, as to the probability of its turning out a good turnip season, and when I, who am still less of an agriculturist than a steam-philosopher, not knowing a turnip from a potato ground, innocently made answer, that I believed 'it depended very much on boiled legs of mutton,' my unlucky reply set Miss Isola a-laughing to a degree that disturbed her tranquillity for the only moment in our journey."

There could, surely, have been little good of the

conversation, to that fickle wanderer over the world of topics. Conversation affords true profit and pleasure, only when it involves a rational and yet unstrained activity of the mind. The outer self should, in the social hour, be in the service of the inner. Then, the soul will talk. Each topic will be held, till it is naturally superseded by another. Of nature's animation, there will be much; of affected interest, none. Wit there will be, and logic, and originality, and eloquence. When the inner man speaks, something vital is said.

It were better for a person to remain silent, than to talk for the mere sake of filling the air with words. If a person is so ill-disciplined, that, to sustain a conversation, he must needs make haste from topic to topic, nibbling a little at the surface of each till he would weary you out of your temper or to sleep, then may he never attempt to hold a discourse with anybody. May he, when he is riding in the coach or the car, remain as taciturn as he can. May he, at least, never presume to tax the patience of those dear friends of yours and mine—the thinkers! “Nature,” says Dean Swift, “has left every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not of shining in company; and there are a hundred men sufficiently qualified for both, who, by a very few faults that they might correct in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable.”

V.

EGOTISM.

Loquacity, in conversation, is not more offensive than egotism. The egotist is a self-sacrificing person. He takes on himself the chief part, in the social hour, whether his kindness is likely to prove acceptable or not. He is resolved to occupy the center of the conversing circle, in despite of whatever centrifugal tendencies he may cause to be felt at the circumference. Every topic, not introduced by himself, he deems of little account. Does some one propound a novel question? He instantly assumes, that it is propounded to him, and undertakes to give an all-satisfying answer. Does some one venture a rare observation? He is the first to comment on it. Swelling with conceit of self, he extends his remarks. Now, he utters a turgid sentence, beginning with a capital *I*; and now he utters another, ending with an emphasized *myself*. If the beauty of some distant place should be described, his answer, according to Mrs. Ellis, might be, "*I* never was there, but *my* uncle once was within ten miles of it; and had it not been for the miscarriage of a letter, *I* should have been his companion on that journey! *My* uncle was always fond of taking *me* with him. Dear good man, *I* was a great favorite of his!"

The egotist rarely improves on any cutting hint, designed to check him in his offensive forwardness. Little change would you see in him, to-morrow,

though you should, to-day, cause the Asiatic generalization to ring in his ear, "He who has least wisdom has most vanity." Laughter, though really in ridicule, he construes into an expression of applause; and silence, though in fact the result of disgust, he regards as an evidence that he is the admired cynosure of all eyes. When the talk is discontinued, he flatters himself with the thought, that it has come to an end, because he, the great sun of the company, has stopped shining.

I find on record a little anecdote concerning Robert Hall, which illustrates the flattering effect, produced, in many instances, even by the philosophic taciturnity of genius, on the mind of a conceited talker. Mr. Hall had, somewhere, become engaged in conversation with one of that class of dogmatic ministers whose *dog-matism* is, in Jerrold's phrase, "only *puppy-ism* come to its full growth." The minister having, afterward, met Mr. Jay, said to him, "I wonder you think so highly of Mr. Hall's talents. I was some time ago traveling with him into Wales, and we had several disputes, and I more than once soon silenced him."

Mr. Jay, not long after this interview, happened to meet Robert Hall; and, on alluding to the egotistic minister who, notwithstanding his egotism, had become somewhat popular as a preacher, Mr. Hall replied, "I lately traveled with him, and it was wonderful, sir, how such a baggage of ignorance and confidence could have been squeezed into the vehicle. He disgusted and wearied me, with his dogmatism and perverseness, till God was good enough to enable me to go to sleep."

It may not be amiss to present, in this place, a summary of injudicious and unpleasant talkers. There is the *gossiping* talker, for whom Solon, undoubtedly, meant that wise saying of his: "Take care how you speak all you know." There is the *loquacious* or rambling talker, whom the Grecian sage Cleobulus, probably, had in mind, when he spoke the maxim: "Many words and more ignorance." To this talker may, also, be applied those words from an Asiatic proverb: "Behold the drum; notwithstanding all its noise, it is empty within." There is the *egotistic* talker, whom the admirable Chinese saying should teach a lesson: "True merit, like the pearl inside an oyster, is content to remain quiet till it finds an opening." There is the *mealy-mouthed* talker. This person is ever wanting in personality. His thoughts are parasites, clinging to other men's ideas and opinions. He is so fond of being agreeable, that if he finds himself crossing a person's views, at the smallest angle, he will slip back, as quickly as he can, into a parallel of soft and sycophantic suavity. There is the *affected* talker, whose vocal organs are always artificially strained, like the strings of a fiddle, before they are trusted in company. There is the *churlish* talker. You have, often, met one of this class, in the form of a stiff-necked official; and, sometimes, in that of a railroad agent. There is, finally, the *profane and obscene* talker, for whom some wise man of Asia left the words: "Men, because of speech, have the advantage over beasts; but brutes are preferable to men whose language is indecent."

Now, in contrast with the foregoing list of disagreeable talkers, as a relief from the languor which the consideration of them may have caused you to experience, or to begin to experience, permit me to place before your mind, that charming luminary of society—the *genial* talker. To this social star, how much do you owe of the luster and the beauty of your memory's world! By his chaste and kindly utterances, how often has he made hours which would have been dull to you, the most delightful in all your life! Does he not soothe you, when you are weary, to a repose in which your lost vigor comes back? Does he not kindle your blood, when it is cold? Does he not cause you to complain less and rejoice more? Does he not instruct you, raise the tone of your thoughts, and make you better to live and better to die?

How does this person talk? From a large loving soul, his words come. They always mean something. They rarely refer to himself. They exhibit a manly modesty, a cheerful spirit, much prudence, much wisdom, and the beauty of simplicity.

Who has been the best pattern in conversation? I do not find such a one among the philosophers of the past or of the present. For, though these, as an able writer says of Descartes, “receive their intellectual wealth from nature, in solid bars rather than in current coin,” yet it must be admitted that no philosopher has ever lived, whose love of solitary employment did not cause him to be either insufficiently intelligible or a little too silent in mixed company. I do not find such a one among the

poets; for, though some of the most interesting of all men have been bards, yet no one of this class has been worthy to be called the best pattern in conversation. Nor do I find such a one among statesmen. Burke, who was one of the greatest and worthiest of statesmen, said, with a beautiful figure, that "the perfection of conversation is not to play a regular sonata, but, like the *Æolian* harp, to await the inspiration of the passing breeze." Burke, however, was not pre-eminently a pattern conversationist. I do not find such a one among those whose names history has celebrated and consecrated, as the names of wise men; for, though Socrates was, undoubtedly, the wisest man of his time, and was, certainly, a delightful talker, yet he should be considered a master in conversation, rather than the best pattern. I find such a one only among a small company of men who, from obscurity, went forth into public life, the pioneer proclaimers of the religion of the Gospel. Yes, as the great exemplar in conversation, as in everything else pertaining to human expression, I would point to Jesus — the Master! Never man spoke like this man! How free was he from affectation! How free from egotism! How free from harshness, from inappropriate merriment, and from everything bordering on vulgarity! When did Jesus speak amiss? What instance can you mention, in which he indulged, either in flippant loquacity or in idle gossip? What occasion can you name, on which he exhibited, in conversation, either the fire of malevolent passion or the weakness of a prejudiced mind?

Are you young, and would you know how to converse with learned men? Read of the discourse which transpired in the Jerusalem temple, between the young Jesus and the Jewish doctors. Would you know how to converse in manhood? Learn how the Master talked, with friends and foes, with good men and bad men, with the wise and the foolish, while reclining at the table, while visiting the poor, while traveling from town to town, or while crossing the sacred waters of Palestine, in the performance of his mission of incomprehensible love!

PAPER VII.

WIT AND LAUGHTER.

OUR social hours are what they could not be, but for the power which we possess, of extemporizing, at times, with laughable smartness. How much less hearty would be our health, how much earlier would be the time when we should have to throw off the fresh color of our faces, and sink into the great sleep, were we not able to play toss-and-catch, with witty sayings and witty replies! Now and evermore, let us be thankful for whatever ability to make each other laugh, God has kindly permitted us to inherit from our dear and tender mothers!

The value of wit cannot be told in a few words. One can, it is true, soon state what wit is, considered either as a talent or as a species of expression. But not so soon can he show what would become of us all, without it. There are moments in your life, if you are a person of wit, when by some simple jocular utterance, which costs you nothing, you are able to command more immediate influence than a score of dollars could buy you. Only a well-timed and happy repartee, shot from the lips in a moment of peril, has often done for a man more than a body-guard of armed soldiers could have done for him. The suggestion may impress you, as somewhat fanciful, that the signers of the Declaration, when they

had written their names to that paper of fate, were hardly prepared for the worst that was to come, till they had been made more cheerfully heroic by Franklin's far-famed little pun. However, I do not deem it fanciful. "Now, gentlemen," said Franklin, "we must all hang together, or we will surely have to *hang* separately." But for this brave pun, I will answer for it that Young America would have been less sure to "fire the shot heard round the world."

Your witty man never sinks in trouble's sea. He rides on the billows with a heart that is like a cork. Goldsmith tells us of a happy fellow—the happiest, he says, he ever knew—who, whenever he fell into any misery, usually called it "seeing life." His father was a man of great wealth; and when he made his will, his sons, one after another, received their portions, lugubriously exclaiming, as it was the custom to do: "Ah father! may heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!" At last, he turned to Dick, and said, "As for you, you have always been a sad dog; you'll never come to good; you'll never be rich; I leave you a shilling to buy a halter." "Ah father!" answered Dick, without any emotion, "may heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!"

Do you not believe that the human family would soon desire to become extinct, but for jollity and cachinnation? Consider what have been the brightest moments, in your social experience of to-day, and what were the brightest moments in your social experience of yesterday. It is not extravagant to affirm, that you have never been happy, in human

society, for twenty-four successive hours, or for half as many, in despite of wit and laughter. You did not enjoy the stroll which you took, to-day or yesterday, with your friend, unless he and you, the while, laughed joyously, at many a *jeu d'esprit*, uttered either by you or by him.

I.

AT THE TABLE.

Your last meal, supposing it to have been eaten by you without any lively talk, was not as pleasant and invigorating as it might have been. Eating and drinking, with no merriment, is like planting seeds under a barn. The physiologist will tell you, that the human stomach, when proceeding, naturally, in the process of digestion, has an activity of its own — a species of contractile movement — which commences soon after the food has been swallowed. Now, is it not reasonable to conclude, that this wholesome contractile movement of the digestive organ is best begun by the reflex influence of wit and laughter? No person, unless he is compelled, should allow himself to eat his meals, either silently or with haste. If he must do so, let me advise him not to take more than one meal a day. He should wait till his stomach has become so eager and powerful, that it can perform the task of incisors and grinders.

Wit is eminently a provocative or relish-giver. Nothing else can so well make simple eatables taste agreeably, and keep the appetite healthily sharp. Pickled cucumbers, pepper and pepper-sauce, radish,

mustard, nutmeg, and all the spices ever imported, are, in comparison with wit and laughter, only so many fashionable shams. Ah! it is refreshing to see and hear those jolly eaters who cleverly loiter round the bases of their mountains of steak, or lazily dip and coast among the islands of their smoking archipelagoes of soup! That our age is an age of fast people, there is sufficient proof afforded, in the haste with which men, generally, perform the duty they owe to their palates and digestive organs. It is little singular, that there are so many lean merchants and bankers, so many dyspeptic students, and so many short-lived teachers, preachers, and women, when stomachs are, almost universally, required to do the work of teeth.

The taciturn haste with which the American people eat, is a national sin. The English do not eat as we do; and I know of no people that do. "They have," says Mr. Emerson in his *English Traits*, "a vigorous health, and last well into middle and old age. The old men are as red as roses, and still handsome. A clear skin, a peach-bloom complexion, and good teeth, are found all over the island. They use a plentiful and nutritious diet. The operative cannot subsist on water-cresses. Beef, mutton, wheat bread, and malt liquors, are universal among the first-class laborers. Good feeding is a chief point of national pride among the vulgar; and, in their caricatures, they represent the Frenchman as a poor, starved body. . . . They eat, and drink, and live jolly in the open air, putting a bar of solid sleep between day and day."

Now, it is a lamentable fact, that, compared with

these English, we Americans eat, drink, live, and sleep, in modes that are ruinous to health. Robert Knox, of England, assumes, that "all Americans are undergoing a physical degeneration." An American writer, discoursing brilliantly on the subject of "The New World and the New Man,"* though he pronounces Mr. Knox a thinker, "of far more force than faculty, and of a singular avidity for ugly news," does not hesitate to say, that, "in truth, we are a nation of health-hunters, betraying the want by the search;" and that "the land is full of wrecks hopelessly snagged on indigestible diet." Unless some of our pernicious customs and fashions, in respect to eating, are to be superseded, the time must come when we will be cursed with leanness. Dr. Johnson, in the days of his poverty, used — so Mr. Macaulay tells us — to "tear his meat like a tiger, and swallow his tea in oceans." Not a few Americans, even in the days of their riches, eat meat and drink tea in like manner. At our tables, too many of us behave like skulking rogues, whose remorseful fears of an arrestment will not let them be jolly. But we have been well taught, that we should not do so. Learned physiologists have told us, that we should not eat silently and with haste; but that we should be sociable, and merry, and long at our meals. Our eyes, while we sit at our tables, should shine with the effulgence of a jovial spirit, and our countenances should glow with the warm blood, shaken into all the sanguineous vessels of the body, by painless spasms of kindly mirth.

* See the Atlantic Monthly, for October 1858.

II.

IN CONVERSATION.

An effective plea for wit and laughter must needs embrace some special observations on their value in conversation. There is rarely a long time in which we are not exhilarated and made to live more vigorously, because something witty is spoken. We are influenced by jokes, more than some of us like to own. "Genuine and innocent wit," says Sydney Smith, "is surely *the flavor of the mind*." Never do we, by wit alone, achieve large and lasting things; but, without it, we are never so well fitted to achieve such things as we might be. It spurs us in our undertakings. It is a relief to us when we are weary. It enlivens us when we are dull and listless. Nothing wonderful is it, to play the enchanter with some simple matter of fact, or to snap some common thought inside out, so that, for a moment, it shall sparkle with a magical meaning. But what a youthful freshness and what a genial warmth, this kind of harmless intellectual sport imparts to jaded human natures!

Nearly all people are naturally fond of wit. There is, it is admitted, a class, by whom it is utterly disclaimed. To defend it is, in their judgment, a sin. They seem to like nothing so well as old truths which have no more life in them than so many treasured fragments of Egyptian mummies. They make the *summum bonum* or sovereign good of man to be, in Jeremy Bentham's phrase, "This thing, and that thing, and the other thing; any thing but

pleasure ; the Irishman's apple-pie made of nothing but quinces." But the most of these ungenial people will, I think, be found to have a love of witty talk and cordial laughter, whenever they happen to be in company where liberal common sense is dominant. The man who will not be mirthful, at his own table or in his own town, may abound with jocular sayings, while riding in a stage-coach, on a long and dreary road, a hundred miles from home. There are few persons that are not, often, in that maudlin mood, described by Washington Irving, as "the mood in which a little wit goes a great way." A gloomy ascetic would, undoubtedly, enjoy an hour with a witty man, should the two be overtaken by a shower of rain, and should they sit down to talk under a tree. Let any one of those individuals who think it so great a sin to laugh, be found ready to drown, and be happily rescued ; and, though he should be miserably wet, his tongue would, probably, scatter cheerful sayings all the way home. Could you not cure a fun-despising deacon of his sanctimonious gravity, if you could persuade him to sail over the ocean and back, in excellent jolly company ?

Consider how many fine jokes are uttered at every tick of the clock ! Here is a group of merry people, and there is one. Nobody counts the number of their sallies of humor, and of their brilliant repartees. If all the jocular talk of the common men and women around us should be put on record, what pages would be given us, over which to smile and laugh ! The newspapers serve to show us how many witty persons there are among ordinary persons, and how a

quick sportive turn may give a charm to the dullest of subjects. Are there not a hundred pleasant old mothers that have said things as laughable and keen, as are some of the best sayings of Jerrold?

You may be certain, that you have, more than once, been so situated as to behold a circle of talkers whose intercourse was greatly wanting in vivacity. Every word spoken, seemed to you to come from lips which had not sufficient elasticity, fairly to put it forth. "*Vox faucibus hæsit*" — the voice stuck in the throat. There were faint responses, tedious hesitations, forced smiles, a feigned earnestness, and frequent yawns. Irsome and even painful was the talk, to those who participated in it; and thus it was especially to you whom I am considering as but a spectator of the scene. But, by-and-by, you found, that a happy change had taken place in that group. A social star had suddenly appeared. The conversation was, thereafter, lively and enticing. Dullness and listlessness were gone. Instead of feeble, spiritless utterances, separated by intervals of soporific taciturnity, there were silver sounds that were like beautiful chirpings. Instead of a dearth of ideas, there was an abundant supply of them. The painful stupor had been superseded by a wholesome animation. The features of each speaker seemed to co-operate with his voice, in telling some happy incident, or in giving expression to some laughable fancy. Do you ask what was the cause of the delightful and remarkable change? It was the talent for wit, exercised by some person who knew how to exercise it well.

III.

BEFORE THE AUDIENCE.

The value of wit and laughter will not less clearly appear to you, in your recollections of the platform. You have seen an assembly of drowsy auditors. Deeply did their speaker impress them—that is, he impressed them *deeply*, with his dull look and tedious delivery. Profoundly were they interested—that is, they were interested *profoundly* in their own reveries. An unbroken stillness prevailed throughout the audience—but it was a *stillness* indicating a disposition, on their part, to go to sleep. Many eyes were fixed on the speaker—but they were *fixed* on him with a half-conscious gaze, resembling that with which grave and silent owls are accustomed to look intently at nothing. All that were present seemed to feel the power of the discourse—that is, its *power* to lull them into a state of lethargic indifference.

Let me now remind you of some instance, calculated to show, in a positive instead of a negative manner, the importance of that subtle means of mental wakefulness, without which oratory is never, for a long time, perfectly acceptable. It is not improbable that, in the course of your mixed experience, you have been favored with more than one opportunity of seeing an audience pass immediately out of that state into which an exercise of stupefying declamation had brought them, and enter that state of happy excitement into which the fervor and the sparkle of genuine eloquence never

fail to bring the minds of people. Speaker A., who made his hearers dull and weary, was followed by speaker B., who thoroughly roused and electrified the same assembly. The latter part of a scene like this, of an irksome harangue, followed by an exhibition of pleasing and powerful oratory, could not but have a wonderful charm, even if it were not heightened in its attractiveness by the effect of contrast. Consider a few of the interesting points it would be likely to exhibit.

An audience, representing every species of temperament and taste, are leaning toward one radiant man, breathlessly eager to catch his slightest utterances. They are as flexible to his power, as a field of grain is to the summer wind. When he will, he extorts tears from them; and when he will, he extorts laughter. Now they sit before him, still as death; now they almost deafen him with peals of rapturous applause. Like Antiphon, the Rhamnusian, this man can "cure distempers of the mind with words." The splendid being! how everybody loves him!

Valuable, indeed, must be that means of exhilaration which enables a person thus to affect a great audience. But, valuable as it is, the name of it is wit. I do not say, that by wit alone a person can accomplish so much; but that, without wit, so much cannot be accomplished. Nothing can take the place of this before the audience, and be as good as this. Earnestness cannot; for, if continuous, it is tiring. The eye soon becomes weary looking at the sun. Logic cannot; for logic has not sufficient sparkle to sustain a lively wakefulness. Wit, though

not one of the most *precious*, is certainly one of the most *valuable* things in the world; and he who would deny this, belongs either to that class who have no wit, or to that class who absurdly blink its importance.

To the platform lecturer, whatever sterling wit he possesses, has a value which he is not likely to over-estimate. The mixed audience of the lyceum hall will not attentively lend their ears, unless charmed by this element of effectiveness. The literary orator should endeavor to do much more than accommodate himself to the demands of the critic. He should seek to entertain ears which will not be content with utterances wise and serious only. The thoughts which he expresses should be made to twinkle like the stars; and, at times, he should cause an idea to flash into sight which is not an idea, but only a literary meteor, to be valued for little more than its trail of fleeting brilliance. He will, then, be able to amuse, while he imparts instruction to the audience.

It is undeniable, that what may serve admirably for a prize essay, may not well serve for a lyceum lecture. Attentive ears and grateful countenances are favors which nothing can so readily secure as a little genuine and timely wit. Not one of us likes to listen long to a dissertation which is entirely grave. We all prefer frequently to be enlivened and made more comfortable in our seats. We do not, it is true, require of all speakers the same proportion of exhilarating and recreative mirth. Our demand for wit varies to correspond with the anticipated style of the one who is to address us. But

are not the instances few in which we go twice to hear the literary lecturer who gives no wit in return for his hearer's admission-fee? We are unpleasantly disappointed, especially when genius fails to afford us the felicity of a few snatches from its lips of intellectual spice and pepper. From genius we expect expressions of fine humor which shall shake our sides; and, if we do not receive them, we are apt sullenly to retire. Do we not always look for eccentric things from noted, popular persons? Little would Socrates have charmed the Grecian young men, had he not talked singularly as well as wisely. Mr. Shillaber succeeds best on the platform, when he appears less like Mr. Shillaber than like Mrs. Partington.

IV.

DULLNESS.

If there is a class of people who do not possess any talent for wit, or who would find it extremely difficult to prove that they do, we may well wish fairly to understand the nature of the case in which there is so great a deficiency. What, then, let us inquire, are some of the peculiarities of the person who rarely, if ever, is able to say anything that is keen and magical? In answer, it may be affirmed, that this person is, in company, either stupidly taciturn or tediously wordy. He is like a spring whose contents are too much mixed with mud or too much diluted with rain-water to sparkle. But this is not the only thing in nature which the person may be justly said to resemble. Men, in not a few respects, are like birds. Some birds are interesting,

and some are not; some are witty, and some are not; some have chirping tongues, and some have songless tongues. Eagles, hawks, humming-birds, crows, snipes, larks, partridges, pigeons, bobolinks — these all have points which are illustrative of human characteristics. May not this have been the reason why the two orders of bipeds were associated in that old couplet which, in our early school-days, was written for a copy in our little writing-books,

“Many men of many minds,
Many birds of many kinds?”

There is one bird which may be said to have no wit. It is the owl — that bird which is pained by a swallow's twitter in the day-time, and which has a doleful hoot for the night. The owl makes many ludicrous gestures, but is never known to make either a witty attack or a witty repartee. How many a man resembles the owl! Does the person without wit make an agreeable appearance in society? No; because he is too much like the owl. Does he ever enliven and rejuvenate you when you are weary? No; because he is too owlish. Would you be content to have him for your bosom-friend, for your companion on a long journey, or for your right-hand neighbor at a dinner-table? No; because there is too much of the owl in him.

There is no term in our language so significant of stupidity as the little adjective *witless*. It were better to be a jolly rustic than a bookworm without wit, for as much reason as you would pronounce a plain brown mug more valuable than a Leyden jar, out of which you could never draw an electric spark.

So important an element is wit in a person's mental constitution, that those qualities which insure a manly self-possession have, for centuries, borne, in common parlance, the name of *wits*. What do people say of him who becomes utterly confused in a moment when coolness and calm decision are wanted? Simply that he has lost his *wits*. What is usually the remark concerning a man who has allowed himself to be duped to believe some wild doctrine, or to espouse the Utopian scheme of some hair-splitting theorizer? Simply that he has been fooled out of his *wits*. When a freshman or a sophomore fails in the examination or on the platform, what has he to expect from his class-fellows sooner than the distressing interrogatory, "Where were your *wits*?" When a young man becomes so embarrassed in the company of ladies, that his heart flutters, and he knows not what he is about, stammers, blunders, makes a worse blunder in the attempt to repair his last one, runs awkwardly against his neighbor, stumbles over chairs and other things, and cannot sufficiently collect himself to offer an appropriate apology for any one of his ungallant mistakes, who that sees him is not ready to say, "You stupid fellow! what has become of your *wits*?"

It may, therefore, be presumed that there is something in the very nature of wit which makes it indispensable to a terse and energetic behavior. There is a great difference in mind, between the man who walks the street briskly, and the man who walks the street heavily. There is, also, a great difference in mind, between two persons, one of whom exhibits a talent for wit, and the other not. It is nothing unimport-

ant to be able to spice the hour of miscarried expectation with enlivening mirth, or to turn an embarrassing accident into a blessing by the smart snap of some well-timed joke. He who possesses this power, in only a small measure, may reasonably regret that he has no more of it; and he who possesses it not at all, is either provokingly obtuse or intolerably tedious.

The talent for wit is to the mind, in some respects, what the microscope is to the eye. This talent enables a person to see bright points in things, which, in the absence of it, would exhibit little that would be either worthy of notice or productive of pleasure. You have observed the attractive character which that common insect, the fly, presents, when it is viewed through the microscopic glass. What a unique little body it then is! So, the person of genuine wit discovers a striking brilliance, where the person without it discovers nothing but dullness, dullness, dullness. The former makes a trite idea seem to you so charming, that your mind seizes it as a fine treasure; the latter makes a trite idea seem to you still more trite. Talking on topics the least attractive, the former would keep you gladly wakeful; talking on topics the most enticing, the latter would either exhaust your patience or put you to sleep.

V.

AFFECTED GRAVITY.

After that class of persons who seem to be entirely wanting in wit, come next the class that possess the power of expressing thought and feeling in witty

modes, but who are unwilling to admit its value. They are unwisely serious, affectedly grave. The saying is ascribed to Bolingbroke, that, as in comedy the best actor plays the part of the droll, while some scrub is made the hero or fine gentleman; so in the farce of life, wise men pass much of their time in mirth, while fools only are always grave. If the talent for wit is valuable, it should certainly be cultivated and used. A man should not treat it as Hudibras is said to have done.

“—— Although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it.”

A great many people are indisposed to acknowledge any value in wit, because it is airy and evanescent in its nature; or because, as a certain writer has said, it is “like those volatile essences, which, being too delicate to bear the open air, evaporate almost as soon as they are exposed to it.” They deem it unmanly to seek either influence or pleasure, in the exercise of a talent, the effects of which are so fleeting. Here, they greatly err. The very circumstance that wit is volatile and evanescent, is what gives it its peculiar value. Men commit a sad mistake, when, from the generalization, that firm and lasting things are valuable, they infer that light and transient things are never so. A particle of crystalized carbon is more valuable than a thousand cubic inches of air; but would you say, that, in comparison with crystalized carbon, air is worthless? If you should ask a man whom some terrible catastrophe has almost buried alive, which of the two he would give the most for, do you think he would an-

swer, "The diamond?" Hydrogen is the lightest of all known gases; but is hydrogen, for this reason, wanting in value? The truth is, that the value of every substance in the material world, and of every means of influence not essentially bad in the moral world, is to be determined from the result or results which it contributes to produce. Ether, in itself, is comparatively an unsubstantial and useless fluid; but where could a substitute be found for it, in its valuable compounds? Precisely so, should we reason concerning wit. It is valuable, chiefly, for those effects which it is the means of producing. It is a good thing, on account of certain other good things to which it directly gives rise.

We freely admit, that wit is not firm and long-lasting in its essence. We concede, that it is even so far from containing anything permanently excellent, as to lose much of its peculiar force, the moment it seems other than subtile and evanishing. Nothing is more true than that wit, in order to maintain its character, must be free from any show of elaboration. Let the idea be associated with a brilliant joke, that it was long premeditated, and you would be unwilling to give it your laugh. Hence, "we receive," says one of the metaphysicians, "more pleasure from a witty repartee than a witty attack."

But, notwithstanding these concessions, no thoughtful person will conclude, that wit is not one of the most valuable things in the world. Will you please tell me what could take its place in conversation? Will you please show me what could be a substitute for it, before the audience? Is it not the

very sparkle of sociality? Is it not the very magic of oratory? If you have never been able to see how these things are so, let me ask you to think, for a moment, of the pains of dullness, and then of the pleasures of wit. Consider the contrast between a sprightly talk and a tedious one—one in which no illuminated features participate—one in which the vocal organs of each speaker sound as if they were clogged with unmoistened meal. Consider the contrast between an attentive and enraptured audience and an audience composed of individuals who sit in misery on their seats; who wish their seats were beds provided with pillows; who, if they look at their speaker at all, look either with vacant eyes or to see how near he may be to his sequel; and who, if they nod during the discourse, do it, not as a token of intelligent assent, but because they are forced to do it by the soporific harangue of the long hour. Having thus assured yourself how great a difference there is between cases of intercourse, both in private and in public, in which the enlivening influence of wit is felt, and cases in which it is not present to be felt, I am sure that you will see the almost inestimable value of this simple means of engaging the human mind. You will, then, be a better friend of wit. You will welcome it, in others, with a heartier gusto; and you will, perhaps, be led to cultivate, more attentively, whatever talent for wit you yourself possess.

VI.

THE SPORTIVE AND THE SERIOUS.

There is a class of people who are blind to the value of wit and laughter, because the effects of these are, in their judgment, incompatible with the design of making serious and permanent impressions on the mind. The mistake of these people demands special attention.

True wit serves to produce a delightful and salutary exhilaration of the mind. It excites happy laughter. Drowsiness is dispelled by it, and weariness is relieved. But it may be both appropriately and inappropriately employed. There is no place that will answer for everything; and there is nothing that will answer for every place. Wit is subject to a view of propriety, similar to that which tends to regulate every means of influence. This view contemplates the preservation of its effectiveness, as the instrument of a wholesome intellectual animation. It assumes, that the talent for wit should be restrained, whenever the exercise of this talent is likely to result in more harm than good. But there is a certain erroneous and absurd view of propriety, which contemplates very different restrictions to the talent for wit. It is formed and held, in despite of the plain remonstrances of common sense. According to this view, the use of wit is decided to be inappropriate, in many cases in which its effects could not but be both pleasing and profitable. It is not a little surprising, how people are led by prejudice, to overlook the real wants of human nature. We hear

it said, that the wittiest men are not the best thinkers; and that the talent for keen wit and the talent for intense thought are not apt harmoniously to co-exist. This conclusion is reached by a course of fallacious reasoning on undisputed facts. Thoughtfulness and gravity, it is said, are usually found together. We freely concede that they are. Great thinkers are serious. So was Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Confucius, Luther, and Newton. Washington was a serious man. In his pictured face is a look significant of something beyond this world. All the great poets have been serious. So was Dante, Milton, Collins, Cowper, and, I suppose, Shakspeare. It is impossible for the mind that is profoundly thoughtful, not to be, at times, profoundly sad. "An undevout astronomer," says Edward Young, "is mad." Beethoven, the musical composer, was a person whom few found it easy to approach. He remained aloof from fashionable company. He would not be flattered. He, too, was sad. Handel, another musical composer, knew the felicity of social hours; but he was most pleased with a serious joy. When questioned once, concerning his experience, while he was composing the Allelujah chorus, he answered: "I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the great God himself." While he was setting to music those words of the prophet: "He is despised and rejected of men," a friend entered the room, and found him actually sobbing. Handel's servant used to behold the tears of his master mingling with the very ink with which he wrote his compositions.

Now, this tendency of the thoughtful mind to a

devotional seriousness, is one of which we should softly and tenderly speak. Let us respect the person of serene and solemn moods. Most sublime visions may, oftener than we know, be rolling in that sad soul! There is a wide difference between pensiveness and gloomy dejection. If we separate from our conception of a great mind, the idea of a beautiful melancholy investing it, even as the shadow of a vast forest falls back on that forest and darkens its foliage, our conception will begin to lose its power over us. You will find, that this truth has been borne in mind, by the painters and the sculptors of the ages. You can distinguish the representations of the god Jupiter from those of the god Bacchus, in all the famed galleries of art, if by nothing else, by their difference in depth of countenance. Jupiter always seems as if looking back into his own fathomless being, and meditating some divine purpose; while Bacchus, on the contrary, seems to have lost the consciousness of his godhood, and to be musing on festal pleasures. It is a law, with the experienced artist, to represent superior character in lineaments indicative of a mysterious serenity. Angels are never pictured in a frolic. It lessens our veneration for a man of genius, to have to think of him as continually mirthful. I cannot conceive, that Homer, Ossian, and Milton, were noted for jocularities. The soul that has most of the "divine hunger," is most in earnest. "Great men," said Aristotle, "are always of a nature originally melancholy."

But the mind needs change of occupation. It should not be jaded. Thought is better than mirth; devoutness is better than mirth; yet mirth has its

value. Surely, you will not be heard to say, that, in all our life, we should never be as merry as we like. Think what a world this would be — what a charming world! — if all the pious people in it were to meet some day, and unanimously agree that there should be no more sportive subtilty or smartness; that it is wrong “to laugh and grow fat” — entirely wrong; that every ounce of flesh gained by mirth and cachinnation, is so much wicked flesh, for which a person should do penance in fasting and prayer! Were the various Christian parties to agree to such a conclusion, Christianity would soon be driven out of the world. Do you think that God is pleased to see sullen faces moving under his laughing skies? Is there a passage between the first word of Genesis and the Amen of the Apocalypse, that forbids cheerfulness and innocent mirth? Is it not a *serious* sin, not to be always cheerful and sometimes mirthful? Do you not see, that when a person bids adieu to gladness, good humor, bright smiles, and cordial merriment, he then bids adieu to painless digestion, dreamless sleep, the bloom of health, and the best of his ability to be either agreeable or useful? What a world this is, in which so many are called *orthodox* Christians, who never perform the great duty of ascertaining the real wants of human nature! People say, that wit is incompatible with thoughtfulness and devoutness, as if thinkers should always be thinking, and pious folks always be solemn! They overlook the important truth, that the most profound mind needs its hours of relaxation — needs to have stations, here and there, at which its trains of thought may stop. A man may think so much as to lose his

appetite and his power to sleep. He may think so much as to become frightfully lean. A man may be absurdly pious. He that is sanctimoniously opposed to wit and laughter, dishonors Christianity. Jesus did not propose to increase the number of grave and crabbed dyspeptics on the earth. Would you love Jesus, if he had said to men, that all laughter is wickedness, and that wit is a cursed thing? God made man capable of mirth; and the Scriptures nowhere tell us, that he was ever sorry he had made him so.

It must, however, be admitted, that the talent for wit is exceedingly liable to be misexercised. This is evident, if from nothing else, from the fact, that the man of wit may be a satirist. There are two classes of witty sayings—the jocular and the satiric. He who employs the former class, aims chiefly at pleasure. He places before the mind, ideas and images which are precisely adapted to call forth the burst of glad laughter. His wit is electric. It affords a relief from the weariness attendant on reflections which are wanting in variety, and creates an interest in thoughts and subjects which would be uninviting. It assists all the faculties of the mind. It quickens the memory, kindles the imagination, and gives mobility to the feelings. Under its influence, the more trite topics are made engaging, and the driest details attractive. It is a sure antidote to irksomeness. It saves the author from the charge of a monotonous gravity, gives the lecturer power over the attention of his audience, enables the preacher to proclaim old and homely truths with an edge, and to keep his hearers from

drowsing during a sermon. It is useful, but not precious. Truth, virtue, wisdom, reason, charity—neither of these can so safely be spared as jocular wit. It is not holy, and will not often answer in sanctified places; but it is entirely compatible with both the desire and the possession of holiness. It is better than dullness, better than listlessness, better than corroding care. To the mind, it is, in many instances, what fresh air is to the lungs. Such is jocular wit.

In regard to the other class of witty sayings—those which have been designated as satiric—it may be said, that wit is, here, presented in a new light. It is no longer merely the expression of exhilarating ideas—the out-flashing of a playful fancy's harmless fireworks. It is employed for the purpose of arming with stinging points the arrows of ridicule. When rightly directed, it subserves many good ends. It puts a salutary check on conceit, makes dogmatic and canting fanaticism appear ludicrous, causes vanity to rub the paint off her cheeks, compels affectation to discard her airs, and holds up to contemptuous laughter every form of aristocratic imbecility, of bold pretension, or of gilded wantonness.

Such is the use which is made of this species of wit by the genuine satirist. But there is a class of witty men who employ it for sinister purposes. By these its shafts are directed against truth and worth, good people and good institutions. They are men who seem to take little pleasure in the established order of things. They are snarling critics; they are producers of discord; they seek success in satir-

izing the weak points of the successful — fame in ridiculing the foibles of the famous. These masters of keen sarcasm are ever burning with a jealousy of prosperous merit. Akenside's reputation suffered from the poisoned arrows of Smollett; and Christianity was injured by the polished sneers of Voltaire. The ribald scorn of Archilochus caused Lycambes, his offender in a love affair, to hang himself. Gabriel Harvey had his Tom Nash; Scott, of Amwell, his Dr. Kenrick; and Robertson, Blair, Kames, and Henry, their Gilbert Stuart. Socrates affirmed, before his judges, that "his persecution originated in the licensed raillery of Aristophanes, which had so unduly influenced the popular mind during several years." Such satirists appear to have but one work—that of undermining well-founded reputation; and but one joy—the joy which vents its sardonic laughter when talent is wounded, or when genius is put to grief. "Witty calumny and licentious railery," says the author of "Curiosities of Literature," "are airy nothings that float about us, invulnerable from their very nature, like those chimeras of hell which the sword of Æneas could not pierce — yet these shadows of truth, these false images, these fictitious realities, have made heroism tremble, turned the eloquence of wisdom into folly, and bowed down the spirit of honor itself."

But the fact that the talent for wit may be wrongly exercised, is no reason why it should be depreciated. The sportive may be happily used in connection with the serious. Reason teaches this. It is a lesson which is, also, inculcated by history. You might find a hundred persons, more or fewer, in almost

every church, who have never thought how much better a little sparkle from the preacher would be than a great deal of drowsiness in the audience. Eighteen hundred and thirty years ago, there were Jews who put on sanctimonious airs and tried to quarrel with the genial Jesus, because, in opposition to their absurd formalism, he presumed to minister to the sick on the Sabbath day, and to dine with publicans and sinners. Similar to the spirit of those Jews, is that of the grave sectaries and bigots, of this day, who frown on the face that beams with sunny smiles, and who regard with displeasure the ringing echo of joyous laughter. These persons, as Thomas Hood says,

“think they’re pious,
When they’re only bilious.”

The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table fancies that one of them “would cut his kitten’s tail off if he were to catch her playing with it.” As if it were not God’s will that kittens should play as they like!

Dear man of religion! be not ascetically grave in thy looks and thy words! Do not, like Mrs. Yorke, of whom Charlotte Brontë speaks in her story of Shirley, think that “to be mirthful is to be profane, and to be cheerful is to be frivolous.” Be thou sweet-hearted! Do not always deserve to be called, in Irving’s phrase, “one of those dry old gentlemen that keep youngsters at bay.” Dr. Johnson is said to have asserted, that he never knew a villain in his life that was not, on the whole, an unhappy dog. But thou, good man, what reason hast thou, in this beautiful and glorious world, to be unhappy?

Religion, divorced from common sense, always receives the cold shoulder of the world. Its devotion is called fanaticism; its humility, degradation; its holiness, delusion. Not such was the religion of Milton. This great man was blind. Sometimes he was mournfully meditative; but how manly, how liberal, how true to nature and to nature's God, are his views! He depreciates nothing in man that was ever good. Hear him sing, in that exquisite poem, the "L'Allegro,"

"But come, thou goddess, fair and free,
In Heaven, yeleft Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing mirth.

* * * * *

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee,
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreath'd smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides,
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe."

It can hardly be doubted that wit may be appropriately employed even in the pulpit. With great effect, Robert Hall, Rowland Hill, Whitefield, and Lorenzo Dow, made it subserve the high and sacred end of preaching. "When I was young," said a minister, "I thought it was the thunder that killed the people; but when I became older and wiser, I discovered that it was the lightning. So I determined to thunder less and lighten more."

VII.

THE WITLING.

Suitably to blend the sportive with the serious, in the social hour, before the audience, and in composition, is an art in which few persons excel. Wit should always coexist with judgment. That the two coexist so rarely is a fact much to be deplored. "Memory and wit," says Lord Kames, "are often conjoined; solid judgment seldom with either." This truth suggests some observations on the liability of the witty man to an excessive use of the fine talent which he possesses. Let this man bear in mind, that the occasions are numerous on which he ought to appear imperturbably grave. It is obvious that prayers should never contain anything intended for mirth; and, also, that some little time should always be allowed to pass, after grace is said at the table, before the eaters begin "to laugh and grow fat." Wit is, in nearly every instance, inappropriately used when used for its own sake. A good postillion is not wont to crack his whip-lash simply that he may hear it crack; and a wise talker or a wise orator is not accustomed to utter laughable sayings, as if these were, in themselves, among the best things in the world.

Sydney Smith, whose name has become famous as that of a master of wit, says, that "professed wits, though they are generally courted for the amusement they afford, are seldom respected for the qualities they possess." He himself both taught and

practiced the precept, that, in the use of wit, we should never over-estimate its intrinsic importance. There is nothing absurd in the idea, that a thing may be very valuable, and, at the same time, be in itself a thing of low order. Let me illustrate this statement.

A good appetite is to be highly valued by every man—so highly, indeed, that he should be grateful who can never look with indifference on freshly-cooked slices of tender steak, or on steaming dishes of relishable soup. But who that possesses an elevated mind does not always regard his appetite, how valuable soever it may be to him, as a thing of which it will not do to speak in the choicest terms of praise? All people of respectability unite in ranking gluttons and toppers with beasts; but gluttons and toppers are only such as esteem and indulge appetite for appetite's sake.

Again; when a builder is constructing a house, he puts up temporary frames, called scaffolds, which are so valuable, that, without them, houses could scarcely be built much higher than men's heads. But for how little are transient scaffolds to be prized in themselves!

May we not, in like manner, reason concerning wit? Considered intrinsically, it is little worth; but considered in the light of those salutary effects which it is the means of producing, its value appears incalculable. Thus viewed, it is certainly the *sine qua non* of some of the best things in the world.

You will now perceive the folly of the person who devotes himself to the art of manufacturing tor-

pedoes of jocularly. The mere *witling* is to be regarded with contempt. He who can attract notice by nothing better than sparkle, is only worthy to be called a human fire-fly. The number of a man's sportive sayings should be regulated somewhat as the tradesman regulates the amount of perishable commodities he buys—that is, by the demand of the market.

The species of jesting which is denounced by St. Paul, in the fourth verse of the fifth chapter of his Epistle to the Ephesians, is, undoubtedly, foolish jesting;* jesting out of time and out of place; the jesting of the witling whose laughter is like “the crackling of thorns under a pot.” And did not the apostle manifest wisdom in leaving a word against this abuse of a talent naturally good? But Paul was no cynic saint. Would you say, that he meant to denounce all jollity? Would you say, that he himself did not sometimes enjoy a hearty laugh, even as much as did our good George Washington? Paul knew that true religion is opposed to all grimness, all ascetic taciturnity, all superstitious hushings of laughter, and all sanctimonious moanings. He knew that no day is necessarily made drearier by its influence; and that it necessarily robs no voice of the chirp of cheerfulness. He knew, furthermore, that it gibbets no true diversions, comes never in the way of innocent and appropriate conviviality, imposes no embargo on manly joking, and requires of no man repentance “in sackcloth and ashes” for having laughed like a boy.

* See Hand-Book of the Bible, by Joseph Angus, p. 191.

VIII.

LAUGHTER.

True wit, appropriately employed, is wonderfully effective as a means of keeping the human mind vigorous, clear, and cheerful. To laugh is good for us; and laughter is the triumph of wit. The human face has one class of wrinkles on which it is a pleasure to look; and they are produced by the cordial expression of mirth. If you would know whether a person's disposition is genial or morose, look at the corners of his mouth. See whether happy curves and furrows are or are not there. Honest laughter will give a charm to the homeliest physiognomy.

Among all the things in which both the useful and the agreeable are combined, what is more interesting than a laugh that is a laugh? Do you like those persons who seem to eat their own lips? Do you like those persons whose "ha! ha!" is only an expression of bitter scorn? Somebody has said, that "a laugh, like a thing of beauty, is a joy forever." It is certainly a joy in the moment of its expression.

True laughter is noble. It is something of which no creatures under the sun, except men, women, and children, are capable. Brute animals cannot laugh. You could not draw a laugh out of a dog or a horse if you should tickle him all day long. Some people adopt allopathy, some hydropathy, and some homœopathy; but, begging pardon of none of the physicians, I have adopted *cachinnopathy*. Laughter,

after all, is the great panacea. Only laugh sufficiently, and you cannot easily become sick. Better is laughter than calomel, or arsenicum, or opium, or the waters of Saratoga, or intoxicating drinks. Laughter, as a medicine, gives a person no pain, except in his sides, and that is a wholesome pain. Furthermore, he who proceeds on my system, can make his own medicine and can prescribe for himself. It is a maxim, that a person should not laugh at his own jest. But Charles Lamb proves that this is a popular fallacy, and gives it, as his opinion, that he who does not enjoy his own joke is "like a gentleman who commends the flavor of his venison on the absurd strength of his never touching it himself."

Welcome, then, true, fresh, cordial laughter! Welcome you whose mouths are inclosed in pleasant parentheses! Welcome you who can laugh yourselves, and can make other people laugh! Our chosen friends! may they all belong to this generous class! Our partner in business, if we are to have one, may he be what Sir Walter Scott calls "an honest laugher!" If he should prove not to be such, we would surely propose a dissolution of the partnership before it should become a year old. The preacher to whom we pay our Sunday respects, may he know the effectiveness of well-timed wit and the sweet health which laughter gives! The Fourth-of-July orator before whom we are to sit next year, may he not weary our ears with a long and tedious harangue, which shall be to us a proof that he has never learned the value of mirthfulness!

And, dear reader, are you not ready to wish for yourself, the same blessings which have just been

mentioned? Yes, I am sure that you are; for you know the pleasures of wit and laughter. You know what they are in health—how they highten it. You know what they are in sickness—how they relieve it. You know what they are in weariness—how they drive it away, and diffuse a sweet exhilaration in its place. You know what they are when drowsiness has begun to steal over the spirit—how they dispel it, and quicken the powers which it has stupefied. You know the pleasures of wit and laughter. May you never depreciate them! May you ever enjoy them!

PAPER VIII.

TEARS.

It is a part of our true discipline, in this life, to have tears drawn out of us. Simple are these. They are easily analyzed. You are familiar, though you may not know that you are, with all their constituent elements.

Tears are a secretion. They flow from the lachrymal glands. "They consist," says Mr. Youmans, "of water rendered slightly saline by common salt, and containing also a little albumen combined with soda."

Of this nature are all the tears which we shed, either in our sorrows or in our raptures. Of this nature, were those tears which fell from the dear eyes of Jesus. I am disposed to make a topic here.

I.

THE TENDERNESS OF JESUS.

Mr. Gilfillan, speaking of the two words which constitute the thirty-fifth verse of the eleventh chapter of St. John's narrative, says: "It is the shortest sentence in the Bible. But sooner than have wanted that little sentence, should we have consented that all books but the Bible should have perished—that

the entire glories of an earthly literature had sunk into the grave of forgetfulness."

Jesus wept! Let us linger a while to meditate on this sacred fact.

There seems to have been in Jesus every great susceptibility, which, in any instance, is highly interesting in man. He seems to have possessed the best of all that is either beautiful or noble, in manhood. He was admirable, for his acuteness, earnestness, patience, courage, fidelity, humility, manners, eloquence, pathos, affection, and passion. His greatness, as a man, was not one-sided; and his sensitiveness was never morbid. It is not written, that he never spoke like a man; but that "never man spoke like this man." So, it may be said, not that he never felt as you do, but that you never felt as he did. The sympathies of Jesus were much like ours. But, in these respects, were they unlike—his were the freer, the stronger, the purer. His tenderness was more powerful than ours; his tears were more expressive than ours.

Do you not see how incompletely St. John and his compeers, in sacred authorship, would have performed their mission, had they written nothing concerning the tears of Jesus? Could you spare from the evidences of the Master's goodness as a man, the sweet proof furnished in that tenderness of his, which made every one love him most who knew him best? Suppose that, in all his travels in Judea, he had appeared only a stern, dignified counselor, so hard-bosomed in his austerity, that men and women had followed him on account of the strictness of his moral lessons and example, and on ac-

count of but little more than that. Suppose he had always been, like John the Baptist, rigid and bleak in his integrity. Suppose he had exhibited no fondness for little children, no sympathetic throbbings of heart for the poor, no gentleness for Mary, and no tears for the dead Lazarus. Had he been such a being, do you think his words would have lost so little of their potency, in the eighteen centuries which separate our day from his? But he was not austere. He was no patron of those dreary monks of his time—the Essenes. Sufficient proof of this is found in the account of the miracle at Cana, in Galilee, which is represented as his first miracle. He uttered never a word in favor of ascetic abstemiousness. He committed no absurdities of self-denial. He was genial in his divineness. He had mild looks and winning manners. He was free, alike, from sourness and from grimness. You do not find that the little children of Judea used to run away at the approach of this great Friend. Was it not he who blessed the children, and then turned to the men and the women, and said: “Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven!” You do not find, that, by the absoluteness or the harshness of his words, he repelled many whom he might, by gentler manners, have won. How did Jesus gain adherents? Did he say to those Jews: “Follow me: otherwise ye shall all be damned!” No, no. He said to them: “Come to me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.” Beautiful utterance from the heart of the compassionate Master! Oh! do you not, in your

ideal, see that great and lonely person, dropping on his rough pathway, and into his bosom, as he treads on the soil of Galilee, tears having the same kind of salt which there is in yours?

But it may be well to speak of the tenderness of Jesus, as a reason why men and women should cultivate in themselves the susceptibility of tenderness. If Jesus wept, the conclusion may reasonably be drawn, that we all should sometimes weep. So, you need not be ashamed, if, in the last hour before this one, on yesterday, or on some other day, you so far gave yourself up to the great feeling of the time, as to begin to dissolve. "Tears," says Leighton, "that flow from love to God and grief for sin, have neither uncomeliness nor excess in them." Was it any harm to Peter, that he went out, after the denial, and wept bitterly? Man is not man, woman is not woman, without that tenderness which, at times, shows itself in the swimming eye—that susceptibility which is the foundation of what the Roman Catholics call "the gift of tears." When you see a strong, stern man, who usually appears as if he were made of granite, put his hand to his storm-worn forehead and weep, do you not like that man ever afterward, and call him noble? Yes; the image of such a man is almost as dear to you as the image of Horeb's rock, out of which Moses is said to have drawn water with his rod, must have been to those wandering and weary Israelites.

You will find, that, in every age of the world, men of any civilization have deemed it a good thing to mourn over the dead. All the paths of the race, from the earliest, have been sprinkled with tears.

The Jews who lived more than thirty-five hundred years ago, used to weep. I read that, when Joseph, the ruler of Egypt, in the seven years' famine, met his brothers who had long before sold him to some merchants for twenty pieces of silver, and who had come up to him, not knowing that he was the overseer of the empire, to buy food, Joseph recognized them, though they did not recognize him; and when he saw his dear little brother Benjamin, his mother's son, he made haste to get himself away, because he sought where to weep; and he entered his chamber, and wept there. And I read that, when he made himself known to his brothers, as he did not long afterward, he wept aloud, so that the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard him. And I read that, when he rode up in his chariot to meet his venerable father Jacob, who had for years thought him to be dead, he presented himself to his aged sire, and fell on his neck and wept a good while. Passing further on, in the Scriptures, I read of David's tenderness. "And the king said to Cush, 'Is the young man Absalom safe?' And Cush answered, 'The enemies of my lord, the king, and all that rise to do thee hurt, be as that young man is!' And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept; and, as he went, thus he said: 'O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!'" Also, in the New Testament, I find many beautiful episodes of human tenderness and tears. On a certain occasion, one of the Pharisees wished Jesus to eat with him. And he went into the Pharisee's house, and sat down at the table.

And, behold! a woman in the city, who was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment, and stood at his feet, behind him, weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment. What acts of humble and pious devotion were these! I am reminded, here, of those words of Moore, founded on the forty-seventh verse of the seventh chapter of St. Luke's narrative:

“Were not the sinful Mary's tears,
An offering worthy Heaven,
When, o'er the faults of former years,
She wept and was forgiven?”

“When, bringing every balmy sweet,
Her day of luxury stored,
She o'er her Savior's hallowed feet,
The precious odors poured,

“And wiped them with that golden hair,
Where once the diamond shone,
Though now those gems of grief were there,
Which shine for God alone?

“Were not those sweets so humbly shed,
That hair, those weeping eyes,
And the sunk heart that inly bled,
Heaven's noblest sacrifice?

“Thou that hast slept in error's sleep,
Oh! wouldst thou wake in heaven!
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
'Love much,' and be forgiven.”

Well, if Joseph wept, if David wept, if Mary wept, and if Jesus wept, should we not all sometimes weep?

II.

LACHRYMÆ INANES.

The ancient satirist, Juvenal, mentions the fact, that the susceptibility of tearful tenderness marks our great distinction from the beasts of the earth.

“Separat hoc nos
A grege mutorum.”

This saying of Juvenal's is true. Still, it cannot but be admitted, that not all weeping persons weep nobly. Let us not fail to distinguish between the expression, in tears, of appropriate feeling, and the expression, in tears, of improper feeling. Be it remembered, that to shed tears may not be to weep. “The tears of men,” says Wollaston, “are in truth very different from the cries and ejaculations of children. They are silent streams, and flow from other causes, commonly some tender, or, perhaps, philosophic reflection.” There is a childish tenderness, and there is a manly tenderness. Do not suppose, that because a person's eyes can readily become moist, he has, therefore, a tenderness of heart, like that of Jesus. Consider how much is needed to make those little drops from the eyes significant and beautiful. You would not admire the tenderness of a lazy man, even if you should see him shed a barrel-full of tears over his poverty. You would not deem noble the tears of one whom you should know to be weak-minded. There must be truth,

strength, and profound sincerity in a person ; otherwise his tears can have little force. He weeps the most appropriately, who is known to be the most earnest. If you do really weep, it is an evidence that your heart is more than full, that it is torn, or that it is broken. Joy may have more than filled it ; sympathy may have more than filled it ; disappointment may have torn it ; bereavement may have broken it. Children shed tears for small things ; and so do some men and women. In such cases, the heart is little affected. It is not wrung by some great sorrow. It is not so joyful as to be unable to contain its joy. There are tears of impatience. There are tears of anger. There are tears which are shed for show. These last are Vanity's tears. They are paraded on the cheek. They trickle down, and are wiped away with unsoiled linen ; but the heart of the person has experienced neither rapture nor distress. It has not been moved. Such tears are no better than so many drops of water. They are *lachrymæ inanes*. Vanity does not weep. It only affects to dissolve.

You will find that the eyes of true men and of true women do not become fountains till the deep of their souls has been moved. Honest tears are always preceded by earnest thought. Robert Hall said he could *think* of the word tear till he wept. Solon was once found by a friend, weeping on account of the death of his son. "Why," asked the friend, "do you grieve so bitterly ? tears cannot bring back the dead." "'Tis because of this that I weep," said Solon. Why do we shed tears when we look, for the last time, on the face of a long-loved companion

lying in the cold arms of death? It is because we think of our loss. Why do you weep when you are about to tear yourself from the old home where you sported in boyhood or in girlhood, and when you take the hand of your kind old mother and whisper good-by to her? It is because you think of the dear faces and the familiar scenes from which you are passing away. Shall I tell you when you can weep about Jesus? It will be when you have enthroned him in your soul. Shall I tell you when you can weep in repentance? It will be when you have seriously and deeply thought of that Divine love against which you have sinned during so many selfish years.

Tears, not preceded by thought, are unmanly. "Every attempt, in a sermon," says Coleridge, "to cause emotion, except as a consequence of an impression made on the reason, or the understanding, or the will, I hold to be fanatical and sectarian."

Now let me say, that it were not well for a person to deny himself the benefit of brokenness and tears because there are many who weep weakly and foolishly. No; be sure to let yourself almost dissolve sometimes. Care not what others may think of your softness; know that you have good cause for tearful tenderness, then weep. Solomon tells us that there is a time to weep. If your heart has been lacerated by some severe affliction, be not too rigid with yourself. This unwillingness to let yourself weep will not result in good to you. In your loss, it were far better for you not to be stubborn of heart. In the season of your sorrow, give yourself

up to be less under the sway of your will — that faculty by which, it is true, you have made all your heroic steps thus far in life. But, in the time of severe heart-trial, you should consent to be less under its sway for the sake of that refinement of the sensibilities which is induced when sorrow uncurbs the soul.

There is no affliction which, under the Divine Providence, may not be made beautifully disciplinary. Is not the wicked, wild-natured slave-girl spiritually improved by the tears which trickle down her black cheeks, when her Christian mistress talks tenderly to her about God, and heaven, and the angels? Who ever truly wept not to be made more humble, more gentle, more meditative? Religion, it should seem, is scarcely attainable without tears. Who has ever entered into friendship with Jesus, that was not previously ready, more than once, to sob like a person whose heart is breaking? The heavenly Dove loves to rustle its wings near a sobbing sinner. Would not the devils themselves have some hope of regaining the abodes of the unfallen, if they could but shed honest tears? Would you not trust an irreligious man the sooner if you were to know that his eyes sometimes become moist in consequence of repentant regrets? Ah! how many sad souls there are outside of the kingdom of heaven, who, by the tears of a penitence, otherwise unconfessed, have for years attested, in silent places, to the good angels and to God, that they have been *almost* persuaded to become Christians!

III.

AMIALE SOFTNESS.

Do you pride yourself on the tearless stubbornness with which you are able to endure the harrowings of bereavement? Do you deem it the more noble in you to be ever stern and undissolving? I would say to you, remember Jesus! There are men who seem to think that their manhood—so much as they have—would be hazarded, should their eyes swim, for an hour, in the soft waters of tenderness. Hard-hearted beings are to be found among us, who, as if it were true that the bosoms of the brave never heave and sob under the dominion of tender, mournful feeling, would force themselves to look with dry eyes even on the face of a dear friend soon to be laid in the cold bowels of the grave. And, perhaps, they would be ready to pronounce the person childish whom they should see entering the kingdom of heaven weeping. But let it be remembered, that the best heroes are never such as can endure bereavements and heart-pangs with the fewest tears. The wide world over, tears are accounted by the good and wise, even before they have become familiarly acquainted with the eyes which shed them, as among the most impressive indications of genuine sincerity. He is considered barbarously cruel on whom the tears of innocence have no effect. Tears are a mode of expression. They speak of mournful separations, of yearning sympathies, of a deeply-felt consciousness of self-reproach, or of feelings of joy and gratitude overflowing their wonted channels like streams in the opening spring. “It is easy,”

says Wollaston, "to see how hard hearts and dry eyes come to be fashionable. But, for all that, it is certain the *glandulæ lachrymales* are not made for nothing."

True sadness is never either proud or vain. It scorns all pageantry, all gaudy flaunts, all confusing noise, and exhibits itself with as much sweet naturalness as if it had said, "Let me be honest for once!" The great man weeps as he stands beside his dead child. Would you not say that his softness is becoming to him while gazing on those pale, cold little features, and on that breathless little bosom? You, perhaps, heard this great man a few days previous, as he rose, in the pride of statesmanship, to address the assembled thousands. You admired him, then; you hung with rapture on his eloquent lips; you permitted him to sweep away your old opinions, and to form new ones for you; you clapped your hands when his speech was concluded, and, with others, you exclaimed, "Well done! well done!" That orator is now, in grief, beside the coffin of one of his children. His very heart, it should seem, is ready to break. As you behold those true tears trickling down his cheeks, and falling into his breast, do you think him less a great man for shedding them? Ah! he is noblest among men who can be brave in the hour which calls for bravery, and who can dissolve in the hour which calls for tenderness! What if there were no tributes of tearful regret scattered around the coffins and the tombs of the precious dead! What if those white brows which are never again to freshen with young blood, and never again to beam with intelligent beauty,

were doomed, also, to be borne to the sepulcher, followed by no heaving breasts and overflowing eyes! Would you like to have it so? Let me answer for you, No! This world is better for you and me, because there are so many in it who go to grave-yards weeping behind human corpses. "The bravest," says one of our poets,

"The bravest are the tenderest."

See that invincible Martin Luther, who, in the sixteenth century, accomplished so much for the cause of Christianity—that man who would have gone to the city of Worms, though there had been as many devils in it as roof-tiles! Surely, you would not hesitate to say that he was a great and courageous person. On the contrary, you would say that he was even sublime in his moral heroism. But can you believe that this Luther was also a man of tenderness and tears? Does the information surprise you, that he wept, as if his heart had been crushed, over his little daughter's pulseless forehead? "I cannot," said he to a friend, in the time of his bereavement, "I cannot forbear from tears, sighs, and groans—say rather, my very heart dies within me. I feel engraven on my inmost soul her features, her words and actions; all that she was to me in life and health, and on her sick bed, my dear, my dutiful child. The death of Christ himself—and O! what are all deaths in comparison!—cannot tear her from my thoughts as it should. . . . She was, as you know, so sweet, so amiable, so full of tenderness!" Martin Luther's bosom was not made of stone. Hear what Thomas Carlyle has to say concerning the amiable

softness of this hero, whose words once shook the world: "A rude, plebeian face, with its huge, crag-like brows and bones, the emblem of rugged energy. At first, almost a repulsive face; yet, in the eyes especially, there is a wild, silent sorrow, an unnamable melancholy, the element of all gentle and fine affections, giving to the rest the true stamp of nobleness. Laughter was in this Luther, but tears also were there. Tears, also, were appointed him — tears and hard toil. The basis of his life was sadness, earnestness."

But it is time I had begun to offer some suggestions concerning the practical lessons which are connected with the foregoing reflections. Permit me, therefore, without any special effort to be methodical, to express a few of these lessons.

First. It is evident that weeping is not necessarily an indication of effeminacy. "Jesus wept." This affirmation, made by St. John, should fully and forever settle the question of the propriety of tearful tenderness. Certainly, you were not made to look with stony indifference on the faces of deceased kindred and friends. Does not the same holy apostle, who tells you to rejoice with the rejoicing, tell you, in the same breath, to weep with the weeping? You should cultivate, with care, all those gentle affections which, in the hour of joy, or in the hour of sorrow, seek their fittest expression in tears. If you continually neglect or stifle them, you will become hard-hearted, unkind, cruel — possibly inhuman, like the priest and the Levite who passed by on the other side. But the continued

culture of them will make you humane, amiable, generous, sympathizing, affectionate, noble. Be sure, therefore, often to enter some situation in which you can experience the reflex influence of acts of charity and pity performed by yourself. Go and weep with unfortunate men and women who are worthy of perfect kindness. How would such tenderness contribute to beautify your character! "Were I," says an author, from whom Dugald Stewart quotes, "were I in a desert, I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections. If I could not do better, I would fasten them on some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress to connect myself to; I would court their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection; I would cut my name on them, and swear they were the loveliest trees throughout the desert; if their leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn, and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice along with them."

Secondly. You should be willing sometimes to be tearfully melancholy. "Good men," says a Greek poet, "are prone to shed tears." Another beautiful sentiment, in respect to tears, is expressed by a Latin writer, in the words, "*Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum tibi*" — If you wish me to weep, you must first weep yourself. It is reasonable to suppose that Mr. Holmes refers to the same passage, in those deeply significant words of his, which he represents as coming from the lips of the *Autocrat's* landlady. Here they are: "It didn't take much to please him. Sometimes it would be a big book he'd lug home, and sometimes it would be a mikerscope, and sometimes it would be a dreadful old lookin'

fiddle that he'd picked up somewhere, and kept a-screetchin' on, sayin' all the while it was jest as smooth as a flute. Then agin I'd hear him laughin' out all alone, and I'd go up and find him readin' some verses that he'd been makin'. But jest as like as not I'd go in another time, and find him cryin', but he'd wipe his eyes and try not to show it — and it was all nothin' but some more verses he'd been a-writin'. I've heard him say that it was put down in one of them ancient books, that a man must cry himself if he wants to make other folks cry; but, says he, you can't make 'em neither laugh nor cry if you don't try on them feelin's yourself before you send your work to the customers."

It is, obviously, not well for a person to be habitually merry. Such persons are marked by a want of mental depth and force. They never become thoughtful; they never become noble. The great and patient souls of this world get their fine susceptibilities and their strength, by a way of life in which they are sometimes playful, more often profoundly sad, and usually in earnest. You will, of course, be benefited rather than harmed, by occasionally indulging a frolicsome spirit; but you should more frequently indulge a spirit of meditative sadness. You should seek to acquire a love of solitary contemplation. You should become able truly to say, with the poet,

"I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear."

So live, and your character will be lovely. You will be a missionary of comfort. Wherever you habitu-

ally move and breathe, inharmony and inhumanity will change into their opposites. You will soften the hardened; you will reprove without offending the bold and the conceited. Coarseness will correct itself, and recklessness will be filled with self-reproach in the chastening light of your presence. You will make no one with whom you communicate, worse; but every one with whom you communicate, better. At your approach, the eyes of the poor will begin to beam with glad gratitude; you will be beautiful to the sick; it will be said of you, that you are all you profess to be, and much more. Friendship, patriotism, philanthropy, the filial relation, the fraternal relation, the parental relation, the matrimonial relation, and the relation of neighbor—these, having you to represent them, would seem to be inexhaustible sources of elevating joy. And religion, which, in this world of errors and absurdities, is so often and so sadly misrepresented; religion, which, when exhibited in accordance with the teachings of Jesus, is attractive, and never otherwise; religion, which man must possess, in order to be deeply content, and which he must possess in its enlarging and liberalizing reality, in order to enjoy or exemplify it nobly—what charms would it not reveal through your mellowed features, your pure words, your noble actions! No satiric tongue would ever find ground for sneering comment in your modes of devotional expression, or in your manifestations of zeal. Infidelity would never have need to charge you with superstitious cant. Almost an angel of light would you be. Every one to whom your Jesus-like gentility should be known, would

cherish you ; and all the way to the grave you would be cheered by the words of loved and loving admirers. And death, which has been so often called "the king of terrors," what would it be to you ! Only a mighty messenger, sent by the Heavenly Father, to take off the fading garments of your peaceful soul, and admit it into celestial mansions. Surely, this messenger would come to your bed, having no power to fill your mind with tormenting regrets. Surely, your last pains would not hinder to you the experience of hallowed recollections coming up from the bright and flowery world of memory. At the worst, your bodily anguish would be so far mitigated by happy reflections as to be easily endurable.

Thus contemplatively and tranquilly would you suffer the great change ; and when your dying pulses should all become still, and that solemn word, gone ! be spoken over you, then what tears would attest the undying affection felt for you ! Long time would pass away. The mound beneath which your body would be separating to dust, would become sodded, and, perhaps, a bed of simple flowers. And years and years further on, your goodness, your humility, your Christian tears and loveliness would be remembered, with longings for the enjoyment of your society, in the regions of peace, the clime of blessedness !

THE END OF PART FIRST.

PART SECOND.

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“For man is man and master of his fate.”

IDYLS OF THE KING.

“What are you” [a philosopher was once asked] “in consequence of your admiration of these abstruse speculations?” He answered: “What I am it does not become me to say; but what thousands are who despise them, and even pride themselves on their ignorance, I see—and tremble!”

FROM “A LAY SERMON,” BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

“I admit that natural abilities without the aid of learning have oftener availed for purposes of fame and virtue than learning without natural abilities; and yet, I at the same time contend, that when to natural abilities of an exalted and brilliant character there are added the directing and molding power of learning, then something or other great and extraordinary is accustomed to result.”

CICERO.

A M A N

P A P E R I.

ASPIRATION.

EVERY great man makes many. Heroes, scholars, and thinkers insure to the world other heroes, scholars, and thinkers. You say, that the noblest works of Homer were his Iliad and his Odyssey. But I assure you, that his noblest works were other than these—they were the little men he turned into great men. Cause a person to become profoundly conscious of what he potentially is, and you make him less servile, less vulgar, manlier, nobler. For, from this consciousness, he will at once derive the feeling, that there is rank in his blood. He will see, that there is much in him, that is like much there is in God. Then, he will begin to become an uncommon person. He will no longer look on his failures as necessities, and on his victories as accidents. "It is right," he will be ready to say, "that Nature should bow to me, just as it is right that I should bow to God." And thenceforward, his kingly soul must be respected. Never, with impunity, may any member of the race insult him. He will punish, either with high scorn or with terrible silence! He will have learned, that there is no need for him to be mean or mendicant; but that he may lift up his

head, and throw his eyes heavenward, as if it were given him to look the sun out of countenance.

Be sure, to-day, my friend, that you possess the spirit of a man. By-and-by, in your passage through these busy years, you will be called to prove, before men, whether you have or have not that spirit; and unless you shall be ready, some human worm may drag off the very laurels which it is now in your power to win.

I.

CAPACITY.

The men of fame are those who, at an early age, began to interrogate their own natures, the books which they had to read, and many sources else, saying: "What is a man? and what to a man is possible?" As the result of this primal questioning, they became animated with an ardent desire of superiority. You cannot escape the impression which a lad only six years old will make, if he has caught glimpses of his own capacity for manliness. The schoolmaster of Themistocles used to say to his highly-destined pupil: "Boy, you will be nothing common or indifferent; you will be either a blessing or a curse to the community." Early in life, Julius Cæsar began to become great. The dictator, Sylla, observed the movements of the brave lad; and, if I may be allowed this pun, he was not so *silly* as to fail to see in him a future rival. So, he told his unsuspecting friends, that "their sagacity was small, if they did not, in that boy, see many Mariuses." I will answer for it, that there have been but few illustrious men who did not, in youth, give both

visible and audible prophecies of the renown to which they were destined. Macaulay tells us, that, at the age of fourteen, William Pitt was, "in intellect, a man." Said a clergyman of Walter Scott, when he was a boy, "One may as well speak in the mouth of a cannon, as where that child is." Thomas De Quincey, when but fifteen years old, could converse fluently in Greek. "That boy," said one of his instructors to a friend, "could harangue an Athenian mob better than you or I could address an English one." Cicero, in his early days, was advised to change his cognomen, because another family bearing it had covered it with disgrace. But Cicero raised his young head, and uttered a resolution which, about nineteen centuries and a half afterward, was destined to be taken from history, and regarded with admiration. "I will endeavor," said he, "to make the name of Cicero more glorious than that of the Scauri." When George Washington was a lad, he was more noble than other lads with whom he associated. His father discovers, one day, that a certain choice tree in his garden has been sadly mutilated by some roguish hatchet. He asks, who did this? It was a stern question, and one which most boys of common feelings would, undoubtedly, in a similar case, have answered either with a quibble or with a downright falsehood. But see how this little George, as if he had already resolved never to act ignobly, steps forward, and says: "Father, I did it—I cannot tell a lie." This fine boy became a sublime man!

May we not, therefore, conclude, that an early-felt consciousness of capacity for manliness, results,

in nearly all cases, in the formation of an admirable character? But the glimpses of intellectual capacity, which may be caught, at later points of life, tend, not less evidently, to raise the general tone of the soul. Persons are, in many instances, made great, by the event of a day or of an hour. It is interesting to observe how, when important changes sweep over human affairs, minds that have lived in obscurity, burst, almost at once, into public action, and soon command the best admiring eyes of the world. The hard ordeals of human life — such as adversity, peril, opposition, and persecution — help not a little to call forth the slumbering energies of men. In the time of the American Revolution, unnumbered heroes were born in a day.

The soul may, also, be raised into a higher life, in consequence of impressions produced by sudden and wonderful events. Saul of Tarsus, while on the way to Damascus, “breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord,” is suddenly blinded by a great light shining from heaven round him; and, not long afterward, such a change is wrought in him, that he appropriately takes the name of Paul the Apostle.

Thus closely related are aspiration and the discovery of capacity. But it becomes us to consider, that it is not possible for us to conceive the entire greatness of which a man is capable. Indeed, the aspiring soul may be truly said to have no fixed destiny; for its life and its progress are two parallel lines, which can never meet to form such a destiny. You are able to determine your own character, not to a certain point and no further, but to infinity.

The Maker took delight, it should seem, in nothing more than in the man he had made. Him he endowed with powers enabling him to grapple with difficulties of the most formidable character, and put them under his feet. See how many monumental triumphs of human genius and skill are proclaiming what man can do! Has he not made the winds obey his will, and the lightning do his bidding? Has he not tunneled mountains, and caused the iron-horse to pass through them with his train of chariots? Has he not excavated rail-roads under the beds of broad rivers? Has he not built nations, and torn nations down?

“The brave soul is a thing which all things serve.”

Civilization has no limit which the man of aspiration may not overleap, and exultingly enter the *beyond*. In vain do Nature's forces resist this master. His capacity for development and progress has its symbol in that mysterious curve—the parabola; and God has left him free to take either the upward or the downward course to infinity!

What an honor to be related to such a being! I glory in my species! May I never sell my birthright for a mess of pottage! I am a man! The great God has breathed something of his own life into me, and all that are fashioned like me. For my race, he set the sun and the moon in the sky. For my race, he was busy in the eventful millenniums of geological change. For my race, he prepared the atmosphere, the soil, the rivers which flow to the seas, and the seas themselves. To promote the well-being of just

such beings as I am, the beautiful and the useful were made to meet and blend, in the varying scenery of the seasons. I am a man ! Yonder mountains have summits which seem to pierce the ether. They have rough sides, over which the storms are seen to pass. They have foundations of granite, about which the earthquakes are sometimes heard to thunder. Nothing seems able to move them. They become not feeble with age. Time, could he speak to us, would own, that, for centuries, he has, in vain, sought to weaken their resisting sinews. But, after all, they can make no higher boast than that of being, like Sinai of old, grand stepping-stones, on which the aspiring man may approach nearer to his God ! Do not frown on me, hoary Chimborazo, thou chief among thy giant brothers of the far-ranging Andes. I am a man ! There are beings, formed as I am, who could tear out thy heart, and build palaces and monuments out of thy bones ! I am a man ! I fear thee not, thou rolling ocean, with thy brood of tempests. Though unnumbered heroes have perished in thy embrace, yet may I not believe that He, in whose likeness I and every man was made, will one day put his foot on thy haughty neck and make thee give up thine illustrious dead ? I am a man ! The fame of my race has made history fascinating and glorious. The patriarchs, the prophets, the apostles, and the martyrs, were members of the same great family to which I belong. Moses was a man. Socrates and Plato, Cæsar and Cincinnatus, Luther and Shakspeare, Washington and Webster were men. I stand, also, in the same line

with Jesus; for Jesus thought it no dishonor to be called a man!

Such is the consciousness of capacity, which gives rise to aspiration.

II.

ENERGY.

The immediate product of aspiration is energy. The aspirant is disposed to add achievement to achievement, success to success. He is heroic. The true life of a man comprises a series of triumphs, celebrated less outwardly than inwardly. The moment a person loses his energy, that moment the series of triumphs is cut off. Then, the spirit of genuine life leaves him; disease begins to prey on his brain; his blood becomes sluggish and cold; he falls in mien.

“And how men slur him, saying all his force
Is melted into mere effeminacy?”

When a person renounces engrossing employment, when his eyes gleam no more with the fire of heroism, when he is found seeking where he may most conveniently retire to spend his days as a mere voluptuary, then you may seriously pat him on the back, and assure him that he has begun to die! In the intellectual life, we must be moving, like ships against the current, either forward or backward. The race consists of two classes—those persons whose habitual tendency is toward more life, and those persons whose habitual tendency is toward less life. The situation in which a choice is made between the ascending course and the descending,

is respectability. In the former class, must be numbered all those who advance from poverty and mediocrity to positions of independence or of eminence. The direction which the man takes is not absolutely determined by the occupation which he chooses ; it is determined by himself. Cincinnatus, starting from the furrow scooped out by his plow, goes forth to inspire and dazzle men with heroic heat and brilliance. Putnam, in a greater revolution, leaves his field and does likewise. These men were not long in proving that they could succeed in military life as well as on a farm. Franklin begins business as a chandler ; but he soon discovers that he is capable of a higher employment than that of a dealer in candles. So, he advances a little higher, and begins business the second time as a printer. But he soon discovers that he has too much capacity and life for even so respectable an occupation as the type-setter's. So, he advances still higher ; becomes an inventor ; wins the title of "Prometheus of modern times ;" serves his country as a legislator, as a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and as an ambassador ; and dies, at last, in ripeness, in tranquillity, and in the motherly arms of fame.

But, in the latter class, must be numbered all those who are deficient in energy. Many of the rich belong to it ; but a larger number of the poor. It includes every man who does not like to work. Indolence is a want of life. There is a poverty which tends to the beggary of a desperate shiftlessness. This is the poverty which is dishonorable. It involves the decay of manly force. Thou who hast strong hands, lungs that are never in pain, an

appetite which is independent of provocatives, and, withal, the usual number of mental faculties, charge not thy destitution either on Misfortune or on Fate. Thy greatest want is a want of energy. Thou, sir, art indolent; thou art a drone in the hive of the race. Go and learn from some honey-bee the difference between existing and living!

“————— Let who will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so, make life, death, and that vast forever,
A grand, sweet song.”

When Indolence usurps the throne of the intellect, then courage and the strong look of manliness pass away. How, in all the ages, by this cajoling monarch, has talent been stultified, and genius inebriated! Imagine the amount of thought which has been prevented by tobacco and opium, sack and brandy! But few men are deeply joyous, because but few men have learned what it is to live. You cannot buy joy with gold. Like fame, it costs *work*. The higher the kind of industry, the more exquisite the joy. Hence, we may conclude that there is a certain reward to the author whose book contains

“Things which were born when none but the still night
And his dumb candle saw his pinching throes.”

Such books are justly called *works*. But that author has doubly failed whose production has brought him neither bliss nor cash. The intellectual exertion and rapture of a writer may be deemed a prognostic of the fate of his work. The critics cannot permanently injure a treatise which abounds with

fresh thought. Take, for proof, the writings of Thomas Carlyle. Should a superficial writer compose a book in the style of this author, men would not read one of his weak chapters. They would throw his book across their rooms. But Carlyle's books have much more than rude words in them. They are rough sheaves of imperishable ideas.

Some vicious men, and some men of little intellectual force, frequent the paths of lofty companionship, as if they could long disguise their want of virtue or their weakness of mind. Is not a downward tendency, when buried alive, always sure to have its resurrection? Who can forever carry his real self concealed under an assumed individuality? Hypocrisy, either in religion or in literature, is treacherous to itself. The uninterrupted show of superior worth is too expensive to him who has little superior worth to show. He tires of the restraint imposed by his hypocritical undertaking, and soon the old Adam, under the cloak, shocks the deceived sensibilities of the high and cultivated. It is generally cheaper and easier to go downward than upward. Did not the ill-subdued earth-spirit in Paine impel him to write himself down? Did not Byron, as one should have expected, betray the corruptness of his heart in the poisonous out-gushings of his sensual poems? Judas successfully concealed, for a time, under the guise of a religious profession, his ever-burning lust for money. But, at length, he naturally gave a great holiday to his avaricious passion, and clandestinely sold the Jesus of the world for thirty pieces of silver.

Pretenders, of whatever kind, are doomed to dis-

close, in some manner, their true character. I do not believe in Phrenology; but I do believe that, in despite of all assumed appearances, the soul of a man will show itself. Hollow things have a hollow sound—at least, hollow professions do. Coleridge had, once, a listener at a dinner-table, who was silent. “I thought him intelligent,” says the philosopher. But hypocrisy betrays itself. The man stared like a beast when the dumplings were brought in, and blurted his coarseness by exclaiming, “Them’s the jockeys for me!” Coleridge said afterward, “I wish Spurzheim could have examined the fellow’s head.”

III.

CONTINUITY IN ENDEAVOR.

Aspiration takes its rise directly in the consciousness of capacity. It is a “divine hunger,” a heroic unrest of the soul; it is that which would not let Themistocles sleep; it is that which made Thucydides, when but six years old, weep, at the Olympic festival, while Herodotus was reading historic narratives to the applauding Greeks. It urges the man to action; it makes Themistocles become a second Miltiades, and Thucydides become a second Herodotus; it cannot coexist with indolence; it hardly survives any long-continued cessation from effort.

We should, therefore, never think of lounging, except for brief and bright whiles. In the true life, a man is less zealous in celebrating victories than he is in winning them.

“Not enjoyment, and not sorrow
Is our destined end and way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.”

Even classic leisure — the *otium cum dignitate* — is a complete illusion, so far as it is time entirely free from vigorous employment. The mind that has long been habitually occupied with studies or with business, tends, in idleness, either to become effeminate or to become despondent. Such a mind is best refreshed by intervals of novel occupation. Of all things, idleness tires it the soonest, and wastes it the most.

Retirement from business always proves illusory to those who have no intellectual habits, adapting them for a total and continued respite from usual avocations. "To know how to be idle," says Mackenzie, "is a very superior accomplishment." Few merchants, that are not literary men, could endure a perpetual release from mercantile employment. Some writer speaks of a retired butcher, who used regularly to kill an animal for his own amusement.

When Charles Lamb had been for thirty-three years a clerk in the India House, he was emancipated on a pension of four hundred and forty-one pounds a year. Writing, soon after his release, to his friend Barton, he said: "My spirits are so tumultuary with the novelty of my recent emancipation, that I have scarce steadiness of hand, much more of mind, to compose a letter." But it was not long before his continued freedom had become burdensome to him. To find relief, he used to take, as he says, "on an average, a fourteen-miles-walk per day, with a sporting-dog, Dash." Speaking of certain antiquarian studies, with which he amused his mind, he observes: "Men must have regular occupation that have been used to it."

It is reasonable to think that suicide is, in numerous instances, the result of an unphilosophic suspension of long-continued intellectual activity. Much more, is it reasonable to suppose that heroism itself, has, in numerous instances, paid for a few years of popular leisure in many years of indolence and inebriety. Montaigne, it is said, once met a beggar, of whom, in answer to the usual application of the man for alms, Montaigne asked if he was not ashamed to beg. "Oh, no," rejoined the beggar, "if you knew how lazy I am!" The philosopher smiled, and rewarded the mendicant for his honesty. Do you not suppose Montaigne could see, in that instance of besotted and impoverished laziness, some lingering traces of a once noble intellect? So, you have, perhaps, seen, in a hundred wrecked men, that have, from time to time, staggered by you, in your native town, with their faces flushed from the effect of that fiery potion which unhumanizes humanity, like the glass and the wand by which the fabled Circe is said to have turned men into swine, the traces of former nobility, the remnants of ruined manhood.

Not all the beggars whom you meet have always been beggars. Talent and genius themselves are liable to become mendicant and vagrant. Should you talk more freely with the ragged wanderers who come to your door, methinks you would find, that some of them have read the classics, and that many of them understand history better than you do.

I renounce the question, whether the larger number of those, to whom we give alms, are or are not already richer than many of their willing donors. I

suspect, that but few of them are not able to see when they were aspiring and manly. In some period of sickness, of leisure, or of dissipation, they lost their love of employment, their passion for more life. Since that time, they have passed through successive stages of idleness and vicious indulgence, each lower than the preceding one. Fallen creatures they now are, whose bosoms throb no more with the desire of respectability. Do you think they would lay up money? They are too indolent to become rich. Misers are workers; but do these mendicants work? If they should gather a surplus, would they not discontinue, for some days, their vagabond roving, and eat, drink, and sleep, till that surplus should be squandered?

No man who is too lazy to work for money, will let himself become rich. Hence, you should not think, that many a listless mendicant has his bank-stock. Nor should you, except with a spirit like that of Montaigne, put Montaigne's question to the beggar. I bid you to study the man, in the light of philosophy. Place your dime in his hand. Draw from him, in return, something in respect to his youth and early manhood. See whether he did or did not once have the spirit of a man. Do not tell him, that it would be well, if he should go to work. You should know, that, without aspiration and energy, he is far better fitted to beg than to work. But try to waken in him a desire to become a man. Remind him of the higher possibilities of the soul. Speak to him of God, of immortality, and of great men. Cause him to sigh for respectability and nobleness. So do, and the mendicant may leave

your door with the resolution to commence a better life.

Mackenzie gives an amusing account of a beggar who went about as a fortune-teller. The man was persuaded to let his donor know something of his profession. "I had," said he, "the humor of plain-dealing in me from a child; but there is no doing with it in this world; we must do as we can; and *lying* is, as you call it, my profession. But I was in some sort forced to the trade, for I once dealt in telling the truth. I was a laborer, sir; and gained as much as to make me live. . . . But I was brought to my idleness by degrees; sickness first disabled me, and it went against my stomach to work ever after."

It may seem strange, but it is true, that the literary world itself has had its men of fame, who, even after acquiring distinction as scholars, approached near to the beggar-like indolence, resulting from discontinued endeavor. From the state of dissoluteness into which they had lapsed, they found it extremely difficult to rise again, and become masters. The conclusion may, perhaps, justly be drawn, that they never completely regained the aspiration and the force which were lost by them, in their intellectual apostasy. The gifted Coleridge gave to opium years in which he might have poured transcendent light on the race. He knew and confessed his want of continuity in manly endeavor. Disturbed by the solemn expostulation, "I gave thee so many talents; what hast thou done with them?" he said he had prayed with drops of agony on his brow; trembling not only before the

justice of his Maker, but even before the mercy of his Redeemer. At another time, he affirmed, that "he was beset with the most wretched and unmanly reluctance and shrinking from action."

Thomas De Quincey, one of the distinguished dead of the year eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, was also an instance, illustrating the difficulty of recovering that force or temper which the intellect loses, by irregularity and dissipation. From the history which he gave to the world of himself, we learn, that he early became distinguished as a Greek scholar. His "Archididascalus" used to try to puzzle him in Sophocles; and, to accomplish his purpose, he conned the lessons before the hour of recitation. But De Quincey, though only about fifteen years old, hardly condescended to open the book, till it was time to recite; and then he read, with ease, the most difficult passages.

This young man, possessing an intellect so "superb in its analytic functions," took it into his head to run away from his four guardians and his "Archididascalus," whom he did not like, and to see something of the world. He went, first, to North Wales. His money was soon entirely spent; but he contrived to get to London. While there, he roamed, by day, about the city; and, at night, slept in an old empty house, where he had a little forlorn girl for company. He says, that "his sleep was never more than what is called dog-sleep; so that he could hear himself moaning, and was often, as it seemed to him, awakened suddenly by his own voice."

He became sad and beggar-like. Indeed, he almost starved. A street-walker, named Ann, be-

friended him, and saved his life. Of her, he afterward elegantly and touchingly wrote: "O, youthful benefactress! how often, in succeeding years, standing in solitary places, and thinking of thee, with grief of heart and perfect love, — how often have I wished that, as in ancient times, the curse of a father was believed to have a supernatural power, and to pursue its object, with a fatal necessity of self-fulfillment, — even so the benediction of a heart oppressed with gratitude might have a like prerogative; might have power given it from above, to chase, to haunt, to waylay, to overtake, to pursue thee into the central darkness of a London brothel, or, if it were possible, into the darkness of the grave, there to awaken thee with an authentic message of peace and forgiveness, and of final reconciliation!"

Mr. De Quincey was, at length, rescued from his irregular course of life in the metropolis; and he, again, found himself in elevated society, and engaged in intellectual pursuits. But you will observe how easy to him it seems to have been, ever afterward, to break the continuity of high endeavor, and fall into Epicurean dissipation.

Like Coleridge, he became an intemperate opium-eater. He first took the drug, in consequence of the advice of a college acquaintance by whom it was recommended to him, as a means of relieving the tooth-ache and certain rheumatic pains in his head. He found it a celestial panacea, a *Pharmakon nepenthes* for all human woes. It introduced him into "an abyss of divine enjoyment." He felt, that happiness was now fully in his power. It could be bought for a penny, and carried in his waistcoat

pocket. He could have portable ecstasies corked up in a pint-bottle. He could have peace of mind sent down to him in gallons by the mail-coach. In his bright opium-days, he went to hear Grassini, at the theater. The exhilaration produced by the drug, being greatly heightened by the effect of the music, was agreeable beyond description. "All this," says he, "was to be had for five shillings. And over and above the music of the stage and the orchestra, I had all around me, in the intervals of the performance, the music of the Italian language talked by Italian women—for the gallery was usually crowded with Italians—and I listened with a pleasure such as that with which Weld, the traveler, lay and listened, in Canada, to the sweet laughter of Indian women."

On page eighty-two of his "Confessions," he thus eloquently eulogizes his favorite and darling drug: "Thou buildest on the bosom of darkness, out of the fantastic imagery of the brain, cities and temples, beyond the art of Phidias and Praxiteles—beyond the splendor of Babylon and Hekatompylos; and from the 'anarchy of dreaming sleep' callest into sunny light the faces of long-buried beauties, and the blessed household countenances, cleansed from the 'dishonors of the grave.' Thou only givest these gifts to man; and thou hast the keys of Paradise, oh, just, subtile, and mighty opium!"

But De Quincey became, at length, less a *dilettante* eater of opium than an eater of it from necessity. He was attacked by an appalling irritation of the stomach. Now began his terrors—terrors resulting from the creative power of the eye, and terrors of

gloomy dreams. He used to awake from sleep in struggles. Once, he cried aloud, "I will sleep no more!"

He found that the drug was devouring the vitality of his body. He, therefore, descended from the fearful height which he had reached, of eight thousand drops of opium a day, and allowed himself only three hundred, and then only one hundred and sixty. His irritability was, now, very great. He confesses, that he could not stand still or sit, for two minutes together. And even when four months had passed, after his renouncement of opium, he was "still agitated, throbbing, palpitating, shattered, and much in the situation of him who has been racked."

Consider how sad an interruption of manly habits must needs have resulted from indulgence, so great and so protracted. We well know, that Thomas De Quincey was, as Richard Chenevix Trench has pronounced him, "a master of English prose." We know the fascination of his opulent style. We have lingered on the beautiful and the sublime passages which adorn the pages of his "Confessions" and of his "Suspiria." But what reader of his numerous works is unable to discover in them his want of that "sustained self-mastery" which enables a man to accomplish a mission of true greatness?*

Do you see, now, the importance of continuity in earnest and lofty endeavor? Do you see what it is to have "a smack of Hamlet?" Let not talent and

* The eloquent and scholarly Mr. Bayne says, that the mark of a full development of manhood is *a sustained self-mastery*.

genius go down, for a long stay, in the valleys of Epicurean pleasure! Let them rise from strength to strength, and from eminence to eminence, only to rise still higher!

The soul of a man stagnates, when repose has become sweeter to him than activity, and when luxurious enjoyment is sought by him as an object of daily pursuit. You cannot eat, drink, and be merry, for many days, without hazarding, to some extent, the spirit of manhood in you. Heroism, like light, depends on vibration. Do you not perceive how all living creatures are, by their constant tendency to add breath to breath, being to being, kept from speedy decay? Are not yonder plants and animals the more long-lived, by as much as they are, in their way, the better heroes? When the tempest-scarred oak loses its yearnings for more life, does not its pellucid blood give up its pulse, and does not the once lightning-defying tree become a sneak of the forest? As with oaks, so with men.

Here will occur to you the mistake of Alexander of Macedon. He should have better reasoned on that question of conquering the world. Then, it is proper to suppose, that he would not have suffered the heroism which had carried him through so many stormy battles, to find its end in a fatal swoop of debauchery. A hundred men have died, devoured by ennui, because, like Alexander, they one day ceased from living, and began dissolutely to exist. The end of their career was unmanning gratification and inevitable decay. Many a successful inventor has sunk in indolence, after his first invention; and many a successful author has breathed his last heroic

breath over his first work. And there have been triumphant bookworms, whose highest aim, at college, was to win the honors of a valedictorian; and they have, in weakness, crawled to obscure graves!

The true man is habitually aspiring and active. If he rests from pursuit, it is only for a brief time, and for recreation. He knows that occupation and progress are indispensable to genuine life. He prides himself on no amount of native genius, because it allows him long seasons of popular leisure. "Man's heart," observed a certain prince from whom Gott-hold quotes, "is like a millstone; pour in corn, and round it goes, bruising, and grinding, and converting it into flour; whereas, give it no corn, and the stone, indeed, turns round, but only grinds itself away, and becomes ever thinner, and smaller, and narrower."

IV.

BALANCE.

Though aspiration should be continuous in a person, yet, even when rightly directed, it will be obvious that it should ever be subject to temperative restraint. Otherwise, the character of the person in whom it exists will exhibit a lamentable want of symmetry.

The being of man is manifold. The development of its germs should be, in those different yet inter-connected channels of life—the physical, the intellectual, the social, the moral, and the religious. In neither of these channels should the soul indicate a defect of energy. The intellect should not suffer loss for the body's sake, nor should the body for the intellect's sake, nor should conscience for the sake of either.

There is many a person who is full-grown in evil, but a child in good. How pitiful seem a thousand men, going on forever, as they are, in the culture of desires in them, which are growing into luxuriant weeds! So far, at length, are they disciplined for the wrong, that when you scatter Christian seed on them, it must needs share the fate of those kernels, in the parable, which are represented as springing up only to be choked by rank thorns. We all are gaining strength in some direction of possible growth. Not one of us stands still, in these years. Time will show what you are, by degrees, though unnoticed, making of yourself. Do you think that you become manlier, as you become older? Consider wherein it is, that you are adding strength to strength. Are you a child yet, in respect to much in you, that should be cultivated? Are you already too old, in more respects than one? "Brother" — methinks I hear Paul saying this — "be not a child in understanding; howbeit, in every unholy disposition, be thou a child; but in understanding, be thou a man!"*

The wise gardener keeps down the weeds, and carefully fosters the plants. What would you say to him, should you find him cultivating the weeds rather than the plants? Alexander the Great cultivated in himself, more than anything else, that corrupt weed, the lust for power. Judas cultivated the weed of acquisitiveness. Cain's soul was a yard of foul weeds, that were rampant, and full of poisonous juices. Abel's soul, on the contrary, was a

* See 1 Corinthians, xiv. 20.

garden of beauty and fragrance, in the vicinity of which good angels loved to linger. Simon Peter, before his conversion, at the Pentecost, cultivated almost every strong desire which sprung up in his soul, whether it was good or evil. The strange light which dazzled Saul of Tarsus out of countenance, in the road to Damascus, terminated the growth of the weeds of corrupt desire, which he had long been cultivating, and caused him to begin, at once, to foster the germs of virtue that were in him. So, we all are cultivators of ourselves. Our traits are products which we have raised. If you have a passion for one of all occupations, that is but a strong plant out of the soil of your soul. Ambition is first a seed, next a growing germ, next a tree, with deep-running roots and wide-spreading branches.

All one-ideaism is the result of partial culture, carried to an extreme. A single desire is encouraged till it gets beyond restraint. Such excessive desires may start from a good impulse or an evil one; but, when viewed in their relations, they are never really admirable. They necessitate vacancies in character which are greatly to be deplored. You would not praise the judgment of him who should permit one huge plant to grow up in his garden, and should take no pains to cultivate anything else. The man of one idea becomes weak, in many respects, for the sake of being strong in one. While he is overgrown in understanding, he is a child in understanding. He wants that balance of character which is essential to true manhood.

We are continually liable to a progress so partial, that it will render us more and more conceited, so

that in what respect a right education would make us better, our education shall only make us worse. In nothing excellent, should you think to become a master at the expense of being too weak in a hundred other points of possible excellence. Success, when this is its cost, is failure. You cannot be cordially and generally pronounced noble in one thing, if you are evidently mean in many things wherein you ought to be good. Where men see one admirable ability, they naturally look for an accompanying plurality of, at least, tolerable abilities. You know how we regard the charming musician, if we find in him or her no soul for anything higher than music. Yellow-headed "Robert o' Lincoln" sings well amid the grass of May or of June; but practical men are apt to pass by this bird, lending not their ears to its song, because they think it is good for little else. How unsatisfying and tiring, to the thinker, is the society of those devotees of a single preference, those human birds of one gift, who sometimes command the special attention of people! It is recorded that Philip said to one of his sons, who, at an entertainment, had excelled in music, "Are you not ashamed to sing so well?"

By observation and experience of men, we find them to be either well-balanced or ill-balanced in mind. We say of one, "You could depend on him—he is solid and even." Of another, we say, "He is unsound—is apt to become extravagantly enthusiastic. The elements of wild ultraism are in him. By his fanatic vehemence he would disserve the very cause he should profess to love."

Some men always make too great haste to gain

their ends. They return from their flights of zealous endeavor, rayless and silent, like the charred sticks of spent rockets. All sure minds are conservative—everything strong is conservative. It is weakness that is wanting in inertia. We say of the unsteady, fickle youth, that “he lacks age.” We mean that he is deficient in the immobility of manliness. A circle will make far more noise in the wind than a sphere. Rely on it, you cannot but defeat yourself if you undertake a great project without balance of mind. You may pride yourself on the force by which you leave the cool thinker so far behind you; but do you know that it is better to be logically slow than fanatically fast?

Never let yourself pursue even a noble object as if there were nothing else noble in the world. They who succeed with so exclusive a passion, cannot but find that they have triumphed too soon. But it is not unwise to make a noble object paramount, if this is done judiciously. All great inventions, books, discoveries, were paramount objects while their authors were accomplishing them. Each of the famed achievements of Newton was, for a time, all-engaging to him. To Milton, the *Paradise Lost* was, undoubtedly, long an object sublimely paramount. Palissy, the Huguenot potter, experimented indefatigably, for sixteen years, to rediscover the lost art of making enameled vases. These men knew the difference between intellectual concentration and one-ideaism—between the solitary grapplings of a well-balanced mind and the solitary grapplings of an unsymmetrical mind.

You may have observed how, in each of the three

great fields of thought — the political, the religious, and the literary—reputation takes either an admirable or an ignoble, a historic or a transient, brightness, according as the mind is evenly or unevenly developed. If the mind is harmoniously educated, its reputation, when universal, is fame; if the mind is inharmoniously educated, its reputation, when universal, is only notoriety. Would you know the names which humanity will never let go to oblivion? See, then, who of those reputed great, rose to position by steady, manly steps, that needed not to be retraced. Many were the meteors of popularity, by whose fleeting brilliance these highly-destined luminaries were, from time to time, half eclipsed in their unhasted career. Many were the Swedenborgs, the Fouriers, the Spurzheims, that seemed, for awhile, to surpass them. They sometimes had to hear the people pronounce them cautious and conservative to a fault; and sometimes had to see the people clap their hands in honor of those meteor men. But, in their own sure way, they persevered, patiently, sublimely — always going right on!

You see a difference of strength and of value, in histories of the same empire, in books of travel and exploration made on the same remote portion of the globe, and in inventions wrought for the same object. These differences point either to a want or to a completeness of intellectual balance. Macaulay is the best English historian, because he exhibits such breadth of view and such spheric evenness of mind. Livingstone, with his well-balanced character, examines the lands and the tribes of Central Africa; and, by-and-by, his reliable pages have

stirred all the world. The unfailing Watt turns his attention to the steam-engine; and, under his steady and patient hand, it becomes a machine, mighty for every future age. Fulton applies his strong and cool mind to the steamboat; and, at length, the triumph which John Fitch, with his one-ideaism, only imperfectly achieved, is seen and heard, rolling its wheels in the Hudson river.

There is a wise conservatism which operates to maintain individual force and national greatness. But for this, innovation and ultraism would ruin the race. It is easy to become an enthusiast; it is easy to become fanatically devoted to a single idea. Only preclude from your mind all subjects but one, and, on that one, allow yourself to think by day and by night, and soon you will be astounded at the indifference of mankind to your favorite theme. There is some evidence for the belief, that many of the great men of past ages were slightly insane while pursuing their special objects. "The extraordinary development of one faculty," says Mr. Bancroft, "may sometimes injure the balance of the mind, just as the constant exercise of one member of the body injures the beauty of its proportions. . . . It is a very ancient remark, that folly has its corner in the brain of every wise man; and certain it is, that not the poets only, like Tasso, but the clearest minds — Sir Isaac Newton, Pascal, Spinoza — have been deeply tinged with insanity." And the same historian expresses the opinion, that Roger Williams pursued his favorite principle of the Sanctity of Conscience too exclusively; so that it was natural for Bradford and his contemporaries, while they

acknowledged the power of Williams as a preacher, to esteem him "unsettled in judgment."

Now, if it is true, that minds of the highest order and fame have been, to some extent, deranged by one-ideaism, should it not be presumed, that all aspiring minds, of lower orders, are exceedingly liable to become insanelly attached to their special objects? Dr. Rush quotes, in his work on the Diseases of the Mind, an account, given by an English clergyman, of Lavater, the physiognomist. It will illustrate the effect which Phrenology, Music, Mesmerism, Spiritualism, Millennarianism, Deism, or any other favorite pursuit, naturally produces on an ill-balanced mind. "I was detained," says the clergyman, "the whole morning, by the strange, wild, eccentric Lavater, in various conversations. When once he is set a-going, there is no such thing as stopping him, till he runs himself out of breath. He starts from subject to subject, flies from book to book, from picture to picture; measures your nose, your eye, your mouth, with a pair of compasses; pours forth a torrent of physiognomy on you; drags you, for a proof of his dogma, to a dozen closets, and unfolds ten thousand drawings; but will not let you open your mouth to propose a difficulty, and crams a solution down your throat before you have uttered half a syllable of your objection.

"He is as meager as the picture of famine; his nose and chin almost meet. I read him, in my turn, and found little difficulty in discovering, amid great genius, unaffected piety, unbounded benevolence, and moderate learning, much caprice and unsteadiness; a mind at once aspiring by nature, and gro-

veling through necessity ; an endless turn to speculation and project ; in a word, a clever, flighty, good-natured, necessitous man."

There is, perhaps, no pursuit which is favorite and ultimate, to so great a number of men, as that of wealth. The ruling passion of these aspirants, is acquisitiveness ; and, to many of them, it amounts to avarice, and leads to a sordid idolatry. Property is good in its place ; but it should be sought as a means, never as an end. The saying is not more witty than true, that "a man who hoards riches and enjoys them not, is no better off than the ass that carries gold and eats thistles." But consider the disproportion which an ill-regulated desire of wealth cannot but give to character. Think of a person, all the noble feelings of whose nature—those longings for knowledge which he felt in his youth and early manhood, that devotional tendency which is given to us all, and those benevolent sympathies which are ever sweet and elevating to him who cultivates them—are almost completely sacrificed to the lust for money ! In vain do you search in such a person for manly habits. He roams among the fair flowers, along the borders of the grand old forests, over the majestic mountains, across the green-sodded valleys, near the mighty water-falls, and up and down the ocean-shore ; but what is he seeking ? Is it the charm, the grandeur, the sublime splendors of natural scenery ? Is it the evidences of the wisdom, the goodness, and the presence of the Almighty God ? No ; he is seeking money, money, money ! He is living, and caring, and toiling, and hoping, and growing old, and paying out

the best part of himself, for money. I do not like the title of "rich man." In view of what it usually implies, it is hardly an honor. Consider how many rich men there are, whose avaricious greed you could not satisfy, with all the beautiful frozen blood of California's or Australia's golden veins. Who can be poorer than he that possesses nothing which is more valuable than houses and lands, mint-metal and bills of bank-stock? Where, to such a man, is the blissful experience which compensates him for his cares, his sleeplessness, his slavish fatigues, for property's sake? Suppose that he succeeds, to the utmost, in his course of life. Will his soul be satisfied? Will his acquisitions make softer the pillow of his final sleep? Will they insure happiness to him after death? How much money can a dead man own? How much land? Measure the length and the breadth of any one of those burial-plats in the cemetery, and you shall know. Who are the best and noblest men living? Who are they "whose deeds people the vacuity of time and make it green and worthy," and whose posthumous influence, for many generations, inspires the race? Are they called "rich men?" Are they not found among those who, like Agur, in the proverb, are ready to pray, "Give me neither poverty nor riches?"

But numerous instances of disproportioned character are also found among men who are devoted to religion. Consider the gloomy history of superstitious and fanatic bigotry. I read, that Simeon, the Stylite, a Syrian monk of the fifth century, lived on the top of a pillar at Antioch, for thirty-seven years, that he might be nearer to God and hold

closer communion with him. A man with a passion for a creed and with a fixed conscience, is absurdly stubborn. You cannot move him from his quarters, by dipping a sword's point in his veins, or by using threats of gunpowder treatment. He will die before he will either retreat or capitulate. He flouts at your common sense; he grimly laughs at your logic. Madly, he perseveres in his career of infatuated zeal and irrational devotion. He is ready to tear the flesh from his bones; to retire from society and dwell in the lonely forest, in dreary dens and caves, or in the monastic cell; to ascend the flaming pyre; to fall before the wheels of Juggernaut. Nothing avails to rescue this man from the despotism of his superstitious faith. Ears he has, but he will not hear; eyes, but he will not see; nerves, but he will not feel. Natural affection, reason, the sense of pain, and the love of life, seem to have been smitten from his nature.

“Whatever things,” says Paul, “are true, whatever things are honorable, whatever things are just, whatever things are pure, whatever things are lovely, whatever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.”

Does not this passage aim at symmetry of character? Does it not assume the importance, to the Christian, of such an education of his soul, as will give it spheric manliness? Yes, this is what it encompasses. The Christian is, here, contemplated, as a man aspiring to become a more complete man. I perceive, in this passage, a plea for the highest health, intellectual refinement, gentility, moral ex-

cellence, and religious worth. There is as much embraced in it, as if Paul had said: "Brethren, be ye more than Christian believers; be ye Christian men!" It is a great thing to be a man. Paul thought so; and, therefore, he strove to raise men into real men—into men of truth, of honor, of justice, of purity, of loveliness, and of good report. You can learn noble lessons of liberality from Paul. He was as free from the spirit of bigotry as you are from the spirit of cannibalism. He was a Christian preacher; and yet he seems to have been almost everything else that a man ought to be. Able in argument, as the Epistle to the Romans, if he had written no other, would show; finished as a scholar; vigorous as a writer; modest when he should be so; eloquent when the occasion demanded speech; and earnestly devoted to his mission, he was prepared to make himself all things to all men, that he might, by all means, save some. When there was need, he was ready to say: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, [love,] I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." When he stood amid ignorance and error, he was ready to say: "Brethren, be not children in understanding; howbeit, in malice [naughtiness*] be ye children; but in understanding be men." And when there was other need, he was ready to say: "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

The great passage which I have quoted, and which appears near the close of the Epistle to the Church at Philippi, inculcates a lesson of self-culture. This

* See Hand-Book of the Bible, by Joseph Angus, p. 57.

culture is represented as the result of varied and earnest thought. "Think," says the apostle, "on these things!" That is, think on the True, think on the Honorable, think on the Just, think on the Pure, think on the Lovely, think on the Well-spoken-of, think on all else that has Virtue, or that is deserving of Praise.

Do not neglect philosophy, science, politics, poetry, history, the arts, literature, nature, the Bible, God. If it is true, that thy body is fearfully and wonderfully made, and that the intelligence and the wisdom displayed in its structure, point, indubitably, to a divine Designer, then do thou think of this temple of thy soul, and guard it with care. Know thyself. Know, that the very mysteries of thine organism are such as should deter thee from all self-abuse. Think of thy heart which, all day long, throbs unseen by thee; and which, by that power it has of throbbing while thou art asleep, has carried thee alive through so many periods of darkness and unconsciousness. Think of those innumerable currents of crimson fluid, which are pulsing along, just beneath thy skin. It is true, that something of the food thou eatest becomes blood in thee, and something of it muscle in thee, and something of it bone in thee, and something of it flesh in thee. It is true, that thou art provided with a pair of lungs subject to laws of respiration, which thou canst not break with impunity. It is true, that thou hast organs of digestion, which revolt at neglect, and become impaired by misuse. It is true, that thy mind and thy body do, in some manner, mutually affect each other, so that the one cannot

be well while the other is diseased. It is true, that temperance, simple food, dreamless sleep, water from pure sources, unvitiated air, cheerfulness, and congenial society, are essential to thy best welfare and thy highest happiness. It is true, that education raises the soul into a loftier life of activity and enjoyment. It is true, that the beauty of the divine character is symbolized in the green leaves of the trees, in the flowers by whose breath the summer wind is perfumed, in the rainbow, in the spotless crystal, and in the soft, white clouds, which are sometimes seen, far above the earth, tumbling over and over, as if they were rolling piles of wool shorn from the backs of great sheep in some other world ! It is true, that all vast bodies of water, in motion or in repose, are objects of grandeur. It is true, that every bird is a winged wonder. It is true, that the fish, the snail, the ant, the bee, the glow-worm, and the coral, are each possessors of mysterious powers. It is true, that every planet is marvelously stayed in its orbit, and marvelously rolled on its axis. It is true, that the great God is in all radiance, all gravitation, all cohesion, all life. Think on these things !

But whatever things are Honorable, should, also, be objects of thought to a man. Men are disposed to honor him who possesses sterling virtues, and accomplishes worthy purposes. To be heroic in a good cause, is always honorable. To have acquired great discipline of mind, extensive information, and a critical literary taste — this is honorable. All laurels, honestly won, are honorable. It is an error for a person to suppose himself placed in this world only to be religious. Intellectual culture and repu-

tation should not be despised by the Christian. They will be sought by every Christian whose character approaches the true ideal of a man. Honor should not be withheld from those by whom it is deserved. We owe praise, as a duty, to him who has well earned it. The worthies of the world have almost a right to expect applause. He who has invented an excellent labor-saving machine, he who has carved a beautiful statue, he who has composed a masterly book, he who has virtuously amassed great wealth, he who has handsomely acquitted himself in any public position of trust and responsibility — these all deserve honor. It is honorable, at all times and everywhere, to be a man. Would you not despise him who should deem it discreditable to aspire to the honor of an independent livelihood, or to be ranked in the highest society? We all were created to make as much of ourselves as we can. We are ennobled by the desire of honorable distinction. He who would refuse to say, "Well done!" to a heroic achiever — he who is ready to pronounce all worldly eminence unworthy of human longings and human exertion, cannot but be the possessor of a mind dwarfed by narrow views and stultified by fanatic devotion.

But, remembering to think on the True and on the Honorable, remember, also, to think on the Just. There is something which makes it wrong to defraud a neighbor, to drive a mendicant from the door, to slander innocence, or to do as the priest and the Levite did. Think on these things!

The Pure, also, is important. Habitual chastity is indispensable to balance of character. Manliness

and obscenity cannot co-exist. In thought, in expression, and in practice, thou shouldst be pure. Think on these things!

Amiable traits—gentleness that perseveres in forbearance, sympathies that can weep in the house of sorrow and of distress, a readiness in soft answers adapted to turn away wrath—these are kindly and beautiful qualities, without which thou art not a man. Think, therefore, on whatever things are Lovely!

Of Good Report, are winning looks and manners, neatness in dress, refinement in language, self-possession, respect toward parents and the aged, simplicity, freedom from conceit of self, and a scorn of penuriousness. Cheerfulness is always of good report. All progressive minds are cheerful. But, never of good report is the long face of sanctimonious dogmatism or of superstitious austerity. Think on these things!

Seek to be a man. Pronounce no being, no object, either common or unclean, till thou art certain that it has no Virtue, and is deserving of no Praise. Cultivate thyself for a glorious renascency in the world of the life to come. Be thou sad, in view of thy want of balance. We all are far from the symmetry which we might have attained. Diogenes, were he now alive, might reasonably take his lantern, at this day's noon, and go about to find a man. Has not the greatest heroism, which men have honored and history recorded, testified to some unhappy want or weakness, in him who exhibited it, just as the mountain points to the morass at its

foot? We are wanting in sphericity of character. We are excellent only at certain points. Many of us are called learned, who, in respect to things of the highest importance, do not know much. Politeness is, in too many instances, designed as a concealment to the purposes of a bad heart; and, thus, it resembles the graceful manners of a beautiful serpent. How, by a hundred thin disguises, do men and women try to hide deficiencies and tendencies in them, which they know, or which they ignorantly fancy, to be incompatible with the true ideal of symmetric human development! So, it has come to pass, that we must needs, almost daily, look into faces, the cadaverous paleness of which we do not see, because it is concealed by a flush of health which a single spoonful of rain-water would wash off. Oh! where are the true, the noble, the well-balanced of the race? In our religious ways, many of us conceive our behavior to be saintly, when it is only vulgar. What will the great God do with us? Does he not bless men for their manliness? Surely, he does. Let us, then, give him manly worship.

Forget not, O young man! that thy progress needs have no end. Be thou aspiring. Be thou heroic. Do not suffer thyself to be deceived into luxurious relaxation. Have singleness of aim; but allow not thyself to become fanatically devoted to a favorite pursuit. Be desirous of a proportioned character! Be desirous to become a man!

V.

HABIT.

The higher life of man opens with a war of aptitudes. Aspiration and endeavor soon become habitual. They are, then, in conflict, for a time, with habits of the mind, which were previously acquired, and which have had scope for continued increase in strength. These old habits are overcome, while new habits are formed, to be allies to the heroic passion for superiority. But, in the intermissions of effort, there is always a liability to acquire strong aptitudes, opposed to the desire of progress, and tending to unman the man. Hence, it is important to know the philosophy of habit.

By acting repeatedly, in any one way, we get a facility of acting in that way. All skill is thus acquired. For want of adequate practice in printing, in engraving, and in the use of needles, I cannot set types, cannot chisel epitaphs into marble, cannot knit stockings. Having never practiced in chewing tobacco, the taste of this weed sickens me. So, for want of adequate practice in well-doing, the bad man finds it hard to be a good man. But if, from childhood, a person should form virtuous habits, and only such, he would ever find it difficult to be other than virtuous. In this case, there would be little need of regeneration; for the heart of the man and the spirit of God would never have been habitually at war. Our habits are, therefore, of two classes — those which make it more and more easy for us to do wrong, and those which make it more

and more easy for us to do right. Let us consider these two classes of habits.

By frequently corrupting ourselves, in various modes, we require a variety of corrupt aptitudes. Every repetition of a sinful thought, makes more facile the next repetition. We get our selfishness by degrees. No man becomes bad at once. No demon is as vile as he will be. At first, the wrong principle shocks us. We refuse to treat it hospitably. All our instincts rise up to put it out of the heart, as if it were a serpent having gained access, in some unguarded moment, when the door was open. Such is ever the primal reception of a base principle. The earliest oath of the profane swearer makes him shudder. He looks round to see whether some divine bolt is or is not about to shiver him for his sin. But, by-and-by, he has sworn profanely so many times, that the principle of the third commandment has become unfamiliar to him, and the principle opposite to it has become thoroughly domesticated. The man now swears momentarily and without hesitation. He does not know how often his oaths make good men tremble for him.

But he who has domesticated in his heart a single principle of profane action, may be presumed to be the subject of more than one vicious habit. Indeed, the secret of whatever overawing power there may be in reckless oaths, lies in the evidence which they afford, that the person possesses other and worse vices. The philanthropist, Howard, used to button his coat when near a profane man. He felt that his purse was then at risk. Facility, in acting according to one wrong principle, indicates facility in acting

according to many wrong principles; for a single bad habit makes less difficult the acquisition of another and another. He who has accustomed himself to falsehood, can readily accustom himself to fraud. It is, therefore, dangerous to acquire even what may seem the most unimportant habit of wrong gratification. No such habit can be really unimportant. If you know that you are continually violating one principle of moral rectitude, you will think that it cannot make you much worse to violate other such principles. So, when you are strongly tempted into some new path of self-indulgence, you will lack that consciousness of unbroken integrity, which makes the soul heroic in self-denial. How can you long refrain from the first step, in an untried fascinating course of evil, if you are already addicted to some habit which you know to be evil? They who have violated the principle of chastity, would tell you, if they should dare, how weak they are against every strong temptation, and how reckless they fear they would soon become, if they should be thrown into a situation of corrupting influences. If there is a young man who, on some day of wise reflection and determination, not long gone, became a Christian, so that, by the struggle with himself which he then made, and by the many similar struggles which he has since made, his former evil habits have been nearly overcome, I would caution this young man, lest he occasionally turn aside to walk, for awhile, in some little concealed path of sinful gratification, thinking it will not lead him into the great ways of evil with which it is connected. Forget not, dear youth, the inestimable value of that

consciousness of thine, which tells thee, that thy virtue is at no point violated. Carefully guard the entrance to thy heart, so that no serpent-principle may crawl in and infuse there its poison. For, I assure thee, that one unholy habit would weaken thine attachment to all right principles, take the courage out of thine eyes before the pure souls of earth, and make thee a coward before the God of heaven!

The constitution of the mind is such, that no evil habit can long be solitary. If we daily sin in one way, we daily sin in other ways. Hence, in the Scriptures, one wrong affection is often treated as the germ of corrupt character. The love of money is called the root of all evil. "Though I speak," says Paul, "with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." St. James teaches us, that, if we fail in a single point to be virtuous, we fail altogether. We cannot serve God and Mammon. The covetous man, in the parable, is pronounced a fool for his covetousness. This was, probably, the single bad habit which gave him many. The disciple who carried the money-bag was avaricious before he was treacherous; and he betrayed the Master, that he might enrich his pocket with a few Roman coins. An acute and brilliant writer—Mr. Holmes—suggests, that "there is one thing of all our experiences, of all our thoughts, of all our misdoings, that lies at the very bottom of the great heap of acts of consciousness which make up our past life—something which we would most dislike to tell our nearest friend." Oh! that first wrong habit! How,

by its little and almost unseen beginnings, in the heart of yonder inebriated wretch, did it form that stream which, flowing ever onward, and ever making wider and deeper its channel, was destined to become the Mississippi of his vicious hardihood!

“Just as the broadest rivers run
From small and distant springs,
The greatest crimes that men have done,
Have grown from little things.”

A man cannot sin in such a manner, that only a part of his soul shall sin. In view of our divisions of the mind, we say that there are sins of thought, of imagination, of passion—the sin of avarice, of treachery, of revenge. But these are only names of different kinds of sin, which we, as units, commit. We cannot be right while we are, in a single respect, wrong. Fire and fire, or water and water will coexist; but put fire with water, and either the fire must burn up the water, or the water must put out the fire. Equally incapable of coexistence are virtue and vice. This truth indicates the extent of the demoralizing effect of every sin which is many times repeated. The good principles all go out of the heart when a single evil principle comes in. They may re-enter; but not till their enemy shall have made its exit. This explains why the first instance, in which we acquire a facility of sinning, lets down so sadly our estimate of the right. It causes us to begin to excuse ourselves for our evil indulgence. By-and-by, we say that we can hardly help feeling as we feel, resolving as we resolve, doing as we do. Because our bad habit has become

strong, we make ourselves believe it is according to nature. Because we find pleasure in it, we pronounce it good. So, this habit becomes more and more strong. So, we ourselves become less and less capable of heroic firmness in the hour of temptation. At length, we are inviolably true to nothing that is right. If virtuous at all, it is for utility's sake rather than for virtue's sake. We sometimes fear God; but we do not love him. We often regret our wrong steps; but not because they are wrong. All that was morally noble in us is gone; and we would choose to appear, under the Divine gaze, marked, for life, with cowardice, before we would, at the cost of martyrdom, defend any one of all the principles of rectitude, or oppose any one of all the principles of iniquity. Domesticate a single evil principle, acquire a single positively corrupt habit, and the sentinels of your heart will, one by one, leave their posts; the entrance of right principles will be less and less frequent; every door of access will be unbolted; and Impulse, Desire, Interest, and Passion, will come in and go out whenever they please.

In the light of this view of the deeply and widely demoralizing effect on us of a wrong habit, it were not strange should we henceforth regard our capacity for habitual action with seriousness and trembling. The reformed man will succeed or fail, in the course of virtue, according to the use which he makes of the philosophy of habit. It is in his power to accustom himself to various modes of sinful indulgence. If to one, he will certainly, unless he soon overcomes that habit, accustom himself to others.

Consider, now, in connection with the necessity by which a single bad habit tends to give rise to many, the fact, that the strength of unresisted habits is ever increasing. The more frequently we commit a sin, the greater is the ease with which we commit it, and the less able are we to discontinue the series of repetitions. Our unopposed habits seek to become our masters. They are more defiant of restraint to-day than they were yesterday. If they are bad, they cannot but become worse. If they make us perceptibly weaker against them this year than we were last year, they may, by-and-by, determine our reformation to be naturally impossible. Suppose, for example, you should allow yourself to acquire a lust for money. You would, at first, be less avaricious than you would be at any point of time afterward. The desire of possession in you would, unless you should continually restrain it, continually increase. By degrees, you would become accustomed to seek property rather as an end than as a means. If a parent, you would think more of adding to your stock or to your real estate than of making your home happy, or of educating your fair-browed sons and daughters. That to which money should always be completely subservient, you would make completely subservient to money. You would blink the importance of every project which should tax your purse. Your habit might be permitted to become so free from restraint that it would unhumanize you. The Judases do not think of betraying innocence for money till their avaricious passion has become almost unconquerable. The root of all evil grows slowly into a tree with strong trunk, the branches,

the leaves, and the fruit of which, contain deadly juices. And when this tree has attained its mature strength, what shall suffice to make it wither? What but that power which caused the fig-tree to wither in the day of the Master and his disciples? The reformation of an avaricious man is one of the most improbable things in the world. All prayers for the enlargement of a miser's soul cannot but recoil, with a leaden heaviness, on the heart of him who offers them. Do you not see how much, in a case of this kind, is to be overcome? I fear that my best Christian friend would soon become sleepy, were he to pray for the conversion of some stingy men that I have seen.

But what is true of the habit of covetousness, is true of every other unrestrained bad habit. The history of such habits may be briefly expressed in the three words — strong, stronger, strongest! In their most advanced stage of strength, they defy all human opposition. They increase, in despite of the hundred hearts which they provoke to hatred, and in despite of adverse storms. You might think that they would become weaker as the decrepitude and the hoariness of age come on; but they do not. They gain power, even on the bed of death; and could the avaricious man, the licentious man, or the inebriate, return, after his decease, there is good reason to believe that he might truly say of his vicious habit, "It still lives!"

When a person begins to form character of the right kind, he cannot hope that the habits of his previous life will not make it far more difficult for him to persevere in well-doing, than it would be if

he had never acquired them. Who has not learned, by experience, the strength of evil habits? If a bad man begins to be a good man, he must, for years, be specially weak in certain points. The reformed inebriate cannot so firmly resist the tempting glass, as the temperance man who has never been addicted to drinking. The more vicious one has hitherto been, the more hard will it be for him to continue in the course of virtue hereafter. Charles Lamb had rarely the power to avoid intoxicating liquor when presented; "but," says Mr. Talfourd, "he made heroic sacrifices in flight from it." Let no corrupt man, who proposes to himself to begin a new life, think that the possibilities of failure are not stronger with him this year, than they would have been had he commenced the work of reformation one year ago. The greater the amount of bad character, the more intense must needs be the struggle for amendment. Do you suppose that Peter would so readily have begun to curse and swear, in that hour of the denial, if he had never been a profane swearer before? When I consider how wicked a man Paul was before his conversion, I cannot think it strange that he expressed fear lest he himself should, at last, be a cast-away. A man's bad habits may become so strong, that his reformation shall scarcely be possible. "There is," says Bishop Butler, "a certain bound to imprudence and misbehavior, which, being transgressed, there remains no place for repentance, in the natural course of things." Most of us know but little concerning the mighty wrestlings, the lonely grapplings with self, which have been the cost to many a man of his good reso-

lutions, his virtuous vows. Not the applause of fascinated thousands, the homage paid to human eloquence, will, in every instance, suffice to keep the reformed inebriate, who has become a popular lecturer, true to his pledge. Mr. Gough, himself, could easily make you weep, telling you of his second fall. And, in the light of these truths, do you not see how tender and forbearing Christian philanthropy should be toward those converts from sin and vice, who, in some evil hour, have gone astray? Let it never be forgotten, that apostasy is, in nearly every instance, the result of old habits renewed by unguarded steps. It is far easier for some persons to be good than for others. Men set out in the way of the right with different inward weaknesses; and should it be considered strange if more than a few become weary, by-and-by, and wander aside? And you that are perseveringly faithful, how should you regard these sad wanderers? Should you make their apostasy a theme of uncharitable gossip? Should you say, "Let them go?" Would Jesus do so? Should you not rather yearn after them, and speak their names kindly, and pray for them with weeping earnestness, and seek them with loving eyes, and take them affectionately by the hand, and say to them, "Come back! oh! come back!"

"Speak gently to the erring —
Ye know not all the power
With which the dark temptation came,
In some unguarded hour.
Ye may not know how earnestly
They struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came,
And sadly thus they fell."

And, with a greater measure of poetic force, Burns gave to his fellow-mortals the sweet counsel :

“Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler, sister woman!
Tho’ they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human.
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving, why they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far, perhaps, they rue it.”

Many causes conspire to give rise to our aptitudes. Things and agents external to us, affect us far more powerfully than we would suppose.

“Men are the sport of circumstances, when
Circumstances are the sport of men.”

BYRON.

We possess, it is true, an unmeasured inner force, which might make us defiant of circumstances, should we but think so, and try well to prove it. All the great men do this. They resist the unmanly force of situation. They struggle against it. They triumph over it, and become masters. But the most of us allow our circumstances to entangle us and hold us as spiders’ webs do flies. Only let it be fashionable, and we are ready to take fire into our bosoms. Only let it be the custom to go on hot coals, and on them we go. We make not ourselves, as we were born to do; but we permit a hundred thousand temptations to make us. So, we are over-dependent, unheroic. Do you know the power of circumstances? Be always pervious and yielding, never possess an irresistible mind, and from how many spiders’ webs will you need to be

extricated ! Circumstances will make you, just so far as you are flexible to their influence. Good circumstances, if permitted, will tend to make you better ; bad circumstances, if not resisted, will tend to make you worse.

Reliable statistics show that the majority of criminals have been intemperate men. But how does intemperance originate ? Follow the youth who is destined to become an inebriate. At first, he is moving, with an uncontaminated heart, within the precincts of parental and domestic influence. Next, he is delighting himself in the society of his playmates. Next, he has become a companion with persons older than himself. After a while, he yields to evil guidance, and is led into the midst of scenes of drunkenness and corrupt merriment. A little later, he himself has experienced the effect of intoxicating drinks. Later still, he has become habitually intemperate, and has lost both his respectability and his self-respect. Finally, he has received his education in the school of recklessness and inebriety, and is ready to graduate to the poor-house, to the state-prison, or to the gallows. "Can a man," says the proverb, "take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned ? Can one go on hot coals, and his feet not be burned ?"

In whatever we frequently indulge, in that we tend to form a habit of indulgence. The Christian is not so strong as he should be, unless he has trained himself to fight well against the power of situation. All apostasies result from the prevalence of external over internal force. Men fall from virtue in consequence of the unresisted gravity of circum-

stances. The devils that haunt this world, and the powerful evil men in it, lay beautiful toils for us, in the various shapes which they give to human affairs and to the fashions. Illusions, bright but dangerous, throng along the entire path of our pilgrimage. We are wooed by way-side sirens. We shall never reach either the heights of worldly honor or the land of Beulah, unless we go right on.

In no period of life do circumstances exhibit more power to affect the mind than in childhood. Is there not, this day, many a hapless wretch in the world, who might wander amid his own self-ruins; and, while the walls of his character are crumbling down, and the ghosts of wasted opportunities are flitting in the twilight of his gloomy mind, might put his hand on his heart, and in words of agony and of warning, exclaim, "Youth is the seed-time of life!" When I hear a lad uttering profane oaths, I almost involuntarily shrug my shoulders, and think I ought to say to him: "Foolish boy! I fear thou art sowing the seeds of a great hell in thy little bosom!" It is not unreasonable to suppose, that Judas Iscariot was, in his early days, a bad fellow. "He that soweth to the flesh," says Paul, "must of the flesh reap corruption." When Mohammed was in his youth, a woman of Khaibar, where he had stopped, secretly put poison into a cup, the contents of which he was about to drink. He quaffed the fatal beverage; but, having tasted the drug, he spit it out, before it had stung his vitals, and was saved. But, years afterward, when Mohammed was an old man, lying on his death-bed, he groaned in the deepest agony, exclaiming, "The veins of my heart are throbbing

with the poison of Khaibar!" So it is with the poison which gets into the young soul; it throbs and throbs there, forever! I look on some of the old sinners that I meet, and I say to myself: "These human oaks, with their gnarled grain, will, undoubtedly, always be the same hard timber. Never, since childhood, have they been without bad habits. The influences of situation have tended to miseducate them; and, with these influences, they themselves have, all along, conspired. Should they attempt a work of reformation, it is probable that they would soon tire of the struggle against their tough habits, and renounce the undertaking."

The best man living is liable to become degraded by external forces and associations. Constantly herd with the beasts of the field, and, Nebuchadnezzar-like, you would, by-and-by, have hairs growing on you as eagles' feathers, and nails as birds' claws.

But it is well to consider the power which we possess, of resisting the influence of circumstances. Every man is so constituted, that he can truly say: "I am; I think; I do this; I do that." The ability thus to use the pronoun *I*, involves freedom of will. No stone, no tree, no planet can make an affirmation which shall have *I* in it. The brute animals can, it is true, choose and refuse; but not so extensively as we can. We can choose and refuse; but not so extensively as angels and God can. We are, however, always free, in will. Our bodies may be chained. We may be restrained by the force of situation; but situation and body are not ourselves. They are external to us. We always know enough of what we have done, to be sure we could, in a thousand instances,

have done otherwise. All day long, we are conscious of inner freedom. The very captive is conscious that he has power. When Paul was in the Mamertine prison, at Rome, he had power. Polycarp had power, even when he was under the power of the proconsul. Lawrence, while roasting over the martyr-fire, had power. No man was ever so little his own master, as not to be able to will either rightly or wrongly. Do you see what power is this? There have been men—say rather, there have been women, feeble, delicate, incapable of enduring long-continued fatigue; and yet, having espoused the cause of truth and virtue, nothing could shake their resolution. They would have preserved their moral integrity, though at the expense of being hurled over the brink of a precipice, a thousand feet downward. The dungeon, with its gloom, its ground strewn with crumbling skulls, and its walls sweating with cold moisture; the rack, the cross, the stake, the lions' den—either of these had been utterly powerless, as a means of making them willing to be wrong. They could have yielded. Only a few words had been necessary to insure to them a complete deliverance from the inflictions of persecuting authority. Two of the English martyrs did recant. They were Cranmer and Bilney. But they could not endure the consciousness of their self-belying cowardice. They knew that they were free to be true or false. The thought of having made a wrong choice had become their persecutor. So, they soon repented of their apostasy; and Cranmer held the very fingers with which he had signed his recantation, in the flames, exulting while they burned off,

and Bilney went to the stake, clapping his hands and shouting.

Something of this power to will rightly or wrongly is in every man. When a person's volitions are decisive, we call him firm. True firmness differs, widely, from stubbornness. Men may be willful, as the ox or the horse sometimes is. But, by firmness, is meant a rational, not a passionate, willfulness. Why will not the honest man choose to cheat his neighbor? Why will not the Christian return evil for the evil which he has received? We know that there is power unconquerable and virtue inviolable in some persons. You could not buy their wills with gold, with flattery, or with the illusion of high office.

In nearly all the forenoon of life, and in a large part of life's afternoon, we obviously have power to overcome our bad aptitudes, and to acquire good ones. As we will to be, so we tend to be. Many a man has spent his energies on twenty or more acres of land, who might, in some new and great way, have moved the world. There is many a beggar who might have been a millionaire—or something better. One writer has said, that "a noble aim will put fire into the dullest soul, turn peasants into apostles, and disciples into martyrs." Luther might always have been only a monk, had he never aimed from monkhood up to manhood. Said Plautus, "*Tibi seris, tibi metis*" — You sow for yourself, you reap for yourself. And the Scriptures say, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Misapplication has raised countless crops of "wild oats," where there *might* have been wheat; and unnum-

bered dwarfs in intellect, where there *might* have been giants. Lord Francis Jeffrey *might* have applied his terrible power as a critic, in annihilating *dilettanteism*, and in encouraging aspiring genius. Byron *might* always have confined his pen to lofty themes. Paine *might* have written a wholesome book on politics, in place of that unwholesome one, entitled, "The Age of Reason."

But how may our power be made to avail against habits which we ought to overcome? There are two modes by which such habits may be resisted. We may form either new evil habits or new good habits, which shall be opposed to habits already acquired. A habit of extravagance will be resisted by a habit of covetousness. The penurious man may cease from tobacco-chewing, because it costs him so much. The office-seeker may cease from open profanity, because he loses votes by it. Does not what we call worldly morality spring from the antagonism between interest and impulse? But when wrong habits are thus overcome, the subject of them is but little improved. The reformation which takes place does not involve a change from evil principles of action to good ones; but from evil ones to other evil ones.

The true mode of resisting and conquering wrong habits is, evidently, by forming habits which are entirely right, and persevering in them. Pure principles, I have said, will not coexist with corrupt ones. A man cannot, at the same time, be partly right and partly wrong. Whenever we give freedom to a habit, we domesticate the principle of that habit. Therefore, the genuine reformation of a man

begins when he completely changes from corrupt principles of action to pure ones. This change may be wrought in a brief period of time. But the reformation itself is a long work. It involves a contest of habit against habit. Many a good man has to struggle, harder than we know, against aptitudes which, if not constantly opposed, would lead him to apostasy. The young sinner can overcome his recklessness far sooner and easier than the old sinner can overcome his. Long after the day of Pentecost, Peter had not entirely mastered his headstrong impulsiveness; for Paul himself mentions an instance in which he had to withstand him to his face.

But there is one thing which is adapted to encourage every person who, after years of wrong indulgence, is striving to live a right life. The longer we persevere in virtuous action, the more easy it becomes for us to act virtuously. By continually doing well, we acquire stronger and stronger aptitudes for well-doing. Those who have been, for many years, faithfully devoted to truth and purity, find but little difficulty in resisting the most powerful temptations. They have bought this facility of self-denial and virtuous action—who knows how dearly? Some people affirm that it is far more easy to commit sin than to do right. I grant that it is so in most instances. But consider those persons who have acquired excellent habits of thought and action. Do they not hate sin? Do they not shrink from vice, as they would from a venomous serpent? Are they not in bitter agony, whenever they think they have done a wrong act? Let a man undertake to raise a good crop of wheat, and it will not be

very easy to induce him to scatter bad seed in his field. You could not hire him to corrupt his soil with such seed. If he should scatter any, he would do it by accident or by carelessness; and, as soon as he should find out what he had done, he would, if possible, go and pick up the kernels. If they should already have germinated and taken root, he would, if possible, go and pull all the germs out of the ground. But it would be very easy for a man to sow foul seed, if he had never sown much seed of the opposite kind. So, it is easy for a man to be a reckless sinner, if he has never been anything else. It is easy for a man to be licentious, if he has, for years, given large license to his passions. And it is easy—let many observe this—for a man to be miserly and mean, if he has never disciplined himself to generosity and nobleness.

“For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency.”

SHAKSPEARE.

VI.

TEMPERAMENT.

Every person possesses some prevailing peculiarity of organization. We call it his temperament. This constitutional peculiarity is no part of the person's mind. It tends, however, to determine his mental character. It does not give him thoughts and feelings; but it causes him to think and feel in certain modes rather than in others. It has, therefore, an important bearing on aspiration or the desire of superiority.

Temperament is both national and individual. Travelers find the people of every country to be, in some general respect, constitutionally different from the people of every other country. Montesquieu remarked, that "Germany is the place to travel in, Italy to reside in for a time, England to think in, and France to live in." I suppose it is much more difficult for a Frenchman to be habitually pious, than for an Englishman. Mr. Beecher, in his lecture on Patriotism, hints, that a genuine Yankee never, for a long time, worships anything. Men's tastes and habits differ according to the country to which they belong. The general temperament of a people living on mountains, differs greatly from that of a people living in valleys. The inhabitants of a rough, wild region, are rugged and difficult to conquer. Such are the Swiss and the people of Scotland. Such were the Waldenses. The dwellers on lowlands are less industrious, less honest and patriotic, and more prone to luxury, than the dwellers on highlands. The inhabitants of the coast are found to have less local attachment and more of a cosmopolitan disposition, than the inhabitants of the interior. Heat relaxes muscle and mind, and promotes idleness and sensuality. Hence, the African people are generally indolent and voluptuous. Cold, on the contrary, contracts the body, and tends to contract the mind. The Esquimaux are not remarkable for intellectual expansion, nor are the inhabitants of Lapland. A moderate climate, like our own, is found to be most favorable for the development of the mind. But temperament, considered as a specific peculiarity of man, is a subject of inquiry

vastly more important to each of us, than general or national temperament.

The ancients distinguished four temperaments. They gave to them names which are still in use. By these names, they intended to indicate the different bodily peculiarities, on which they supposed the temperaments to be founded. Each appeared to them the result of the excess of some one of the principal fluids of the body. The *bilious* temperament represented the excess of bile in the system; the *sanguine* temperament, the excess of blood; the *phlegmatic* temperament, the excess of phlegm; and the *melancholic* temperament, the excess of what they called the black bile. We apply to the temperaments the ancient names, but do not explain them, as the ancients did. We suppose that each temperament depends on the preponderance of some one of that variety of systems called the digestive, the circulatory, the respiratory, and the nervous.

The bilious temperament is favorable to the development of mental force. It is the temperament of the ambitious man. It is accompanied by restlessness of spirit. Rulers and conquerors have it. It was the temperament of Cæsar, and of William the Third. It tends to give assurance, firmness, constancy, and a love of hard occupation.

The phlegmatic, or, as it is sometimes called, the lymphatic, temperament, tends to give rise to very different traits of character. It is accompanied by self-possession, coolness, reserve. He who has this temperament is conservative. He receives everything with calmness. His mind moves slowly. He is rarely zealous. Novelties make but a slight im-

pression on him. He adheres to the old, greatly disliking that which is revolutionary. He loves a quiet situation, and is predisposed to luxurious indulgence.

The sanguine temperament imparts liveliness to the mind. It is accompanied by fickleness, ardor, and impulsiveness. It makes the mind quick to perceive, active, and zealous; but predisposes its subject to undertake more than he will accomplish. He is apt to be feebly tenacious of experience, and ill able to endure trial.

The melancholic temperament is usually indicated by a shaded complexion. It is accompanied by fire and activity. Its subject is deeply thoughtful, and is apt to be mournfully meditative. He is not open in heart, but is constantly reserved. He loves power. His object is self-advancement. He is predisposed to regard other men with suspicion. As a ruler, he inspires a respect which is full of fear. Caligula, Tiberius, and Robespierre, had this temperament. It is the temperament of Napoleon the Third. In poets and artists it shows itself in a gentler form, and gives the mind a longing for that which is higher than reality. It inclines the devotee of science to skepticism, and the devotee of philosophy to transcendentalism. Such are some of the mental characteristics which naturally accompany each of the four acknowledged temperaments.

But, in discussing the relation of temperament to the mind, a question of great moment presents itself—namely, whether a person can or cannot neutralize the effect of his temperament on his powers of thought and of feeling. I consider it not

impossible to show, that this question may with justice be answered affirmatively. While every man's mind is more or less influenced by his temperament, still it is in the power of every man to counteract the influence of his temperament. So, both heat and cold tend to produce a change in the temper of iron; but the skillful blacksmith knows how to counteract the effect of each. The conclusion would be a terrific one, that a man is doomed to be what his temperament is best adapted to make him. If this were so, then before you could justly blame an inebriate for his evil habit, you would need to ascertain that it was no easier for him to become a drunkard than for any other man. And if this were so, then should your opponent, in a free discussion, fly into a passion, and treat you ungentlemanly, it would be your duty to learn his temperament before you should resolve never to debate with him again. And should you find his temperament such as to make it very easy for him to become fiery and pugnacious, then, of course, you should forgive and forget his offensive act, and say to him: "My good friend, you are certainly not to be blamed for thus insulting me. Our common mother, Nature, fitted you for just such manners." It is not infrequently that you hear vicious men defending and justifying themselves with the words: "It is my nature to be what I am, and to do what I do." So, Nero might have said, that it was according to his nature to set Rome on fire, and then repair to a neighboring hill-top, and play on a musical instrument, while the city of the Cæsars was burning. So, Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold might have said, that they had

natures fitting them, the one to betray Jesus Christ, and the other to betray his country. Can you not overcome the effect of your temperament? Must you be what you are, by nature, peculiarly fitted to be? Then, when a person charges you with folly, or with wickedness, before he has learned what your temperament is, you may not inconsistently tell him that he charges you unreasonably, since, in truth, you are just as wise and good as the Creator made you to be. If this theory is true, woe be to the preacher who denounces a wicked man before he has ascertained the effect of that man's temperament on his mind. And if this theory is true, reason would suggest the absurdity of trying to convert vicious men who, by some unchangeable peculiarity of individual organization, are fitted for an immoral life. It would, also, suggest that, as God has made such wicked persons to be what they are, it were but wisdom to call them poor sinners, and let them go.

But the truth is, that temperament is never an irresistible bar to reformatory endeavors. In every person, are powers by which he can become almost what he will. Self-education has no bounds fixed by unrelenting necessity. The parent knows that, though his child possesses the worst of temperaments, yet, under wise management, that child can become a sober, intelligent, and useful member of society. And hence the parent draws back his young son from the evil path, in which it is so easy for him to tread. In well-selected moments, he speaks to that opening mind of the sweet elevation and honors of a life of goodness and manly daring.

He throws suitable books in the boy's way. He puts him under careful and judicious instructors. At length, the boy learns that he was not born to be, in any respect, meaner than everybody else; but was born to be brave and noble. Years roll on, and, out in the noisy, dusty world, that son begins to act for himself. His aim is high; he is ambitious; he is energetic. It is evident that his career will be neither a common nor a dishonorable one. Now, what is it that is bearing him on to his lofty destiny? Is it the influence of his native temperament? No; for that, as we have assumed, was adapted only to lead him to disgrace and infamy. Is it the imperishable effect of the parental influence, under which we assumed that he spent his early years? It must needs be this in part; but much more is it the awakened and disciplined powers of the young man's aspiring mind, in obedience to which circumstances, both bodily and external to the body, both opposing and favoring, become either weak difficulties or strong helpers.

It will not avail you anything to pronounce this a fictitious instance; for you will find that the picture I have drawn has had a corresponding reality in more than one earnest mind, accomplishing triumphs in the world, and building for itself a solid and admirable character. Take Martin Luther for an instance. It is recorded, that he was characterized by great excitability of temperament. He was, at times, almost furious. Douglas Jerrold assures us, that "when he wanted to crush the devil, he threw ink at him." His words often issued from his mouth like volleys of cannon-shot. It is, per-

haps, not too much to say that there were days on which he could have chased a thousand, and two like him have put ten thousand to flight. "I was born," he says, "to fight with devils and factions. This is the reason that my books are so boisterous and stormy. It is my business to remove obstructions, to cut down thorns, to fill up quagmires, and to open and make straight the paths." In harmony with this sentiment, is that heroic outburst of his, to the messenger whom Spalatin had sent to warn him not to visit the Diet of Worms: "If there were as many devils in Worms, as there are tiles on the roofs of its houses, I would go on!"

It cannot but be admitted, that Luther would never have been such a man as he was, but for his temperament. This contributed to give him his modes of thought, of feeling, and of expression, and to make him a more striking terror to evil doers. You will not, however, say that it was a good temperament. He himself seems to have well known, that, under its influence, he was often excessively impetuous and violent. "But if I must," said he, necessarily have some failing, let me rather speak the truth with too great severity, than once to act the hypocrite and conceal the truth."

Now, do you not know that many a person, having a native excitability similar to that of Luther, has ended his career on the gallows? Something in Luther's early associations, and something in his own soul, that forced his wild temperament to become a servant of good to him, and to humanity, were what secured to him the power and the fame of a reformer. His temperament did not give him

his character; but it affected his mind, and ever tended to affect it badly. Mirabeau, of France, had, it should seem, a similar fire born in his blood; but how different was his character from that of Luther! You can find burly fist-fighters, outside of jail, who might boast of a temperament like Martin Luther's. But it is one thing to have a temperament like his, and another thing to live a life like his. It is one thing to let the mind become subservient to an evil temperament, and another thing to keep the body, with its temperament, under, and bring it into subjection.

But it is hardly necessary to resort to history for instances adapted to prove the position that a person with an unfortunate temperament can become good and great. We know that, in the common walks of life, there are those who would, long since, have lapsed into dissoluteness, had they allowed themselves to live according to the dictates of native temperament. Are there not virtuous persons having temperaments fitting them for vicious lives? Are there not sober persons having temperaments fitting them for inebriety? Surely, you will admit, that there is many a man who would find it far easier to be a *temperament* man than to be a *temperance* man. The conclusion is, therefore, inevitable, that a man's character and destiny are not necessarily determined by his temperament. It is readily granted, that temperament strongly and necessarily affects these. It is conceded that temperament shows itself, more or less plainly, in every manifestation of individual energy. But it does not, unless permitted to do so, control the mind. It modifies a person's modes of

thinking, of feeling, of speaking, and of acting ; but it does not, by necessity, give rise to these modes.

But how may temperament be kept under, and brought into subjection ? The settlement of this question obviously depends on the settlement of another—namely, whether the effect of temperament is or is not susceptible of increase or diminution. It will soon appear that the latter question may, with justice, be answered affirmatively.

I have observed, that the temperament of a person tends to give rise to the modes in which he thinks, feels, speaks, and acts. But is it not clear, that if your temperament gives you a melancholy turn, you can either increase or diminish that effect ? I do not say that you can increase or diminish your temperament, but that you can increase or diminish its effect. If you naturally have a predisposition to fickleness, you know that you can become either more or less fickle. This which I communicate is nothing new. Every wise physician considers the temperament of his patient, and if that temperament tends to promote low-spiritedness, he prescribes in such a way as to counteract its effect. You know how to speak to some of your invalid or hypochondriac friends, so as not to increase their morbid dejection. Not only disease and adversity, but also even an ill-timed word, may give a sad increase to the effect of an unhappy temperament. How often some affliction is mentioned, as having fallen on one who, in view of his temperament, is ill constituted to endure it ! There is none of us that does not sometimes realize the truth, that the effect of temperament can be either increased or diminished.

The thoughtful parent is slow to use the rod on the child that is constitutionally excitable. The wife learns, at length, the temperament of her husband, and if he is naturally phlegmatic she knows how to rouse him. We regard as culpable, those who, in their dealings with other people, do not, in some respects, accommodate themselves to the variety of temperaments which they meet. Is not the teacher deemed, by us, unqualified for his occupation, if he enacts rules or imposes penalties irrespective of the temperaments of his pupils? And do we not pronounce the minister unwise, if he does not somehow adapt himself to the temperament of the sinner whom he wishes to gain over to the side of virtue and piety?

In this allowance and this demand which we make for temperament, we practically affirm that its effect can be either increased or diminished. Indeed, who is there who would not, if he were to counsel some youth how to rear for himself a manly character, remind him of the extent to which he can control his physical system? "Be it your care, young man" — so every sound adviser would say — "timely to set a guard against your temperament. Study that temperament well. Learn how it affects your mind. Be rigid with yourself, and keep your body under. So, shall you live down that in your physical constitution, which tends to bear you to an inglorious destiny, and shall at length reach some height of sterling nobleness."

The true statement, in respect to the subject under discussion, appears to be this: Temperament is a certain peculiarity of bodily organization, by which

the mind is more or less affected. It is not the mind itself, or any part of the mind; but it is something which exerts an influence on the mind. It modifies the mind's habits. It makes it easier or more difficult for a person to act in one way than in another—to pursue one course of life rather than another. If unopposed, it cannot but contribute largely to form character and determine destiny. Most people, it must be admitted, live according to temperament. Of some persons we say, that they act from impulse. We mean that they generally give scope to their native temperament. They think and speak as it is most easy for them to do, though their modes of thinking and of speaking may be very absurd. If it is their nature to be vain, they leave nature to its course. If it is their temperament to be excitable, they allow themselves, on small occasions, to become excited beyond self-control. If it is their temperament to look on the dark side of things, they permit themselves to do so, and become morbidly melancholy. They are, in short, the children—nay, the victims of temperament. But while these weak persons are living their unprofitable lives, there are other persons—we all know that there are—who are forcing their minds to act in modes almost entirely different from those dictated by temperament. If their blood naturally runs too slowly, they make it run faster. They do not use intoxicating drinks, either. They stir themselves. At all events, they manage to counteract the effect which their bodily sluggishness has on their minds. If, on the contrary, they are constitutionally too sanguine, they endeavor to neutralize the effect of their native

temperament, by cultivating habits of coolness and reserve. Thus, though not able to destroy their temperament, they are successful in opposing its tendency to determine their modes of thought, of feeling, of expression, and of action.

These persons are the heroic of the race, the aristocracy of merit. Gradually, they attain to honorable distinction. Other men consider the many difficulties, pertaining both to physical constitution and to early situation, against which they, for years, have had to struggle; they observe how, by a steady progress, they have continued, in clouds and in sunshine, their work of self-culture; and, with admiration, those observers point to them as instances of true manliness, as exemplars to young ambition.

But an interesting point of inquiry, in respect to temperament, is whether it does or does not affect the mind more than circumstances which are external to the body. On one side of this question, it can be maintained, that every person has a temperament, which, in all his earthly life, seems not to leave him. This peculiarity makes him, in many respects, different from everybody else. In consequence of it, he is recognized as swift-blooded, as slow-blooded, as having a turn to despondency, or as capable of great endurance. This peculiarity of individual organization is liable to show itself in every sentence which he utters, and in every act which he performs. It makes him take life differently, death differently, food differently, and drink differently from the manner in which other men take these things. It appears in his anger, in his love, in his prejudices, in his greetings, in his fare-

wells, and in his pursuit of favorite objects. It can be maintained, that a man expresses his emotions, before such great natural scenes as Mount Vesuvius or the Niagara Falls, according to the temperament which he has. It can be maintained, that the phlegmatic temperament will make a man to be a very different schoolmaster, preacher, lawyer, military hero, or Christian, from that which either the melancholic or the sanguine temperament would make him. It can also be maintained, that, by knowing a person's temperament, we can tell whether he is or is not predisposed to excitability, fickleness, firmness, luxurious indulgence, conservatism, obtuseness, or hypochondriac depressions. It can, furthermore, be maintained, that most persons think, speak, and act in such modes as temperament makes most easy for them. In conceding that these several positions can be maintained, it is, of course, acknowledged, that temperament strongly affects the mind. But let us see what can be maintained on the other side of the question.

In the first place, it is evident that the mental powers of every person were originally developed entirely by the influence of things and agents, external to the body. The child receives, by birth, its temperament and the germ of its mind; but all its mental education is primarily the result of impressions made on the senses. Every incident which transpires before the child's open eyes, contributes to its intellectual development. Your education would never have been begun, but for external things and agents. It is true, that your temperament modified the effects produced on your mind by outside sources of in-

fluence. But could your temperament alone, or the germ of your mind alone, or both these acting together, have developed your mental powers? Was it not by impressions on your senses, that you learned the A B C's? Think what sort of being you would be, if, when a child, you had been shut in a place of darkness and silence, and kept there till now. The case of poor Casper Hauser will show you, that, under such circumstances, your temperament would not have made you either much better or much worse.

But let us consider the mind, at a more advanced age. How far, in comparison with external things and agents, does the temperament of the grown person tend to determine his character and his destiny? You say, that a person's temperament always affects his mind, and contributes to give him modes of thought, of feeling, of expression, and of action. I admit this. But do you not see that a person's own temperament is only one source of influence tending to modify his mental action? Consider, now, how numerous are the sources of influence outside of the person. And is it not reasonable to suppose, that some one of these sources should produce an effect on the person's mind, as strong as that produced by his temperament? Conceive, if you can, the extent to which books, associates, travel, amusement, adversity, bereavement, food, drink, climate, preaching, work, sickness, love, perhaps marriage, and other things, beyond calculation in number, have contributed to form your character. Ought not the effect on your mind, of some one of these external

realities, to be supposed to be far greater than that of your temperament? Certainly it ought.

But we do not teach that the mental character is the creation of circumstances. This was the error of Robert Owen, of England.* He seems not to have considered, that the mind of every grown person has powers of its own, by which it can select and modify, or resist and overcome, circumstances. These powers can either yield or not yield to the influence of circumstances.

But how often it is the case that the mind is lulled to an ignoble passivity, or to a weak compliance, by the associations and the incidents of situation! Does the temperament of any young clerk, in a saloon or in a hotel, endanger his character, as much as the circumstances surrounding him? Appeals from evil sources are never wanting to him who thinks to make something of himself. Who of us has never gone out, like false Peter, and wept bitterly, on account of some treacherous denial, wrung out of the soul by the force of circumstances? What Christian is not weak against some temptations?

Still, it is obvious, that by an application of mental force, every person can successfully counteract the power of debasing circumstances, and can appropriate the power of circumstances adapted to elevate his mind. But, in the same manner, the effect of an unhappy temperament may easily be neutralized. The higher part of man is the inner man. In what manner this is connected with the

* See note on page 299 of Dugald Stewart's *Active and Moral Powers of Man*, revised by Dr. Walker of Cambridge.

body, we know not; but we know that it is something different from the body and from everything else that we see. The physical man affects the inner man, but never so as to make it become what it will not. There is always a power in you, which renders you capable of resoluteness and resistance. You know that you can choose one thing and reject another—that you can admit one force and oppose another. This power is, in no instance, necessarily governed in its action. If it is, then you are a machine, and not a man. Your temperament sometimes prompts you to choose in one way rather than in another, but it does not irresistibly determine your choice. Can you not, in any moment, act in a manner contrary to that which would be according to your temperament? Because it is natural for you to be fickle, is it therefore necessary for you to be fickle? Because you are by nature excitable, is it impossible for you to acquire the trait of self-control? Let this be your doctrine, and you shall deserve ridicule when you blame a person for any evil act or habit which is in harmony with his temperament.

Nothing is more true than that the mind can exert itself, and can succeed, in opposition to the influence of the body. Though it is a man's nature to be bad, we know that he can become good. In despite of your temperament, you can become a Christian, can be brave rather than cowardly, can repress your passions when they begin to rise, can acquire the quality of perseverance if you have it not, can even attain to the highest manhood. There is no man of a solid character and a high reputa-

tion, who would not tell you that the merit which mankind honors and which the historian celebrates, is not a thing that temperament made it easy to gain; but is a worth which was bought by a self-opposition, carried on with resoluteness and patience, for many long years. And such a man would tell you that, by those solitary wrestlings with self, the cost of a golden and enduring reputation, habits were in time acquired which bore scarcely any indications of the effect of temperament. The grand lesson which the records of departed heroism teach us, is that in the conflict between flesh and blood, on the one side, and the inner man on the other, the latter will triumph, as surely as it maintains the struggle. And when the victory is won, it will not seem to have cost too much. So, to Demosthenes, when he had become a powerful orator, and had tasted the sweetness of Grecian praise, it could not have seemed too much that he had once maintained a long and painful contest with himself. And so, to Paul, in his mature years, it could not have seemed too much that he had kept his body under, and brought it into subjection, lest, by any means, when he had preached to others, he himself should be a cast-away.

The conclusion, to which the foregoing discussion has brought us, cannot but be obvious. It may be expressed in the following manner: Does or does not temperament affect the mind more than circumstances external to the body? It does not. First, because the development of the mental powers of the child is entirely dependent on things and agents external to the body. Secondly, because the tem-

perament of the grown person is but a single source of influence, tending to modify his mental action ; whereas, the sources of influence outside of him, are incalculably numerous ; and it would be unreasonable to think that all these external sources of influence should not affect the person's mind much more than his temperament affects it. Thirdly, because people are generally in more danger from temptation than from temperament. Fourthly, and finally, because, so far as our power to oppose and neutralize the effect of circumstances external to the body is an affirmative argument, it is counter-balanced by our power to oppose and neutralize the effect of temperament.

VII.

COURAGE.

Aspiration is never genuine, when it coexists with cowardice. But what is cowardice ? "It is," you may be ready to say, "the opposite of courage." But what is courage ? To him who is longing for more life and for eminence, it is important to know the true answer to this question. Let us seek this answer.

We distinguish between the right and the wrong. No man who is capable of thought, is incapable of this discrimination. You cannot point to the pagan, how remote soever his day, who, if he could reason at all, could not reason to the difference between right principles and wrong ones.

What we call taste, is the judgment exercised in respect to beauty and deformity. What we call

reason, is the judgment exercised in respect to truth and error. What we call conscience, is the judgment exercised in respect to the right and the wrong.

Every man must have his own taste and his own reason. It is not less obvious, that every man must have his own conscience. You may cultivate your taste, your reason, your conscience. The culture may be endless. The Arab, the Hottentot, the Shillook negro, every heathen, and every Christian, has a conscience which is according to his education. What is a sin for one man, may not be so great a sin for another man. He who has only the light of nature, must be presumed to judge differently concerning the right and the wrong, from him who has the light of the Bible. He who believes that the New Testament teaches baptism by immersion only, should not deem him a sinner who believes that it sanctions three modes of baptism. Each one of us owes it to the right, to educate his conscience, and to educate it continually.

Consider, now, the relation of the right and the wrong to courage. A good conscience ennobles the soul; a bad conscience debases it. These two truths have been well known by men, from the earliest days of the race. Those great pagan philosophers, Socrates and Plato, knew them. Plato taught, that the chief attribute of right is courage, and that the chief attribute of wrong is cowardice. Look at your own experience, and you will find that Plato agrees with you. Do we not all know how conscience unmans the wrong-doer, and causes him to cower and skulk? "Thus conscience," says Shak-

speare, "makes cowards of us all." We may be brave animals, if we are vicious; but we cannot be brave men, unless we are virtuous. We read that, on the proto-murderer, Cain, there was set a mark which, in all his life, he was not to lose. Was not that mark the cowardice which, so long as he lived, showed itself in his face, his words, and his actions?

He who has no inviolable virtue, trembles oftener than he knows. He cannot forget himself, and be brave. His life is dearer to him than any principle. He is scrupulously careful of his blood. He is an unconquerable defender of his country—in private conversation! He would be an intrepid man in the field—after the battle! In all emergencies, he clings to himself, with a cowardly cohesiveness. I hope you do not know how such a man starts at the first shock of danger; and how pale and shivering he is, till some happy chance has again placed him in the lap of security. Almost all his escapes from peril are hair-breadth escapes. Let him know that his blood is in jeopardy, and he will shrink like a turtle, and will allow the emissaries of accident to trample on his back. Hence, if, in the hour of mortal disaster, he is delivered, the deliverance cannot but seem to him, in every instance, either a marvel or a miracle.

This man never exhibits one true sign of intrepidity. While other men are fighting with the flames of burning buildings, he is hasting from point to point, and is panting from his vigorous exertion—to see the fire! He never exposes himself so much, for his neighbor's sake, as to have his hands lacerated and his brow blackened. He suggests to

others how to rescue hazarded lives ; but never is he the hero who dives after a drowning boy, or imperils himself to save an endangered woman. In a storm, at sea, you can conjecture how many deaths this man would die.

“Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
The valiant never taste of death but once.”

I have heard, from those who had conversed with persons picked up from the water where a vessel had foundered or had burned, that some persons would savagely tear from others their life-preservers, and fasten them on themselves. Would you, in a similar case, be willing to save your life by such an act of inhuman selfishness ? Unless you have a love of the right, so strong that you would sooner die than buy relief from danger like a coward, the answer is, Yes ! I have, also, been told that, among the passengers, floating near the spot where the wheels of a certain doomed vessel had discontinued their revolutions, was one man who had become weary swimming for his life. He approached a fragment, to which a boy was clinging. He could easily have made it his own ; but the youth piteously said to him, “Don’t tear me away !” The exhausted swimmer answered, “Well, I will not !” and turned aside. Perhaps, not long afterward, a few bubbles from the sullen depths were coming up to break over the grave of one who was unwilling to save his life by an act of cowardly cruelty. Do you consider that person a true hero ? Do you think he exhibited great self-denial, admirable philanthropy, and unbending integrity ? You think truly. But was he

more heroic than you, in a similar case, should show yourself to be? I say, No! Man was made to be always courageous and magnanimous. You are not a man, if you could not die like a man!

But let us study, still more carefully than we have yet done, the relation of the right and the wrong to character.

There are two kinds of feeling which cheapen a person in his own estimation. One is simply chagrin. It rises in us in consequence of our unintended blunders. We ridicule ourselves. We look within, and say, "Thou fool!"

It sometimes happens that a person is suddenly made to see the imperfections and the faults of his intellectual character. Some experienced and wise master, it may be, causes him to start, in view of the number of his defects, somewhat as Elisha's young servant did when he beheld the horses and the chariots of fire.

It would be well, should each one of us be led, more frequently, to consider his own ignorance and weaknesses. We usually observe the faults of other people far sooner than we do our own.

Chagrin subserves an important end in the work of education. It nearly always reacts in intellectual improvement. As it is a feeling of disgust in us, in view of our own faults or our own mistakes, it cannot but tend to turn us into self-correctors and self-reformers.

The other species of reproving feeling, by which a man is cheapened in his own view, is that which rises from the consciousness of wrong. This, as we all know, rarely results in personal amendment. All sin has respect to principles and beings which

are invisible. We get only men against us by our blunders; we get God against us by our sins. Wicked acts are always willfully performed. We never blunder for the pleasure of blundering; but, in every instance of evil action, we sin for the pleasure of sinning. The revolts of taste and of reason never fail to make us intellectually better; but the revolts of conscience do not often serve to make us morally better. If we should always act, in respect to the right and the wrong, according to the dictates of judgment, rather than according to the dictates of propensity or of passion, our very self-reproach would make us upright, just as the feeling of chagrin makes us less faulty. But conscientious action requires a ceaseless subjection of propensity and passion to judgment; and, hence, the bad heart finds it more easy to be wrong than to be right, by as much as it is more easy to go downward than to go upward. It is usually the case, that he who is corrupt, is tending to become more corrupt. And every such man, whenever he contemplates his character, must needs feel that there is something in it with which God and all the pure creatures in the universe cannot sympathize, and which they cannot regard with the least degree of allowance. This feeling produces cowardice. We readily see that all evil ought to be doomed; that nothing which is opposed to the right, ought forever to prosper. In all our contests in this life, the voice of judgment cries within us, telling us either to give up or to fight on. A few conscientious men are always more than a match for a larger number of wicked men arrayed against them. You cannot point to one

man, in history, who willingly became a martyr for a principle which he knew to be wrong.

Men learn to make a distinction between character and reputation. They observe, that the former is what a man intrinsically is ; while the latter is what a man is in the view of other men. A person may be reputed heroic, and, at the same time, may possess a character which constitutes him a coward. You do not say, that, as a person talks, as he acts, or as he appears, so is he. Judas kissed Jesus, as if he loved him ; but you know what it was in Judas that made his kiss infinitely worse than a blow would have been. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. A man's character is that which he really is. Find out a stranger's heart-thoughts, and you need not fear him ; for, if he is good, he will not harm you ; and, if he is bad, you will not put yourself in his power. He that is pure in heart will think purely on the lowest themes. Thoughts of evil may not be evil thoughts. Nothing that is merely intellectual is base. It is the baptism of corrupt feeling that defiles thought. There can be no wrong purpose in a man with which his heart is not concerned. The character of the Pharisee, in the parable, who said, in his prayer, "I thank thee that I am not as other men," was not so much according to his views, as according to his cherished views. Two generals, the one animated by a selfish ambition, the other by an unselfish ambition, may be equally sagacious in tactics, and equally successful in the field ; but humanity will hold the name of Napoleon less dear than the name of Washington, by as much as the lust for power is less noble than

the love of country. The great man may be sure of notoriety if he is bad; but he cannot be sure of fame unless he is good. Corrupt as the masses may be, you will find that they rarely celebrate the birthday or any triumph of a powerful man, who was known to possess a brilliant reputation but a base character. How sublime an object of admiration is he who has become illustrious by thinking mightily in a virtuous heart!

We all consider men of power and fame in their relation to God. We know that reputation, though it should fill the whole world, would be nothing to God in comparison with character. He is no respecter of persons. He is a respecter only of characters. He honors men according to their heart-thoughts, not according to the measure of their popularity. We all know this. We are so constituted that we cannot but know it. And, therefore, whenever we see a poor man, with no reputation, or with a very unfortunate one, struggling along in life, and, all of the time, showing to those who best know him, that he is perfectly honest and virtuous, we say, "This poor man means well; let us help him along!" All mankind agree with God in some things. Are we not disposed to tolerate even superstitious fanatics, if we find their moral fidelity to be so great that they would suffer martyrdom for the sake of a right principle? Ignorance, awkwardness, noisy enthusiasm, are not pleasing. They insure to no man a fortunate reputation. But, is it not true that, even in despite of these disagreeable things, he whose character is known to be good, and always good, usually receives good treatment

and gets a good living? Do not wicked shopkeepers and bankers always try to hire for clerks men who think honestly in their hearts as well as clearly in their heads? Do they not say to themselves: "Can I trust this man out of my sight? Is he unbending in integrity? Would he ever handle my cash with embezzling fingers? Is he selfish? Is he profane? Is he, in any respect, really vicious? Is he all that he seems to be?" In some instances, how great soever may be the employer's sagacity, a bad heart, in a well-dressed form, gets behind a store-counter, behind a bank-counter, in a railroad office, or in some other and higher position of responsibility and trust; and what is the result? The possessor of that heart does not long retain his position. For, though reputation and character are two things, and you cannot always justly infer the latter from the former, yet it is natural that a corrupt character should manifest itself. It has been supposed, that an evil man inevitably expresses his baseness in his look. This is, undoubtedly, an error. Shakspeare makes Hamlet say:

"—————Meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain."

Do not the most cunning deceivers usually have strong eyes and open countenances, as if they were the purest beings in the world? "Dishonesty," says Charles Dickens, "will stare honesty out of countenance any day in the week, if there is anything to be got by it." But the bad man who would conceal his character is unwittingly a traitor to himself. Not all the eyes that are on him are wanting

in penetration. He must needs be more or less exposed to the scrutiny of those who are skilled in reading the most casual manifestations of disposition. Hence, he that is a hero in the field, may not be a hero in the opinion of his most intimate servant. We all show what we are to some persons. No shrewd disguise for reputation's sake, or for position's sake, can long avail to a man as a complete concealment of what he really is. "Beware," said Jesus, "of false prophets who come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits: do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so, every good tree bringeth forth good fruit, but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, nor can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit, is hewn down and cast into the fire."

Remember, then, that, as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he, in despite of his reputation. Learn to look within men for what they are. Do not confound extrinsic with intrinsic worth. Let not the false deceive thee by flattery or the corrupt captivate thee by fair pretensions. "Eat thou not," says the proverb, "the bread of him that hath an evil eye, nor desire thou his dainty meats; for as he thinketh in his heart, so is he. Eat and drink, sayeth he to thee; but his heart is not with thee."

Remember, also, never to despise a poor man, so long as he is honest. Join not with those fickle children whose father is Selfishness, and whose mother is Vanity, in forsaking or denouncing a person, before thou hast gone back of his reputation and

studied his character. A person may seem to be corrupt, and yet may be right in heart. A person may be derided, scorned, hated, slandered, and yet may be one of God's courageous little ones. "Blessed are the pure in heart," said he who uttered the melodious beatitudes; "for they shall see God." Oh! is it not well — is it not a sweet solace to thousands of our fellow-men, that there is one being in the universe, to the rays of whose genial love the meanest dress and skin are no bar, so long as there are genuine virtue and courage back of them? All the show which the richest of men can make, in this world, must be made, within far less than six score of years; and when this brief life, with its vanities, and flatteries, and pageantries, and idolatries, and hero-worship, shall have come to its close, the great God will brush away from the man his gold, his laurels, and his faded body, as if these all were but cobwebs, and will say to him: "Man, let me see thy character!" In such an hour, there may be a king, lying in purple robes, on a bed thronged with weeping courtiers; there may be a leper to whom kindred have been cold, neighbors unkind, and strangers cruel; there may be a poor man; there may be a black man; but, in despite of all things external — in despite of the purple, the plague-spots, the poverty, or the complexion, the divine eye will pierce through to the soul, and will see the character, and only that!

P A P E R II.

GENIUS.

It is a momentous question, What results would be likely to follow, were a few great minds, now in the world, and engaged in speculations of their own, suddenly to become incapable of action? Do not say it is the people that produce the greatness of our nation, or of any other nation. Are you not a believer in genius? Can you doubt, that a few earnest persons have, in every age, been found apart from the many, steadily at work, ransacking nature for new laws and new forces?

The people do not keep the wheels of civilization going. They did not discover that this world turns once a day, on its axis. They did not frame the American Constitution. They did not build London and Paris, Boston and New York. They did not invent the steam-engine, the rail-road, the electro-magnetic telegraph. The people were not the first to say, Come! let us make a Crystal Palace! Come! let us construct a steam-ship, six hundred and eighty feet in length! Come! let us stretch a cable across the bottom of the Atlantic ocean!

When you say, that we the people of the United States are great and mighty, what more do you mean, than that there have been, and still are, in our nation, certain men of genius, who have driven,

and are still driving, an uncommon work, in such places as studies, offices of state, laboratories, and garrets? It is a small thing to fire a cannon. We the people can easily do that. But, if gunpowder or field-pieces were yet to be invented, we the people would have to wait for some genius to get up in the morning and do it.

It was not an association of men, but one man — Richard Arkwright, the inventor of the spinning-frame, that, as Mr. Carlyle says, “had to give England the power of cotton.” So, we may say, that one person had to give America the power of the lightning-rod, and another person had to give her the power of the reaper.

I.

GOVERNMENT.

The highest sovereignty over men, excepting the divine sovereignty, lies in genius. The genius in statesmanship and heroic action, is the ruler. The genius in discovery and invention is the associate ruler. “Napoleon,” says William Ellery Channing, “must divide with Fabbroni the glory of the road over the Simplon.” Kings are but pupils and followers, unless, like the same Napoleon, or like William, Prince of Orange—the hero of Macaulay’s third and fourth volumes — they have a power and an originality of their own, by which they are able to pass from the Old to the New, in magnificent steps.

We often hear it said, that, in America, the people have the sovereign power; or, in other words, that, in our country, the majority, not the minority,

rule. This, in one sense, is true, and is well. In another sense, it is not true; and, in a third sense, it is too true. Have you ever considered what sort of thing a purely popular sovereignty would be? Strong hints are sometimes given us, from which we may form a conception of the character of such a sovereignty. Hints of this kind are presented in all those extraordinary emergencies, by which the people are put, for a time, on their own resources. In every nation, such emergencies frequently occur. They are occasions on which the usual restraints imposed on the masses by certain intelligent and guiding persons, are almost completely thrown off. The many are, for a while, without the few. And what is the result? There are scenes of wild confusion and disorder. The people seem to have become mad. They show a sad want of judgment and of firmness. They blindly rush into dangerous paths of error, give unbounded credence to the most visionary theories, and pant and clamor in honor of infatuated fanaticism,

“Like Ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather or to drown a fly.”

Small, and in many instances, insignificant causes, suffice to introduce such seasons of temporary anarchy. Who can tell how soon the masses in America will rise and rush, urged up and on, by a contagious passion for some curiously novel illusion? Many a majority has paid dearly for its whistle. Not much is required to put the greater part of the multitude out of their heads, and make the *profanum vulgus* terribly profane. Great is the effort at restraint which must

needs be made by the few, on some of our days of public festivity, to keep the people from corrupting themselves. Consider the freaks and the broils of the crowds that throng in our cities, on the occasions of party scrambles and of elections. All popular excitements, too sudden in their rise to admit of immediate suppression, and all instances of unrestrained hero-worship, serve to show us what would become of the majority without the minority, the many without the few.

The people of every nation are always more or less liable to exhibit a fickleness like that which the French exhibited in the days of Napoleon the First. You have, undoubtedly, read, in how short a period of time, the masses of Paris passed through all the degrees of feeling, from utter aversion to enthusiastic favor, as the falcon-eyed Corsican made his way from Elba, the seat of his exile, to the capital of France. As if by some mysterious metamorphosis, he was, one day, a hideous monster, at whom the masses of the city were ready to gnash their teeth in scornful defiance; and, on the next, he was once more a beautiful emperor, at whose feet those very masses were ready to bow, in sycophantic idolatry. The history of every nation contains instances similar to this one—all which are indicative of the state of things which would result from a complete resignation of sovereignty to the people.

Thus, by supposing it to be for a time suspended, are we able to form some just estimate of the ability of that limited number of men who keep the nations from dissoluteness and ruin. "Remember, sir," said

Mr. Emerson to Kossuth, "that everything great and excellent in the world is in minorities."

Men are apt to lose sight of the fact, that there is a far-seeing aristocracy of merit, ever planning, producing, and conserving, for the welfare of humanity. But for the influence of this intelligent and able few, there could be no general progress of mankind. Take this from the nations, and they would soon be found groping in the gloom of degeneracy. It was when Moses delayed to come down from the top of Sinai, that the people set up the golden calf. It was when Solon departed for a visit to the neighboring nations, that the prosperity of Athens began to wane. It was when Lycurgus went into voluntary exile, erroneously thinking that Sparta could easily spare him, that the Lacedemonians began to decline. So long as these powerful lawgivers and guides were at their posts, dispensing counsel and exercising control, the people were prosperous and progressive. Moses, among the Jews, was sufficient to prevent them from corrupting themselves by the worship of idols. The Areopagus was a senate of Solons, and every brave Athenian knew his place and kept it, so long as the distinguished pagan democrat was present in Athens. Freedom, peace, good order, the fine arts, personal and public religion—in short, whatever things tended to make government strong and society happy, were, then, justly valued by the people. So, in Sparta, the presence of Lycurgus proved the truth of his favorite maxim, that "a city is well fortified, if it has a wall of men instead of a wall of bricks." His voice was sufficient to maintain the currency of iron-specie; and, so long as he

was near to sanction it, a yoke of oxen drawing an amount of coin equal in value to but ten minae, was no scene for popular ridicule.

Do you see, now, that it is not the many but the few, by whom the nations are shaped? Genius is the chief power in government, in civilization. By this, every human good is provided and conserved. Nothing is valuable — no book, invention, custom, law, or institution — but as an intelligent minority will and make it so to be. It was not the many, but the few, that rescued the American colonies from the English yoke. It was not the many, but the few, that gathered and preserved the classic manuscripts, and that first affirmed the value of "The Paradise Lost," and of "The Pilgrim's Progress." It is not the many, but the few, that are related to have first seen the sacred significance of the Star of Bethlehem. It has not been the many, but the few, that have kept our Bible from neglect, and have defended it against misrepresentation, in a world of unbelief and imposture, of treachery and violence.

II.

CUSTOM.

Great is the dependence of the many on the few, the indebtedness of the people to genius. As a specific illustration of this statement, consider how fluctuating and uncertain would be the estimate placed on all established customs, if these were left to popular dictation and caprice. You cannot say how long the present conventionalities of social intercourse — the forms of salutation, the modes of

showing regard and reverence, the rules of propriety and decency, and all those refined usages, which tend to restrain men from insolent boldness and from open vice — would survive a total surrender of sovereignty to the people. The mass of mankind originate nothing. They only use and enjoy what the great minds of the race have provided for them. They exercise little of that protective care, by which good customs are preserved from untimely desuetude.

We may judge, from the singular fickleness of the votaries of fashion, how liable to discontinuance every custom would be, if left to the will of the people. Observe how, like the fancies of a dream, the short-lived progeny of arbitrary innovation, seem ever fluttering into the world, and then out of it. But this mutability is the consequence of a renouncement, by genius, of all control over style in dress, and over the etiquette of parlors. The fashions which pass away are governed, principally, by aristocratic classes, that are distinguished more for show than for intellectual force. They seek change of style, as a gratification of vanity. From their ever-prurient desire of novelty, the very continuities of tradition are in danger. Genius has many hard tasks to perform in opposition to their influence. What are periodic commemorations and national annals, but means employed by the guides of mankind, to insure memorable events and worthy names against the popular tendency to indiscriminate forgetfulness? Not long would the people, if deprived of the restraining and regulating power of genius, celebrate the great days of history. Christ-

mas and the Lord's Supper might, at length, be disregarded. As in France, during the Reign of Terror, it might become unpopular to keep the seventh day holy. The observance of days of fasting and of thanksgiving, might become a matter of ridicule; and it might come to seem absurd, in the view of the States of our Republic, to commemorate the landing of the Pilgrims, the birth-day of Washington, or the Fourth of July.

III.

IMPROVEMENT.

But there is, obviously, a higher view to be taken of genius, than that in which it is considered only in the light of its utility. It is to be viewed as giving expression and form, in books, in the fine arts, and in various happy improvements, to ideals of surpassing rarity.

Genius embodies that which is exquisitely beautiful in thought. It arrests us by bright and curious surprises. It makes mute things vocal, dead things living, old things new. But for genius, even nature might seem monotonous. The tree would be far less charming to you, had you never learned from genius, that there is going on, in its trunk, its branches, and its leaves, a wonderful circulation of sap. We respect the drop of water, since genius has taught us, that hydrogen, oxygen, and electricity live in it. By the same master, we have been schooled to tread thoughtfully on the rough and unsightly rocks; for genius has shown us how to read, in fossilized vegetable and animal forms, and

in the lithologic character of the strata, descriptions of the world's ante-alluvial surface.

Look round you, and see how many objects which you admire or which you hold dear, have been made admirable or lovely by the influence of genius. You are more interested in the statue than in the living form, in the painting than in the real scene, because you think of those works as having once employed the thoughts of gifted human minds. Men cling, with a reverential speechlessness and tenacity, even to the bits of manuscript left by the illustrious dead. What is there that the touch of genius can not ennoble? The misfortune of the great man tends to make him more mysteriously beautiful. Homer and Milton are more interesting to us, because they were blind; and Socrates left greater power in his name, because he was made to die from a draught of hemlock.

Genius gives attractiveness to common things. It is a reformer of that in art, in science, or in nature, which has lost either its use or its beauty. There are a hundred mines of truth, which would, long ago, have been forsaken, had not genius proved their richness, and shown how they might be better worked. Philosophy received from Bacon a new impulse and a new charm. History was chaotic, till Herodotus wrote; and the drama became famous in the days of Shakspeare. Howard's "circumnavigation of charity" caused philanthropy to seem a nobler virtue. Florence Nightingale, by her presence and influence, gave renown to the hospitals of Scutari, and made the heroism of the six hundred, at Balaklava, look mean in comparison with

the amiable courage which she exhibited. The example of Aristides the Just, made it almost fashionable to be honest. By the power of his genius, the comparative anatomist, Cuvier, ascertained, from petrified bones, the forms of extinct animal species; and ever since Harvey discovered to us the laws of the blood, the old beat of the heart has commanded respect!

It was the boast of Themistocles, that "he could not fiddle, but he could turn a little village into a great city." Augustus Cæsar, on his death-bed, claimed, "that he found Rome a city of brick, but left it a city of marble." The man of genius improves everything on which he concentrates the energy of his mind. He makes dull objects charming. He goes down among the rocks and the fossils of the earth's crust, and comes back, bringing in his mind and hands the materials out of which a system of geology is formed. He christens the signs of the zodiac, and the balance, the scorpion, and the crab-fish, at once become names of empyrean dignity. He shows men that there is something admirable in the glow-worm as well as in the star, in the honey-comb as well as in the palace. He develops the power and the excellence which God left in the dust after making man out of it.

IV.

PERSONALITY.

Genius indicates itself in a remarkable independence and an inimitable potency. It insures to a man strong and impressive personality. The world

over, it is said that men of genius are eccentric. But you should not be surprised to find a remarkable difference existing between him whose mind is a producer, and him whose mind is only a consumer. If you should gather, on one side of you, all the geniuses of the race, and, on the other side, all those thousands of individuals who exhibit no marked signs of personality, you ought to know that you would then have, on one hand, a collection of men, each one of whom would be peculiar and anomalous, while, on the other hand, you would have only an uncounted flock of human sheep.

Viewed as active members of society, men may be divided into two orders. There are derived men, and there are men of personality. Of the first order, a single individual may be taken as a representative of the whole; but, of the other order, each individual represents chiefly himself. These two orders of men have contemporaneously figured in every era of civilization.

By a derived man, is meant a man who has no firm personality. He is, in a true sense, not a man, but merely an imitation of one. He is more a manikin than a man. His character, in all its essential traits, is the result of innumerable copyings. It is *induced* rather than *educated*. His thoughts are other men's thoughts. His own dwarfed mind never feels the birth of an original idea. He is content with superficial views. His opinions take their whim from the images made on the retina of his eye, or from the vibrations communicated to the tympanum of his ear. He is an enthusiastic reverencer of the past; and, to his view, distance lends

a powerful enchantment. He has much to say about Switzerland, and Germany, and Italy, and Greece; and, in his absurd veneration of the antique and the distant, he fancies that a man, on this side of the Atlantic, cannot become truly great till he shall have beheld the walls of the Colosseum of Rome, inhaled the breath of Naples Bay, or snuffed melon perfumes along the Nile.

He is, also, a bookish man. He could name to you his chosen authors by the thousand or more. His library is large. He is a reader. But, on inquiry, you would find his list of favorite books to consist, mainly, of such as impose the lightest tax on the intellect. Most of the profound books he reads, are served by him very much as, according to Dean Swift, some men in England used to serve lords—that is, he learns their *titles*, and then brags of their acquaintance.

As a writer, he has no settled style of his own, blots but little, and is, undoubtedly, very grateful for the quotation privilege. He writes on paper what he has, in different words, previously perused or heard. He tires you with a long, drizzling rain of rhetoric, not relieved by a single flash of thrilling lightning or a single peal of stirring thunder. His works are soon forgotten.

He speaks affectedly, and with little genuine force. You become weary under his elocution, as under the tedious monotony of revolving machine-wheels. His forced gestures and unengaged eyes soon convince you that he is only a polished mimic; and you retire from him with a feeling of disappointment or of disgust.

In action, he is equally formal and inefficient. He is a human automaton—a ceremony on feet. His manners smack of the etiquette of parlors, as much as certain preserves do of sugar and lemon. He is a fashionable man. He dresses according to the fashion, studies according to the fashion, thinks according to the fashion, eats according to the fashion, entertains you according to the fashion. He is a man of fashion, from the quality of a thought to the cut of a finger-nail. Such is the derived man. Let us now consider some of the traits of the man of personality.

This man possesses an indomitable self, on which he relies, whatever be the occasion. This self is his genius. By this, he is nerved and sustained, made defiant of opposition, indefatigable in pursuit, and heroic in the hour of conflict. Self-development is his education. His thoughts are fresh and great. As a writer, he is powerful. He expresses, on paper, something of his own. His style, his beliefs, his ideals of beauty and of utility, are there. He despises the servility of the plagiary. His books go down to posterity over the ruins of libraries of tinsel tomes. One word of his can chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight!

To commune and to wrestle with nature are his daily delight. He is no blusterer, no fanatic. He begins his tasks with serenity and stillness, but with steadfast hope and persevering courage. Other men become faint and disheartened before obstacles; but this man, in despite of all obstacles, accomplishes his object. Other men joined hands with Luther; but Luther, only, was equal to the demands of the

Protestant Reformation. Other men suffered with the English Puritans; but they only possessed the heroism which achieves deliverance from oppression.

The inventor, the discoverer, the master — these are men of personality. Such men communicate something of themselves to all that are under their influence. Their words have an unusual sound. They set their plain sentences on fire with flashes of that lightning which lives in their eyes. They are impressively simple, and commandingly unfashionable. Their thoughts, their opinions, their feelings, and their beliefs, pass into the minds of other men. Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus, each gathered round him a sect, every member of which thought his thoughts, adopted his opinions, felt his feelings, believed his beliefs. Napoleon the First made his generals Napoleonic; and Washington, in the Revolution, drew round him a Washingtonian soldiery.

They who become famous are men of personality. Such men stand out from the race like those grand old mountains of the world, whose tops have never been striated and scoured by drift-agency.

To the man of personality, death is never a discontinuance of influence. Though ill-appreciated in his own generation, yet his name and his works will surely, as Lord Bacon said of his own, be honored "after some time be passed over." The sweep of revolution will only leave his reputation brighter. Not many men have studied the plays of Shakspeare; but who does not feel the force of Shakspeare's personality?

In the first half of the seventeenth century, there

lived two Englishmen, born eight years apart—William Prynne and John Milton. Both these men were graduates from college, and had access to the highest learning and refinement of their time. But they differed in intellectual power. Milton was a man of impressive personality; Prynne was a bookworm. In accordance with this difference, the former became great and famous; while the latter lived absurdly, and died only to be remembered with commiseration. In a work entitled "Calamities of Authors," you will find the name of Prynne honored—if honor it be—with a brief essay, under the title of "A Voluminous Author without Judgment." He published more than two hundred works. His chief production was a quarto, of eleven hundred pages, entitled "Histriomastix"—a book which was seven years under the scribbler's hand, and four years in press. Lord Cottington, amazed at this paragon of voluminosity, was provoked to exclaim, that "Prynne could not have written the work alone; he either assisted the devil, or was assisted by him." And a wit of that day, affected with a similar feeling of disgust, in view of Prynne's habits of application and research, without any manifestation of true genius, said of him, that "Nature makes ever the dullest beasts most laborious and the greatest feeders." Such was the career of a learned man who was wanting in impressive personality. Or, using the language of him who has contributed to rescue Prynne's abortive life from utter oblivion, I may say: "Such is the history of a voluminous author, whose genius was such, that he could write a folio much easier.

than a page, and who seldom dined that he might quote squadrons of authorities."

There is in genius, a love of solitude, which cannot but make it eccentric. It would be well should we all frequently make this solitary worker for mankind a visit. I will answer for it, reader, that there are tremendous realities in the work-places and the life of genius. The people of the surface-world move on, day by day, in their butterfly-chases, indifferent to the extent of their dependence on certain still and secluded men of personality. If a plague or something else should sweep off all the geniuses, what a longing and what an outcry there would soon be for unfashionable heroes of thought, to manage the machinery of progress!

The habitual simplicity of genius is a characteristic which dooms it to be more or less neglected by society. Men of personality can understand people of fashion; but these cannot always understand those. To persons of superficial minds, simplicity is far less significant than complexity. Genius has ever its own modes of expression. The fashionable classes consider these modes undignified. They do not observe, that those objects which have the most *specific gravity* are the least disposed to behave like a floating cork.

It is from the great difference between the man of personality and the derived man, that the people seldom consider the irrepressible yearnings, the mighty grapplings, the persevering courage, and the untold raptures of great thinkers. When it has become the fashion to give honor to genius, then, and then only, is genius the people's favorite. I see,

now, why so many of the sages of old were, for years, unpopular. I see why Aristides the Just was banished by the Ostracism; why Socrates was martyred, and Galileo was thrown into prison; and why the copy-right of Milton's *Paradise Lost* brought him but five pounds. I see why it was, that, when Poggio Bracciolini collected the scattered manuscripts of Quintilian, Plautus, and Columella, "he did not," as he himself said, "find them in libraries which their dignity demanded; but in a dark and obscure dungeon, at the bottom of a tower, where they were leading the life of the damned." It has been said, that the eye of a man of genius seems directed toward some object, far in the distance. It is ever so. Genius lives in the future, as well as in the present. Its own generation is unable to comprehend the full meaning of its simple expressions and manners. Homer, with all his simplicity, was not understood by the men of his time. Plato had not many listeners; and Jesus himself gained, before his crucifixion, but few adherents. And who can tell how many a gifted mind lived, in the far-distant past, whose precious manuscripts, containing, perhaps, the germs of a higher civilization than ours, went to dust, more than a thousand years ago, with the hands that wrought them, or were scattered to the winds by some one of the many revolutions which have, from time to time, swept over human affairs?

"Who tell what thoughts that might have stirred the zones,
Have died unheard?"

But there is more to be said concerning the personality of the man of genius. Observe, that no

two productive minds are ever, in the same respects, unique or eccentric. The geniuses differ, in intellect, as widely as various species of trees differ in fruit. The chestnut-tree cannot bear pine-apples. When a derived man apes the peculiarities of a man of personality, he appears as absurd as would a beech sapling with apples tied to its twigs.

Observe, also, that not all eccentric men are men of strong and manly personality. Every idiot is eccentric. There was a notoriously eccentric individual whose surname was Patch. He was the comet of leapers. If the multitude has ever stood agape and breathless, to see what one man can do, it was when they beheld the feats of Mr. Patch. Most eccentrically did this man exhibit himself; and, in the last of his hazardous exploits, his eccentricity was so great, that it proved fatal, and left him with no more power to jump in this world. But do you say, that Mr. Patch, in consideration of his odd aptitude for leaping, was a man of genius? Then, so far as your influence goes, you dishonor that gift which made a Bacon of one man, and a Newton of another.

I do not deny that Diogenes possessed genius; but I deny that it was on account of anything noble in him that he was led to wipe his dirty feet on Plato's carpet, and to say, as he performed the indecent act, "Thus trample I on Plato's pride." "With another kind of pride," retorted Plato; and in those words, he suggested the true explanation of his guest's unmanly independence. I deny, also, that Diogenes was exhibiting sterling genius, when, as it is related, he ludicrously chose a capacious tub

for his house. A man may be foolishly anomalous ; but the gift of genius will not make him so. It cannot, however, be maintained, that the peculiarities of genius are always pleasing. In many instances, they are exceedingly disagreeable.

The man of personality is eccentric, because his modes of thought, of expression, and of action, are his own. He has but few habits, in common with the derived man. Descartes, Montaigne, Buffon, Addison, are said to have been unfashionably taciturn in mixed company. A friend of Marmontel once said of him, after an interview, "I must go and read his tales, to recompense myself for the weariness of hearing him."

One would naturally suppose that Butler, the author of the humorous satire of "Hudibras," was one of the liveliest of men. But, when the witty Charles II. had, in a private talk, discovered the poet's dullness, he could hardly believe him the author of that amusing satire. Antisthenes, the ancient, was one day seen dragging a large dirty fish home from the market. The village people laughed at the philosopher ; but he turned to them, and said, "It is for myself that I carry this fish." It is related, that Thales, one of the seven Grecian sages, was so enchanted, one evening, by the beautiful scenery of the heavens, that he lost his path, and fell into a ditch. A Thracian lady who happened to see him floundering in the mud, exclaimed, "Ah ! served him right. He would read the skies, and yet does not know what is at his feet." The philosopher was, undoubtedly, far more patient in the mud, than that lady would have been.

V.

REGULATION.

Genius is not a faculty, not a passion, not an in-born taste. It is a gift of uncommon natural ability. It insures to the mind a remarkable quickness, receptivity, and originality. Charles Lamb calls it "great wit." Dr. Johnson defines the true genius, as a mind of large general power accidentally determined in some particular direction. Macaulay represents genius as embracing those higher and rarer gifts, without which industry labors in vain to produce immortal eloquence or song. John Wesley pronounces genius an extraordinary capacity, either for some particular art or science, or for all. "Some minds," says Thomas De Quincey, "stand nearer to the type of the original nature in man, are truer than others to the great magnet in our dark planet. Minds that are impassioned on a more colossal scale than ordinary, deeper in their vibrations, and more extensive in the scale of their vibrations, whether in other parts of their intellectual system they had or had not a corresponding compass, will tremble to greater depths from a fearful convulsion, and will come round by a larger curve of undulations."

But, while genius, considered as a gift of uncommon natural ability, makes a person remarkable, and gives him a great capacity either for action, for enjoyment or for suffering, it may be, and should be, completely controlled by the will. No person was born to be a mathematician and nothing else. I deny that any person was born to be so much of a musician as to deserve to be carried to *Sing-Sing*. Nothing is more true than that genius is susceptible

of unlimited regulation. Indeed, its most salient peculiarities are, in many an instance, chiefly indicative of a lamentable default of regulation. Many great minds are deformed. Genius may be monopolized by one faculty, or by two, or by three faculties of the mind. There are men of wonderful memory, but of weak judgment; of great readiness in figures, but intolerably tedious in speech; of unconquerable courage in the field, but cowards in the great war between desire and moral principle. Alexander the Great was not so great, off his horse. He was, then, a man of so weak a mind, as to lay a wager of a thousand crowns—and try to win it himself—for him who could drink the largest quantity of wine. The conqueror of the world had to own himself outdone by Promachus, the fortunate drinker, whose stomach was strong enough for eighteen pints. Diogenes, having suffered his genius to develop itself into a monstrous disposition of satiric crabbedness, was fitly called Diogenes the Cynic; and, when he was dead, the cap of his tombstone was not inappropriately ornamented with the image of a dog. It was at the expense of unbalancing his mind, that Socrates gave the reins to his zealous ambition to exterminate sophistry. If a man has a gift as a writer of fiction, and writes fiction all of the time, what can he become other than a monstrous fiction-writer? The best poets are more than poets. The best preachers are more than preachers. There are too many men of genius whose characters are sadly disproportioned. When Antisthenes was informed how finely Ismenias had played on the flute, he replied, “Then he is good

for nothing else; otherwise he would not have played so well." So, may we say of Alexander the Great, and of every other military hero who, like him, was a great sportsman hunting men for game, that he was good for nothing else; otherwise he had not managed armies so well. Let us be thankful that such monsters of heroism are less in repute in our age, than they were in ages previous.

It is in view of the possibility of a judicious regulation of genius, that its possessor is to be considered highly responsible for the use which he makes of his gift. Men of personality should watch the tendencies of the people. They should seek to express and embody noble ideals; to found useful institutions; to enact wholesome laws; to guard good customs; to make the voice of the people, as nearly as it can be, the voice of God; and faithfully to warn the people against blind enthusiasm and the influence of evil leaders. Not to be despised are the masses for sometimes corrupting themselves. Those gifted persons whom Providence designed to be the people's instructors and guides, are more or less accountable for popular errors and vices. The many may be culpable; but the few will be more culpable. The Epicureans were blameworthy; but Epicurus was more so. Pontius Pilate was more guilty of the blood of Jesus than were the Jewish rabble. In the world of retributions, Mohammed will suffer for the duped believers in the Koran; Voltaire and Paine for those whom they caused to become vicious infidels; and the papal hierarchs for their misguided devotees. "On the day of resurrection, some faces shall become white and other faces shall become black."

PAPER III.

THE DISCOVERER.

I FIND, in history, three names, to each of which I yield as to a spell. They are the names of men who seem to have experienced an extraordinary measure of the most exquisite joy possible, in any situation, to the human soul. Men they were, of more power of mind than of muscle — which is as much as to say, that they lived less in the outer world than in the inner. They were, however, not unpractical; for they were discoverers.

From the contemplation of these men, it is unnecessary to say, that there may be derived many inspiring thoughts and many elevating lessons.

I.

PYTHAGORAS.

Let us go back through the centuries, and trace something special, in the character and the career, of this famous ancient. Thus to do, is to study a man who was ever longing and toiling after the true and the beautiful, of the unexplored or of the ill-explored portions of creation. All the most noble triumphs of mind have been accomplished by men like Pythagoras of Samos. He was an uncommon

person ; and, among his works, are to be mentioned uncommon achievements.

He was the founder of a philosophic school, called the Italian school. He was more than that. Being asked by king Leon of Phlius, what was his profession, he sublimely answered, that he was a *lover of wisdom* — a *philosophos*, not a *sophos* ; for the Deity only he conceived worthy the title of *sage*. Consider this profession of Pythagoras. A better one was, perhaps, never made by man. If you perceive how much it comprehends, you will then be prepared, it may be, to hear almost any great thing which may be affirmed or suggested, in honor of that ancient philosopher, without thinking to pronounce it incredible.

Did he, at Crotona, form a unique society, consisting of six hundred serene seekers after discipline and knowledge ? Was his opinion on any subject of inquiry, regarded, by his disciples, as sufficient authority without any proof ? Did a single castigation, incidentally administered by him, to one of his pupils, before the assembled school, damp the ardor of the young man's ambition, and cause him to pine, for a time, in secret, and then die ? Did the pupils of Pythagoras, after the death of their master, pay him divine honors ? These things do not surprise me ; for I know that Pythagoras of Samos was an extraordinary man.

History does not tell us all the discoveries which were made by this ancient philosopher. We are informed, that he had two classes of hearers, and that he inculcated two kinds of doctrines. His public teachings were given in practical discourses. To

those who heard only these, he delivered truth under the mask of images and symbols. But, to those who constituted his secret society, he communicated instruction, without the use of such instruments. In order to become members of this society, it was necessary for the hearers to pass through a series of severe disciplinary trials. They were long instructed. They were required to practice the greatest purity and simplicity, in respect to manners. A silence of from two to five years was imposed on them, called the Pythagorean Silence. Whoever was terrified, in view of the appointed trials, was permitted to withdraw from the society; but, to every such person, a tombstone was erected, as if he were dead. Having been sufficiently instructed and disciplined, the learners were admitted to the immediate presence of their master. They then received his doctrines unveiled. They interrogated him, and propounded objections. They were designated as *Pythagoreans*. When they had been suitably instructed in geometry, they were instructed in respect to nature, to fundamental principles, and to the being of God. Politics were not neglected. But the particular instructions which were communicated by Pythagoras in secret, are not known, and cannot be ascertained. Did these contain the germs of great theories which have been framed in modern times? Did they embrace sublime truths, in respect to God and immortality? There is no voice to answer these questions.

But, whatever may have been the character of the private instructions of the ancient master, it is pleasing to think of him in his grave and com-

manding exterior, his joyous elevation of mind, his simplicity, his temperance, his self-control. It is pleasing to imagine his face, as showing, in its paleness, not so much the want of health, as the superiority of his restless mind. It is also pleasing to contemplate him as abstaining habitually from animal food, and welcoming, with a true relish, all vegetables — excepting beans ! How interesting to meditate on him, as a revered teacher, living among his pupils in perfect concord ; rising with them early in the morning to worship the outbursting sun ; then determining how the day was to be spent ; afterward joining in a recitation of poetic verses, or in vocal music, in order that his own mind and the minds of his pupils might be suitably prepared for the sterner employments of the day ; engaging with them, then, in difficult studies ; pausing, after several hours, for a solitary walk in which the mind might indulge in happy contemplations ; then participating in cheerful conversation and in various gymnastic exercises ; afterward attending to public and domestic affairs, to bathing, and to the duties of religion ; and, finally, reviewing what had been done during the day. All these things it is pleasing to consider, in connection with the genius and the works of that mysterious man of history — Pythagoras.

Although the ideals and the deductions of this thinker seem somewhat fanciful, yet he was, certainly, the most practical explorer of nature, of all that lived in his own day. Did he carry too far his reasonings about numbers ? You will own that he discovered the five regular geometrical bodies, and that he originated the multiplication-table. Were

his speculations in regard to music, to some extent, absurd? You will not deny that he developed musical relations, known, even in our time, to be as true as they are beautiful. Did he teach the doctrine of the transmigration of souls? You will concede that he unfolded new and noble views respecting the origin, the relations, and the destiny of man. Did he hold certain astronomical opinions which, in our age, seem extremely inconsistent? You will grant that he was the first of the ancient Greeks who clearly anticipated the system of Copernicus. For, wonderful as it may seem, he believed that the sun is the center of the planetary worlds, and that every star is a sun. He knew the causes of eclipses, and how to predict them. He knew that the earth is round; that its surface is naturally divided into five zones; that its equator is inclined to the ecliptic; and that it turns daily on its axis, and revolves yearly round the sun. He had discovered reasons for suggesting that the milky-way gets its whiteness from the innumerable stars in it; and reasons for pronouncing Lucifer and Hesperus the same beautiful Venus, bearing, in the one case, her morning, and, in the other, her evening name. And that early astronomer, who, without a telescope, so wisely read "the heavens of the Lord," thought he could perceive sufficient evidence to justify him in concluding that the other planets are, like our own, inhabited by sentient and intelligent beings.

Think how the discoverer, Pythagoras, must have enjoyed the light which filled his studious and contemplative soul! Did he not experience much of

that bliss which may be supposed to constitute the never-ending happiness of unfallen intelligences? How splendid a stand-point, in the vast universe, must he have regarded this world! Do you ask why, though numbered among a people given to sensual enjoyment, he devoted himself only to such pursuits as tended to subdue the inclinations of his grosser nature? Do you inquire why he so ardently loved the quiet seat of scholastic severities? Think of the mental vigor, the clearness, and the grasp; think of the rapturous satisfactions which were secured at the expense of that subordination of the body to the soul, of that application of the intellectual powers to tasks of research, and of the habits of Pythagoras you will find an ample explanation. "That man of the old time knew well how to live," you will be prepared to say. And, with reverential docility, as if you were, to-day, an humble learner taking lessons of wisdom from his lips, you will receive and garner those sayings of the philosopher, the truth of which his own life, without doubt, admirably illustrated: "Strength of mind rests on sobriety; for this keeps the reason unclouded by passion." "No one is to be deemed free, who has not perfect self-command." "Intoxication is a temporary madness." "The desire of the superfluous is folly; for it has no bounds." "Silence is better than unmeaning words." "It is cowardly to quit the post assigned us by God before he permits us."

There may be much, and there may be little of reality in that fine theory, in regard to the heavenly spheres, which has given a special celebrity to the

name of Pythagoras. I refer to that conception of his, in which, as you will remember, the solar system is supposed to be arranged, with such relations to distance, number, and time, as to make it a vast instrument of many parts, giving forth, as it moves through the ether, tones of the most exquisite melody. Little of reality, or much of reality, I say, there may be in this conception of a glorious celestial organ, formed of restless planets continually spinning and glittering round one dazzling center. But, be this beautiful theory true or not true, certain it is, that it indicates the sublime thoughtfulness of its originator. Was not he who, in an age in which the race was only in the morning of civilization, could contemplate the spheres of the solar system, as arranged in such order—was he not worthy, in consideration of the elevation and the joy of his experience, to have it said of him, as the pupils of Pythagoras were wont to say of their master, that “he was the only mortal whom the gods had permitted to hear the harmony of the spheres?”

We can, at best, but inadequately conceive how thrilling to Pythagoras must have been his intellectual raptures, and how satisfying these must have been to him, as rewards for his patient toils. It will, however, aid us not a little in forming, more vividly, this conception, to recall the manner in which it is said he expressed his intense joy, when he had made the discovery, in geometry, that the square described on the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle, is equal to the sum of the squares described on the two other sides. It is recorded by Plutarch, that

he offered an ox, and, by other authorities, that he offered a whole hecatomb to the gods, as a suitable indication of his gratitude to them, for permitting him such an experience of exquisite pleasure, such a jubilee in his mind!

Leaving Pythagoras, we pass to another ancient discoverer, the contemplation of whose character and triumphs cannot but be equally interesting.

II.

ARCHIMEDES.

What lover of science, can, with indifference, read this name? It is a name which is inseparably connected with the history of science. By Archimedes, of ancient Syracuse, were accomplished scientific achievements which changed the civilization of his time, and have benefited all succeeding generations. He was a discoverer in more than one field of investigation.

He was a discoverer in mathematics. By methods, depending on developments of truth made by Archimedes, men, in this day, measure curvilinear surfaces and solids. What a penetrating mind was his, that it was able to perceive unique relations and laws, where a thousand other minds saw nothing worthy of attention! It was for none but Archimedes to take up the cylinder and the sphere, and, by discovering the beautiful proportion existing between these magnitudes, when each has a base and an altitude equal to the base and the altitude of the other, to make them memorials of one man's genius, to a generation more than two thousand

years distant from his own. The circle was a common thing; but it was for Archimedes, and him only, to take up this common thing, and, by discovering the relation of its diameter to its circumference, to make it a charming celebrator of his own greatness for all subsequent eras.

But Archimedes was, also, a discoverer in practical mechanics. He it was, that ascertained the principle of the first compound pulley, and the principle of the first endless screw. His mind abounded with mechanic theories, which he had thought out in his solitary hours. The historians of the past — Polybius, Livy, Plutarch — each indulges himself in admiration of the Archimedean ingenuity, as displayed in the military machines which the immortal discoverer produced, to repel the attacks of the Romans during the siege of Syracuse. In his life of Marcellus, Plutarch says, that Archimedes, in order to show his kinsman and friend, King Hiero, how beautifully he could move a great weight with a small power, first caused one of the king's galleys to be drawn on shore without any application of machinery. Then, to illustrate the advantage gained through his ropes and pulleys, he placed himself at a distance from the loaded galley, and drew it to him, only moving with his hand the end of his machine. Plutarch tells us, also, that, in consequence of the engines of Archimedes, the Romans seemed, in their attack, outside of the walls of Syracuse, "to fight against the gods." "Why do we not leave off contending," exclaimed Marcellus, "with this mathematical Briareus, who, sitting on the shore, and acting, as it were, but in

jest, has shamefully baffled our naval assault; and, in striking us with such a multitude of bolts at once, exceeds even the hundred-handed giants in the fable?" And yet, Plutarch affirms that Archimedes did not think the invention of war-machines an object worthy of his serious studies; but only reckoned it among *the amusements of geometry*.

It is not known, and cannot be known, by mortals, how much mechanic knowledge Archimedes possessed, which it was inconvenient for him to bring to light—how many wonderful ideals he could have described, which his own circumstances did not permit him to embody in powerful forms—how many fine machines existed in his mind, the wheels of which were destined never to move before human eyes. That all the laws which he discovered, in regard to pulleys, screws, fulcrums, and levers, were reduced by him to practical uses, it were absurd to suppose. No living man can tell the number of complete demonstrations which had been made by him, before he concluded that, if he only had a place in which to operate outside of the globe, he could move it from its orbit. "Give me where to stand," said he, "and I will move the world." And, in these words, he left to the philosophers of after generations, a comprehensive hint, in respect to the untold amount of mechanic knowledge which he carried, in his mind, to the situation in which he now dwells.

But Archimedes was a discoverer in still another field of scientific exploration. You have, undoubtedly, read, more than once, of his beautiful discovery in hydrostatics, and of the bliss which it caused

him to experience. King Hiero had ordered a crown to be made of pure gold. The artist, to whom the work had been committed, produced a crown to which he had, fraudulently, added an alloy. The deception might never have been more than suspected, had not Archimedes discovered the law of specific gravity. This law was discovered by him one day while taking a bath. He found that a body immersed in a fluid, loses an amount of weight, precisely equal to the weight of the volume of the fluid which it displaces. In a moment, he perceived, that, by applying this principle, he could ascertain whether the crown of gold had or had not been adulterated, and the exact measure of the adulteration, if any should be indicated. When he clearly saw his discovery, he was so filled with exultation, that, yielding to the bewildering emotions which he felt, he leaped from his bathing-tub, and ran, naked, into the streets of Syracuse, shouting, "Eureka! Eureka!"—I have found it! I have found it! Who can describe the jubilee which then took place in the mind of that "glorious old heathen?" What words will express the Archimedean joy? It should seem that, in the hour of his triumph, the very faculties of the philosopher's mind had thrown off their usual restraints, and, with a beautiful madness, like so many trophy-bearing victors, were telling their rapture. Do you think that, if he had been caught up into the "third heaven," his soul would have been more happy?

But it would be unjust to Archimedes, to suppose that this instance of exquisite pleasure was other than a single one among many of like kind which

occurred in the course of his experience. I am unwilling to believe that, when he had discovered the relation existing between the cylinder and the sphere, his eyes became not radiant with the light of a blissful mental illumination, his heart throbbed not with the motion of a great transport, and his lips expressed not, in some striking manner, the rapturous tumult of his mind. After speaking of the intellectual energy of Archimedes, the acuteness of his genius, and the clearness of his demonstrations, Plutarch, who seems to have well known how sweet and how intense the felicity of such a man must be, observes: "We are not, therefore, to reject as incredible, what is related of him, that being perpetually charmed by a domestic siren — that is, his geometry — he neglected his meat and drink, and took no care of his person; that he was often carried by force to the baths, and, when there, he would make mathematical figures in the ashes, and, with his finger, draw lines on his body when it was anointed; so much was he transported with intellectual delight, such an enthusiast was he in science."

In order to immortalize his discovery of the proportion existing between the cylinder and the sphere, Archimedes, it is said, desired his friends to place on his tombstone a cylinder with an inscribed sphere. Perhaps, while thus ornamenting his monument, those friends had some thought of the joy which he experienced, in view of his triumph. And you will permit me to imagine that, when Cicero, about a hundred and forty years after the death of Archimedes, while acting as quaestor over Sicily, had, accidentally, found this monument in a thicket,

by which it had been so long concealed that the Syracusans knew not it was in being, the meditative orator fixed his eyes on the inscription showing that a cylinder and a sphere had once been placed on the tomb, and silently thought of the Archimedean joy!

Why, like Pythagoras, did Archimedes so ardently love the seclusion of intellectual activity? Why, when the city of Syracuse had, at last, been taken by the Romans, under Marcellus, was he found deeply absorbed in study over some geometrical figures which he had drawn in the sand? Those superior felicities which are the sure reward of the discoverer, furnish the only satisfactory answer to these interrogatories. "Disturb not my circle!" said he, to the Roman soldier, by whom he was insolently accosted. Archimedes, not having perceived that the Romans were within the walls of the city, refused to obey the soldier's order to follow him to Marcellus till he should have finished his problem. But that problem was destined never to be finished. The mathematician was, at once, pierced through with the sword; and, before the eyes of the brutal assassin, his bright blood gushed out, and moistened the unholy ground. "Disturb not my circle!" Beautiful, and yet melancholy saying! What a happy indication of that ineffable tranquillity, which is the unfailing inheritance of the philosopher! What a lasting memorial of the inhumanity of a murderous soldier! The historian tells us, that Marcellus was deeply grieved when he heard of the fate of Archimedes; that he turned his face from the soldier who pierced him, as from an

impious and execrable person; and that he sought the great discoverer's relations, and bestowed on them signal favors.

We come, now, to the last one in the trio of discoverers, whom it was our design to consider.

III.

NEWTON.

Well do you know what first occurs to your mind when you hear this name spoken, or when you see it on record. It is the theory of universal gravitation—the grand generalization, that *every particle of matter in the universe, attracts every other particle of matter with a force or power directly proportioned to the quantity of matter in each, and decreasing as the squares of the distances, which separate the particles, increase.* This is the most remarkable discovery of modern times.

It is pleasing to observe how differently certain distinguished names are associated with the objects which appear in the expanse of the sky. That of Pythagoras suggests the thought of the music of the spheres. That of Kepler is inseparably connected with the motions of the planets. So long as the bodies of the solar system shall continue to move according to the three great laws which he discovered, his name will be as fresh and beautiful as those immortal words of his concerning his triumph. "Eighteen months ago," said he, "I saw the first ray of light; three months since, I saw the day; a few days ago, I saw the sun himself, of most admirable beauty. Nothing can restrain me; I yield to

the sacred frenzy. I dare ingenuously to confess, that I have stolen the golden vessels of the Egyptians, and will build of them a tabernacle to my God. If you pardon me, I rejoice; if you reproach me, I can endure it; the die is thrown. I write a book to be read, whether by the present or future ages, it matters not. It can wait for a reader a century, if God himself waited six thousand years for an observer of his works." The name of Copernicus suggests the true center of the solar system. The name of Galileo suggests the daily and yearly motions of the earth. And Newton's name is suggestive of the law of universal gravitation.

"Nature and Nature's works lay hid in night;
God said, Let Newton be — and all was light."

POPE.

Let us briefly trace the history of Newton's astronomical discovery. We will begin at the sixty-fifth year of the seventeenth century.

Newton, at this time, is a student in Trinity College, at Cambridge. Not yet has he reached the age of four-and-twenty. He has already been, for five years, a student in the college. But he has not been either an idle or an ordinary student. He has not been a student, like Jonathan Swift, who would not pursue the line of studies prescribed in the Dublin University. Nor has he been a student, like William Prynne, who was a bookworm. Newton has studied assiduously and widely. He has also gone beyond the boundaries of classified knowledge, and has made explorations of his own, in quest of new truth.

In this year of our Lord, sixteen hundred and sixty-five, Newton is forced to leave college, for a

time, and retire into the country. But it will not be imagined that the young Isaac has somehow incurred the displeasure of the college faculty, by infracting on some wholesome law, and now must needs suffer what is called a *rustication*. Oh, no. Newton retires from the institution, on account of a plague which has begun to poison with its pestilential breath the atmosphere of the student's retreat. And should it not be to us the basis of a strong feeling of gratitude, that the young philosopher had too much prudence to risk the life which he afterward made so valuable to the race, by carelessly exposing himself to the plague which, at the time mentioned, was hovering near him?

Newton goes to Woolsthorpe — the place of his nativity; the place where he was an infant so small and weak, that it seemed impossible for him to live; the place where his father died, leaving him a helpless child; the place where his mother took pains to nourish in him the germs of his subsequent greatness; the place where, at an early age, he made his first little attempts at invention, surprising all who knew him; the place near to the school of Grantham, to which his mother sent him, when he was twelve years old, and in which he gave the first indications of an ardent taste for philosophic studies — a taste leading him to construct models of many kinds of instruments and machines, to make hour-glasses acting by the descent of water, to imitate a new species of wind-mill which had been erected in the town, to cover the walls of his room with rare designs in drawing, and to perform other works which caused his fellow-pupils to consider him the

possessor of uncommon powers; the place where is still shown a sun-dial which he constructed on the wall of his mother's house; the place whence his mother once sent him, in company with a trusty servant, to the Grantham market with a load of produce, and was afterward surprised to learn that the young philosopher had stopped on the way to read, having committed the business entirely to the servant.

But how does Newton employ himself in this place of domestic quiet? With special attention he applies himself to the study of natural philosophy. The theory of universal gravitation had its origin in a garden, near an apple-tree. Let us imagine Isaac Newton walking alone in that garden. He is, perhaps, seeking refreshment in the free air, after some severe mental exercise within-doors. But it is not important to know what has brought him there. It is enough to know that he is in the garden, and that he is a man who is accustomed to raise great questions on small things. We may, indeed, suppose, that Isaac Newton is passing a short interval with nothing special to employ his thoughts. In that interval an apple falls to the ground. The philosopher notices the simple occurrence, raises his question on it, and begins a train of reasoning which is destined to end in the discovery of a principle of attraction as common to worlds as to apples.

I deem it not inconsistent with my purpose to trace the principal steps that were taken by Newton on his way to the generalization which he finally reached.

A certain power is exerted by the earth on all bodies, either dropped from high points or thrown into the air. The stone which is tossed upward comes back to the ground. The ball shot from the cannon whizzes to the earth in a curve. When the stem of the apple is broken, something pulls the apple to the earth's surface. Now, why may not this power extend even to the moon, as if that were a body under the same law, not dropped from a high point, but thrown into space; and why may it not suffice to explain the retention of the moon in her orbit? Supposing this to be so, then the planets should be considered as kept in their orbits by the influence of the sun, just as the moon is kept in hers by the influence of the earth. From the third of Kepler's three laws concerning the planetary motions, it may be inferred that the force of solar gravity decreases as the square of the distance increases. The question now rises, whether the earth does or does not draw toward her the moon, according to the same law by which the sun draws toward him the planets. There are two methods of determining the answer to this question. One is to calculate the deviation or descent of the moon, in a single second of time, from a tangent drawn to her orbit. This descent may, in small angles, be considered equal to the versed sine of the arc described, in that time, by the moon. The other method is to ascertain how far the moon should fall toward the earth, on the supposition that the earth attracts all elevated bodies toward her, by a force decreasing as the square of the distance increases. Should the two calculations result in like figures, it would be

discovered, that the same law which holds the planets in their orbits, holds the moon in hers; and that by the same law the apple is made to fall from the tree.

Newton found one of the results to be greater, by a small fraction, than the other. But a difference amounting to the fraction, one-sixth, looked large to that cautious reasoner. The consequence of the discrepancy was, that he laid aside the problem which he had so nearly solved; and, hardly daring to hope he should ever succeed in his undertaking, he seems to have almost entirely abandoned the subject for about seventeen years. There is reason to believe that, during all this time, he gave only so much attention to the question of gravitation as to demonstrate, from one of Hooke's deductions, that an attractive force, emanating from a center, and acting inversely as the squares of the distances, would produce motions exactly resembling those of the planets, in regard both to the form of the orbit and to the velocity of the body at each point.

Newton's first calculations were made at a time when there existed but very imperfect methods of measuring the distance from the earth's surface to her center. This distance had to enter among his figures; and it is not difficult to perceive, that the more accurately it could be ascertained, the more certain he would be whether he had or had not reasoned correctly. But Picard's new mode of measuring a degree, has now come into use; and the great philosopher is, once more, inclined to take up his problem. It was the last time he was to apply

to that problem the faculties of his powerful and patient mind.

He begins the calculations which, many years before, had intensely engaged his thoughts. As he proceeds, he finds that his figures are, in some respects, new. He is, vividly, forewarned of the result.

Let your imagination conceive the philosopher, working at his task. See how his countenance, usually so pale, gradually becomes expressive of high excitement! See how his eyes, usually so mild, become, by degrees, illuminated with an unusual luster! See how his thin white hands are trembling, as if they were never to stop, every moment rendering him more and more incapable of advancing to the solution of his problem! See how his head seems to turn from the work before him, as if some strange element had entered its chambers, producing confusion and derangement! Surely, these are eventful moments to Isaac Newton. He who has reasoned with a vigor and a success, almost incredible — he who has gone through mathematical calculations which no contemporary would, perhaps, have ventured to undertake; even this wonderful man is now apparently deprived of nearly all his strength, both of body and of mind; and he seems as weak as a child. He is unable to finish his problem. He has discovered the evident tendency of his numbers toward the result which he had, once before, almost reached; and this discovery is overpowering to him. In his extraordinary mental and bodily excitement, he seems to have only so much self-possession as to request one of his friends to finish the calculation,

commencing where he has found it necessary to stop. He is bewildered and almost prostrated with joy. Seeking some secluded spot, he for a while remains apart from all human society, and gives scope to his blissful emotions.

Such was the rapturous experience which crowned the discovery of the law of universal gravitation. The joy which was experienced by Newton, in view of the stupendous triumph which he had achieved—a triumph, in accomplishing which it is not unreasonable to suppose, that he had put all the mental power which he could directly command, to the severest test imaginable, was too intense to be easily borne by his feeble frame. And, indeed, lest the temple of his mental faculties should be rent asunder by the effect of his transport, he asked another person to take his place, and complete his work!

P A P E R IV.

THE INVENTOR.

THE fact is on record, that, when Franklin had made his discovery, in respect to the nature of the electric fluid, and had invented a means of drawing the subtile element from the clouds, he formed a connection between his own dwelling and the higher regions of the air, so that the passing thunder-cloud could give its salutation, by causing little bells to ring in his hearing. Is it not proper to suppose, that, in the moments in which those bells were jingling, and were thus reminding him of the triumph which he had achieved, Franklin's soul was in a state of indescribable pleasure?

The incident which I have mentioned is very suggestive. It calls to our thoughts the circumstance which led to the invention of the lightning-rod; the inventive genius of Franklin; the kite and the hempen string with which he performed his Promethean theft; the fearless promptness with which he applied his knuckle to the rude conductor, as soon as its fibers began to bristle with electricity; and the joy which he then experienced — a joy so great as to cause him, as he afterward said, to heave a deep sigh, and to feel that he could in that moment have willingly died.

The true process of invention affords three interesting topics. I will treat these in their natural order.

I.

ACCIDENT.

The inventor proceeds from the simple to the complex, from accidents to achievements. Everything great and useful in the arts may be said to have originated in some suggestive occurrence. He who made the first compass must have begun to make it in consequence of some external circumstance; for no mind was ever born with the idea of a compass in it. The importance of little things is apparent in all great histories. Small was the beginning of the telescope and of the printing-press, of the plow and of the reaper. Small was the beginning of the first handful of gunpowder, and small the beginning of the first locomotive. From what did the power of steam, as a motive force, take its origin? Nothing more than the rising of the lid of a tea-kettle. There might never have been a factory for making glass, had not some itinerant merchants who were carrying niter heated their traveling-pots over a few pieces of that substance, and observed the result, as those fragments became molten in the sand. The discovery of the power of powder, when confined and ignited, to propel heavy bodies, was made by Berthold Schwartz, a monk of the fourteenth century, who, while experimenting in alchemy, put some powder into a mortar; and, having by accident dropped a spark on it, was surprised to see the pestle fly into the air.

Heylin, in his cosmography, says, that the art of steering was discovered by a man of the name of Typhis, who took his hints for making both the rudder and the helm from seeing a kite guide itself by its tail.

William Lee did not, without a suggestive circumstance, begin, in the year 1589, to invent the art of frame-work knitting. Mr. Lee, it is said, was paying his addresses to a young woman of his own neighborhood — a sort of coquette, who affected to treat him with negligence, in order, it should seem, to ascertain the extent of her power over his affections. Whenever Mr. Lee visited her, he had the ill luck to find her busily engaged in knitting. Indeed, she seemed to think far more of her knitting-work than of him. The lover, at length, became disgusted, in view of her indifference, and resolved to discontinue his ill-requited homage. But it appears that, while watching her, as she used her needles, the idea occurred to him, of inventing a knitting-machine. Not long afterward, he was as much intent on producing the invention as he had previously been on winning the girl. And she, when it was too late, was full of regret, in view of her trifling conduct. I imagine that this is but a single instance, among many of like kind, in which genius has become piqued at a coquette, and ingeniously stolen her *art*. Let a young man, like William Lee, find himself between a capricious knitter of stockings and a thought, and you need not be surprised if he is soon far more eager to embrace the thought than the girl.

The foregoing instances will suffice to show that all inventions have their origin in suggestive accidents. But this is not to say that inventions are the results of accident.

II.

INVENTIVE GENIUS.

Something better than a good accident was needed to give existence to the microscope, the steam-engine, and every other valuable instrument or machine. Mental activity, quickness of perception, an habitual desire to know the true answers to whys and wherefores, and a resoluteness which wavers not before obstacles—these are necessary to all useful inventions. It is by these that great things are produced from little things. Let us ridicule those idle gossips of the surface-world, who can talk of the wonderful results of mere accident, not thinking that the best opportunities would be utterly worthless if not appropriated by men of inventive genius. Why are there no fine tools and powerful machines found among savages? Why did not the red Indians, who traversed this continent before Columbus was born, invent a rifle to take the place of their bow and arrow, and a ship, with white wings, to take the place of their oar-propelled canoe? Why did not some laborer in some coal-mine, where there was danger from the sudden ignition of combustible gas, invent a safety-lamp, before the task was undertaken and performed by Sir Humphry Davy? These questions are easily answered. Careful and persevering thought is essential to invention; and

untutored Indians and dull coal-diggers cannot be considered careful and persevering thinkers. All the honors of invention are due only to genius. The inventor is a peculiar man. He has a personal history, remarkable in a thousand incidents. He was a brighter boy than other boys with whom he associated. It was said that he possessed unusual powers of mind. Men observed the indications of his unique ingenuity; and they remarked, "That lad is surely a genius!" You cannot name one useful invention which was not brought into being by some person who, from his earliest days of thought, was seen to be unusually quick at contrivance. James Watt was an uncommon boy, else he might not have been an uncommon man. One day, in his early childhood, he was found bending over the hearth-stone, with a piece of colored chalk in his hand, drawing lines and circles, by way of solving a problem in geometry. His father was so kind as to purchase for him a set of cabinet-makers' tools; and, by means of these tools, he constructed a small electric machine, having a glass bottle for its cylinder. You may not readily see any relation between the simple toy, wrought by those little fingers, and an invention performing work for the nations. But what if the lad, James Watt, had been observed to take far more pleasure in playing marbles, in killing flies, or in stepping on the tail of the cat, than in solving geometric problems, or in making a little machine from which electricity might flash and crackle? If such had been the case, Europe and America might, to-day, have no

great railroads, on which to ride behind horses of iron !

It pleases me to dwell on the habits of Watt, since he was so complete an instance of inventive genius improved and made extensively available by practical discipline. When but nineteen years old, he was a maker of mathematical and nautical instruments. Even at that early age, he had acquired great keenness of perceptive power and great accuracy of mechanic judgment. He had formed those two habits so essential to success in invention — that of thinking quickly and correctly, and that of carrying a sure and patient hand. He could soon see every part in a machine, though it might be no greater than a hair. He knew the importance of heeding the smallest demands of science and of art. In his method, there was no inclination to coarseness, which could ever cause him to fail of success. He was no bungler. His fingers were never in his way. He did not sacrifice exactness to haste. He was an Englishman. He did not become impatient and whip his appetite. He knew when his mind and when his muscles needed either refreshment or repose. Ever did he see the end of his undertaking from its beginning ; and he would do his work well, how long soever it might employ him.

All these characteristics must needs be apparent in him who may reasonably hope to invent something for national use. Incomplete are the successes of that inventor who is not thoroughly disciplined, both in mind and in hand. The smallest things in art are generally the most important. No mechani-

cian, inadequately educated, in respect to his profession, can invent a fine tool or machine. Many an over-eager inventor, like many an over-eager bird-catcher, performs his short work for nothing, or for a poor something. The former may produce an unpractical machine; the latter may fill his hand with feathers. Many an item which, to minds wanting in mechanic ingenuity, would seem unimportant, is indispensable to a good microscope or to a good spy-glass. Small would be the value of the surveyor's instruments, but for the hair-like delicateness of the greater number of their parts. The watch which you carry, had it not employed an eye whose quickest glance could perceive a multitude of important particulars, and a hand which, in its appropriate occupation, was almost incapable of a blunder, would have run down, and that is all.

Genius, in its application to mechanic art, is of the highest service, when disciplined, to estimate with the greatest readiness and accuracy, the importance of both the large and the little, of both the coarse and the delicate. Fulton was more truly the inventor of the steamboat than John Fitch, who made a rude one some years before; for Fitch's work was but the accident which gave rise to Fulton's. Kay did not show Arkwright how to invent the spinning-frame. Kay's suggestions were only the accidental basis on which Arkwright founded his achievement. James Watt was more truly the inventor of the steam-engine than Newcomen; for Newcomen's engine served him only as a good accident. Watt knew how to combine small things with great things, so as to produce a splendid re-

sult; Newcomen knew not so well how to do this. Newcomen's engine was little more than a steam-machine for drawing water out of deep wells. Watt, on the contrary, produced a steam-machine, by which a new era was introduced — an achievement, in consequence of which men, thenceforward, deemed it a greater privilege to live on the earth. There is but one class of mechanics who invent instruments and engines whose power makes the pulses of the world beat faster. There is but one class of inventors whose works are masterpieces. They are men of genius, who are thoroughly disciplined. They are men like James Watt.

III.

THE INVENTOR'S JOY.

Philosophy, independent of personal instances, plainly teaches us that superior felicities should be supposed to be experienced by him who has succeeded in a manly attempt at invention. You know it is but natural that, when a long period of intense application has closed with a brilliant triumph, there should then be felt a great rapture, running and running through the soul. There is a beautiful law prevailing in all true experience of life. It is the law by which every series of hard and successful efforts, made with the mind steadily fixed on some special object of pursuit, is crowned with an exultation in which the achiever is insensible to all the weariness resulting from his long-continued strivings. Life is satisfying only to persons of habitual endeavor and unconquerable force. It is by a judi-

cious combination of bodily activity with mental activity, that the quintessence of pleasure is obtained. He is the most cheerful of men who applies himself to difficult tasks with the most willing heart and the most courageous energy.

Apply this philosophy to inventors, and you will see that to them there must be some of the happiest holidays and jubilees in the world. No person has read the entire experience of any one of those men who have produced new tools or new machines. Many inventions there are which, like the pyramids of Egypt, celebrate only the power and the jublations of genius, and are dumb in respect to human names. What do we know of him who manufactured the first loaf of bread? or of him who invented the art of making butter? Some ingenious Chinaman first showed a way of producing porcelain; but where is the man's name? Some Hebrew artist invented the psaltery and enjoyed its first music; but where is the man's name? What do we know of the originator of the art of embalming? or of him who contrived the first instrument for keeping time? I will remind you of something which we may know in regard to the personality that was once concerned in each of these inventions. Does not every interesting product of human ingenuity tell us the beautiful story of some soul animated with a fine transport? True it is, that unnumbered geniuses that once shone distinctly, before men, are now but dim and nameless stars, in the Milky Way of history. But he who has been useful to the race, may live, in his works, even when his name is completely lost. Is there not a halo of

individual light surrounding every contrivance, instrument, tool, machine, engine? — surrounding it, like the bright garment of a satellite or a planet? How much that beat in the hearts and revolved in the minds of the ancients, daily goes before modern eyes! In some parts of the ocean, there are bold reefs and far-reaching islands, which have resulted from the activity of certain small and short-lived animals, called corals. Men have examined these structures of rock, and have seen the operation in progress, by which they were formed. Thus, it has been ascertained, that they are composed of the hard substance, gathered, assimilated, and then bequeathed, by these minute animals, during their brief life. They worked well, while they lived; and, when they were dead, their works remained as their monuments. Does not a forcible analogy exist between the inventive minds of the race and these small builders of reefs and islands? Civilization! what is it but the work of busy human corals? In the ages, these have been working, and working, and working. See what they have done. They builded, first, in Asia; next, in Upper Africa; next, in Europe; and next, in America. Plows, carriages, the manufacturing arts, houses, villages, cities, applications of horse-power, of water-power, of wind-power, of steam-power, and of lightning-power — these are lasting products, bearing the marks of skillful fingers which might once have been seen, stirring in all ways, to produce something excellent and monumental. Who can tell how many men are living in two worlds at once — here, where we live; and yonder, where the departed live? The maker

of the first mariner's compass is thus alive. I cannot tell his name, and you cannot. But we may know, that wherever this useful invention is borne, whether across the waters or across the lands, it suggests to men something of a superior mind. And he who contrived that instrument, by which men are made to feel safe, when they are where the sun rises to their eyes, as if it were coming up from the fish-haunted depths, and where, at the close of day, they seem to see the same radiant ball sinking into the ocean, as if its life-giving fires were expiring, never to be kindled again—this man gained far more than the power to live, after his death, in what his own hands had wrought. Ten thousand times ten thousand were to be the imbodiments of his power, in all subsequent years. For, every compass which was to be modeled from his compass, whether by some man of his own generation, far away toward the other side of the world, or by skillful fingers, of the first, of the second, of the third, or of the thirtieth generation, after his own, that compass was to be a celebrator of his genius, his triumph, and his joy.

The first winnowing-mill must have sung a magical song to its inventor. I will answer for it, that, ever after the accomplishment of his triumph, when this man heard the sound of shaking sieves, he was cheerful. And when Peter Hele, in the year fifteen hundred and ten, after a long period of careful application, had, at last, completed his watch, I dare assert, that, as he held it to his eager ear, he was thrilled by its simple ticking. Can I not name a thousand machines in the world, for each one of which there is some soul finding in its intonations a me-

lody more potent than that which the ears of musical amateurs used to receive from the lips of Sweden's bird-like daughter? Think how many men can sincerely say, "I have an old shop here, whose hum is sweet to me all day long!"

Do we not all know something of the charm of moving wheels? Can we not remember how delighted we used to be, when standing under the roof of a saw-mill, or when watching the working of a corn-sheller? Can we not recall the time when, in despite of our teacher's strictness, the sound of a threshing-machine had power to attract us a long way from the school-house of our early discipline; and when we would not, even at the cost of a hundred whippings, have missed the sight of a train of cars, whose shrill whistle and thundering chariot-wheels had stirred our ear-drums? Did you not, one day, among those days in which you had so great a passion for everything of a mechanic character that would revolve, whittle out a little over-shot wheel, put it under the brink of a mimic mill-dam, and then feel ineffably happy, as you saw the little artificial water-bird winging round and round, with symphonious flappings?

There are few persons who did not in their early days have a love of the hum and the clatter of machinery. Every statesman, poet, author, might have become a good shopman. It is interesting to think how much smaller might, now, be the number of the literati, and how much larger the number of the mechanicians, had every man of the present generation of grown men been furnished, in his boyhood, with a chest of shining tools. But a dozen books

are cheaper than a chest of tools ; and a dozen books may make the difference between the taste of a Watt and the taste of a Newton. Where is the man that did not, when a boy, love to linger, hour after hour, near some noisy machine ? But the ear of the man may not be like the ear of the boy. He who, at six or at twelve, was delighted by the music of a factory or of a flour-mill, may, at twenty or at his prime, regard all wheel-sounds as unpleasantly discordant. Too often this is so. Men should restrain whatever tendency they may have to become intolerant of the noise of machinery. Let him who makes marble-chips keep on familiar terms with him who makes iron-chips ; and let there be a neighborly connection between the work-house of him who forges bolts of thought, and the work-house of him who manufactures the bones of ships and of bridges. A man commits a sad mistake, when he climbs the ladder of some superior profession, intending always to remain on his lofty level. Literary men should be acquainted with the makers of threshing-machines, locomotives, and reapers. Thou who art so busy, all of the time, in thy paradise of letters—thou shouldst descend, at times, and mingle with the men of shops. Do not so closely confine thyself to thy beautiful noiseless work, that thy nerves must needs be pained by those stentorian utterances which come from throats of wood, of iron, of brass, and of steel, down in the great places of mechanic business !

I have endeavored to show, that we are taught by philosophy, to consider the inventor's experience,

in the hour of success, as indescribably blissful. But there is a route to this conclusion, different from that which passes from cause to effect, from natural law to inevitable sequence. Let us converse awhile with history. Let us contemplate a few instances, gathered from the many which are on record, of inventors transported with joy in view of their triumphs.

One such instance presents itself, under the name of Thomas Blanchard, the inventor of the lathe for turning irregular forms. In his boyhood, this person had a peculiar fondness for mechanics. When at school, he would steal away from study, and amuse himself with his favorite tools, the knife and the gimlet. At the age of thirteen, he employed himself in inventing a machine for paring apples. He was determined to succeed. In all his leisure, he applied his mind and hands to the work. Acting on but a mere hint, in regard to such a machine, he soon had a parer ready for trial. But it proved unsuccessful. The apple being fixed, it would revolve, without difficulty, when he turned the crank of his machine; but, on applying the knife, he found that it was not disposed to cut a sufficiently thin paring. Young Blanchard was not, however, discouraged. He carefully watched the process of paring apples by hand. He observed that the thickness of the shaving is regulated by the thumb of the hand with which the blade is moved. The idea then occurred to him, of fixing a regulator or gauge to the knife of his machine. He is said to have learned, here, what he termed his first lesson in invention — namely, to imitate nature in cases in

which machinery is substituted for manual operations. The practical application of this lesson enabled him to produce, in a short time, a successful parer. The invention excited the attention of the whole neighborhood, and the inventor was a favorite at all the "paring-bees." It is related, that he used to accomplish more with his machine than half a dozen girls could by hand.

Blanchard's passion for invention constantly increased. Having gone to reside with an elder brother, who was a tack-manufacturer, he, with other boys, was employed to assist him in the work. The operation was very slow and irksome. The youth had, as his daily task, a certain quantity of tacks to manufacture. He was often disgusted with the tediousness of the employment. The number of the tacks made was ascertained by weighing and counting. To perform, more easily and quickly, this part of the work, he constructed a counting-machine, which has been pronounced a very ingenious contrivance. He then began to think of a machine for cutting and heading tacks. His brother endeavored to discourage him, telling him that "it was too small and intricate a process to be performed by machinery." But the young inventor continued to cherish hopes of success. The machine was commenced when he was eighteen years old. He was engaged on it during six years. The final result of his efforts was complete. He secured a patent, and disposed of the right for five thousand dollars.

This triumph animated him to employ his inventive genius in still greater undertakings. He attempted

to construct a lathe for turning the barrels of muskets. Success crowned his application. He was afterward led to undertake the work of inventing a machine for turning irregular forms. The incident which caused him to make this attempt, is said to have occurred while the workmen of the Springfield armory were assembled to witness the operation of his machine for turning the cylindrical part of the musket. "Well, John," observed one of the men, to his friend, "he has spoiled your job!" "I care not for that," answered John, "so long as I can get a better." One of the makers of musket-stocks then boastingly remarked, that "Blanchard could not spoil his job; for he could not turn a gun-stock." Blanchard replied, "I am not so sure of that; but will think of it a while."

The true conception of the machine first occurred to the inventor while he was driving, in a one-horse vehicle, through the town of Brimfield, on his way from the armory to his home in the county of Worcester. He was so delighted with the idea, that he could not restrain himself. Springing from his seat, he shouted aloud, "I have got it! I have got it!" It is related, that two persons, overhearing this exclamation, suddenly started up from the way-side, with countenances expressive of wonder. One of them observed to his companion, "I guess that man's crazy."

It is not unreasonable to suppose, that Blanchard was, then, more happy than any king or any emperor has ever been, amid the splendors and the luxuries of royalty. There had risen in his mind an ideal which had caused him to experience an ec-

static intoxication. On that ideal all his thoughts were intensely directed. His eyes were introverted. He could see nothing but a turning-lathe. He little thought that he was driving in a road, beaten by the hoofs of horses and by the wheels of wagons. He little cared how many men were near him, walking, thinking, looking. All things external had, for a time, completely lost their power over him; and, in the excitement of his blissful madness, he shouted wildly, and sprung wildly from his seat. Is it strange that he was considered a lunatic by the two men who heard his exclamation? Had Cotton Mather then been living, and had the manifestations of Blanchard been reported to him, what wonder if that stern old believer in witchcraft had advised to have the singular man hanged as soon as it should be possible to secure him!

But not less interesting than the instance just considered, is that of James Hargreaves, the inventor of an ingenious spinning-machine. There is an attractive vein of domestic simplicity and genial humor, traceable in the history of Hargreaves, as an inventor. One who has been reading it, finds himself in a happy mood of reverie, concerning a hearty husband and a hearty wife.

Hargreaves was by trade a weaver. The idea of his machine was first suggested to him one evening, while he was absent from home, sharing the company of a rollicking friend, at a public house. It seems that Hargreaves had gone down, with an old friend, to the Pack-Horse Inn, for a comfortable indulgence in ale and jivialty. Probably, neither

of them took so much ale as to get what Irving calls "a whimsical muzzy look." It is, however, not unreasonable to think that they took a sufficient quantity to make them much more jovial than they would have been if they had not taken any. There was a girl at the inn—a fresh-looking spinner, of the name of Charlotte Marsden. Harry Garland, a lively Manchester fellow, was also there; and it appears that some one of the company offered to wager with Harry, as the jolly rogue was sitting by the spinner, that he could not kiss her. An apparently unimportant consequence of the attempt which Harry then made, was that the girl's one-thread spinning instrument was upset, so that it lay on the floor, with its spindle in a perpendicular and its wheel in a horizontal position. The quick eye of the weaver glanced at the simple overturned contrivance, and, in a moment, he was thinking how he might invent a labor-saving machine. "Why," said he, to himself, "should not many spindles be moved and threads be spun by the same wheel and band which now spin only one?" This was the conception which then rose in the mind of Hargreaves. Do you suppose he was inclined to engage further in the sport of the occasion? Had he not begun to contemplate a grander triumph than that which Harry Garland had in view in his attempt to win the offered wager? While Harry was playfully catching the maid, James was seriously catching an idea which was destined to make a change in the world.

Hargreaves soon suggested that it was time for him to go home. Some of the company earnestly interposed to prevent the accomplishment of his

resolution; but their interposition was unavailing. The enthusiasm of his hilarity had cooled. The faculties of his mind were studying the conception of a spinning-machine. Had he remained among the merry throng, he would, undoubtedly, have been lost in abstraction. So, he returned directly to his humble home. Did he more than once stumble in the way, and fall on his hands? There is little doubt that he did; for he could see nothing but the ideal of a spinning-machine. A spinning-machine was incessantly spinning, spinning, and spinning in his mind.

Reaching his cottage, he takes a stick burnt at one end to a coal, and begins to make lines on the floor—lines representing parts of a spinning-machine. Not long afterward, he rises excitedly to his feet. He makes a few steps in the room. Then, seating himself in a chair, he places his elbows on his knees, holds his head between his hands, and, for awhile, fixes his eyes steadily on the floor. Soon, he springs again to his feet; and, in answer to some little word from his wife, who is lying with a recently-born child at her bosom, he assures her, in utterances instinct with joy, that *he has it at last!* Then he lifts her up with the babe; and, holding her over his drawings, explains their meaning, and, while she laughs, tells her that she will no longer have to toil at her spinning-wheel. He places her in an arm-chair, and more fully illustrates his ideal by turning her own wheel over, and making it revolve horizontally. Taking her again in his strong arms, he replaces her, with the child, on the bed, and prints a kiss on her lips. “What will you call it?”

she asks. And the generous and happy Lancashire weaver, in the dialect which he had inherited from his mother, answered: "Call it? What an we call it after thysen, Jenny? They called thee 'Spinning Jenny,' afore I had thee, because thou beat every lass in Stanehill Moor at the wheel. What if we call it 'Spinning Jenny?'"

By this name it was called; and that cheerful man and his cheerful wife lived to hear the hum of its spindles in the factories of England.

I will present one more instance of an inventor, transported with joy in the hour of his triumph. It is that of Bernard Palissy, a French potter, of the first half of the sixteenth century. His principal employment had been that of a painter on glass; and he might never have applied himself to the occupation of an "artist in earth," had he not, one day, seen, by chance, a beautiful enameled cup, which had been brought from Italy. This cup was a specimen of the workmanship of a Florentine potter, who had died, carrying with him the secret of his success. Palissy thought it not impossible to restore the lost art of enameling, by which that earthen cup had been made so beautiful. He forecast, in his mind, the fortune which would repay the discoverer. "Somebody," said he, to himself, "must have found it out, and why should not I repeat the discovery?" The attempt was soon commenced; and, as he himself affirmed, he began to seek for the enamels, as a man gropes in the dark.

In that attempt, he was successful; but his success was very dear. It cost him sixteen years of

almost unremitting application in a potter's shop, of poverty in his family, and of ridicule from the world. In this period, his hair became gray, and his form bent. He had to hear his neighbors call him a madman, a fool, and a villain. Furthermore, he was often besought by his wife and children, to return to his old trade. But it is recorded that, in the midst of all his misery, he preserved a gay demeanor. He seemed confident that he would, one day, be successful.

To think of a man as steadily persevering in the pursuit of his object, for so long a time, and in despite of circumstances so maddening, is almost astounding. See him, toiling by day and toiling by night, throughout those lustrums of personal humiliation and domestic decline! See his wife estranged, his children earning among strangers the bread which is to keep themselves and their parents from starving! Was there not sufficient to wean Palissy from his task? How will you explain his resoluteness? Was he inhumanly stubborn? Was he insane? I am disposed to linger on this last question.

The believer of history must own, that the best triumphs of genius have been achieved by men who were once reputed mad. Was not Christopher Columbus pronounced crazy? When James Otis exerted himself in opposition to the stamp tax, and pleaded, as he himself said, "in the agony of his heart," the rights of the young American colonies, he was decried as a madman. And said Lord Mansfield, when he heard the decrimal: "What then? One madman often makes many. Massaniello was

mad—nobody doubted it; yet, for all that, he overturned the government of Naples.” Bernard Palissy and a hundred other inventors, whose names are treasured in history, had to toil and succeed, in hearing of the words—enthusiast—fool—madman. I read of John Fitch trying to enlist patronage to help him build a steamboat. Here he receives ridicule, and there he receives commiseration. The company that had aided him in making his first experiment, refused to advance more funds. “This they did, after interfering with his views, and attempting expensive plans of improvement, which failed of success; and being, probably, influenced by that unceasing ridicule cast on the project, they, one by one, gradually withdrew from the concern.”* Fitch could not command sufficient means with which to continue his experiments. He was, however, firm in his conviction, that the Atlantic itself would, in time, be crossed by a boat having steam for its moving force. On one occasion, he observed to some persons, with whom he had been talking on his favorite topic: “Well, gentlemen, although I shall not live to see the time, you will, when steamboats will be preferred to all other means of conveyance, and especially for passengers; and they will be particularly useful in the navigation of the river Mississippi.” When he retired, one individual observed: “Poor fellow! what a pity he is crazy!”

Fitch died without accomplishing his object. It was his wish, that his friends would bury him on

* See “Lives of Eminent Mechanics,” by Henry Howe. Derby & Jackson, New York.

the shore of the Ohio, "where the song of the boatmen would enliven the stillness of his resting-place, and the music of the steam-engine soothe his spirit." In his journal, were found the sad words: "The day will come when some more powerful man will get fame and riches from my invention; but nobody will believe that poor John Fitch can do anything worthy of attention!" As I peruse Fitch's history, I think that every great invention in the world has had its madman, and that John Fitch was the madman of the steamboat.

There was Edmund Cartwright, another inventor, who, at times, seemed insane. He had conceived the idea of a new machine, and, while he was meditating on it, his children used to see him walking to and fro, and occasionally throwing his arms from side to side. They were often told, that while making these movements, he was thinking of weaving and throwing the shuttle. He sometimes forgot his own inventions; and sometimes needed proof that he was the author of his own writings. On one occasion, a daughter of his repeated, in his presence, some lines of a published poem from his own pen. Having forgotten that he himself was the author of the poem, he exclaimed: "Those are beautiful lines, child; where did you meet them?" On another occasion, he was shown the model of one of his own machines. He carefully examined it; but he had forgotten that it was invented by himself. To the great amusement of the one who was talking with him, he observed that the inventor of the machine must have been a man of great ingenuity, and that he himself should feel very

proud if he had been its author. Edmund Cartwright was the madman of the power-loom !

Let us now return to Palissy, the French potter, who spent sixteen years, in almost unremitting application and under painful reproach, before his efforts were crowned with a triumph. We left him in poverty. We left his children scattered, and his wife disaffected. We left him with his body bent, and his head prematurely frosted, in consequence of his long-continued application and his numerous failures. But did we leave him in discouragement? No. He was never disposed to renounce his purpose. It seemed to him certain, that he would, in time, gain the object of his ardent ambition. He had not lost his look of cheerfulness. Nothing could convince him that he was not destined to enjoy a glorious realization of success. He persevered, in despite of the poverty of his family, in despite of the jeers of his neighbors. Was he a madman? Yes; he was the madman of the lost art of manufacturing enameled pottery!

Palissy's exertions were, by-and-by, partially successful. His joy, at this time, was, as he afterward affirmed, such as made him think himself a new creature. But he soon found that he was far from a complete triumph; and the tide of his joy ebbed. He had, hitherto, used the ovens and the vessels of the village-potters, in which to bake the pieces prepared by himself for trial. But, having caught some glimpse of the success which was before him, he resolved to construct a furnace of his own. This task being performed, he prepared new vessels of earth, and placed them in the oven. He ground his che-

micals. On the baked pottery he spread the mixture. He then heated the furnace, and awaited the result.

The experiment, like those which had preceded it, was fruitless. But he continued hopeful, and began to perform another. His oven was, at length, ready to be again heated. He raised a flickering blaze, and then looked round for wood with which to make it fervid and powerful. But his wood was gone. He searches, unsuccessfully, for a few sticks, about his dilapidated cottage. His eyes alight, by-and-by, on the garden-fence; and soon he is tearing it to pieces, and using it as food for his furnace. The fence is quickly converted to smoke and ashes; and the potter wants more wood. In that moment he seems to have set but one value on everything near him that would add to his fire—the value of wood. If there had been precious treasures before him, and they would have contributed to heat his furnace, he would, probably, have treated them as wood. Wood is necessary to Palissy's experiment; and wood he will have. So, he seizes the very furniture of his rooms, and throws them into the fire. The chair, the stool, the table, each must needs aid in making more intense the heat which he is striving to raise. His wife—of whom it has been said, that, while his was a martyrdom of determination, hers was a martyrdom of endurance—resists him, in vain, with entreaties, with tears, and with a wringing of her hands.

But even this experiment was not the last one which Palissy was to make, before he could pronounce his object attained. Annoyed by the scoffs of his neighbors, the cries of his children, and the

curtain-lectures of his wife, he prepared a new set of trial-pieces for his oven. He managed, through the kindness of an inn-keeper, to secure an assistant. Six months pass by. Success is yet far off. The employé is discouraged, in respect to the undertaking; and desires his pay. Palissy gives him some of his own clothes as a remuneration; and he withdraws from the task.

The potter continues his work alone. He produces a new set of trial-pieces. He again purchases and grinds his chemicals. The oven receives the pottery prepared for it. The fire is kindled. The mixture is spread on the baked vessels. It is not long before the enamels are liquefied. But there is a succession of little explosions within, which is ominous to Palissy of another failure. The result is, by-and-by, before him. The mortar with which he had constructed his furnace, contained small fragments of flint; and, from the influence of the fire, these had burst into a thousand particles. With these particles, the molten enamel was filled. Had not this accident occurred, Palissy might, then, have clapped his hands in victorious transport. But one thing has been gained. The secret of enameling is discovered; and Palissy looks into the future with a peaceful assurance that his toils will have a triumphant end.

Time runs on. Palissy succeeds. It may be well, at this point, briefly to reconsider the career of this persevering inventor. In a work, entitled "*Lives of Eminent Mechanics*," I find the following comprehensive account: "For some time, he (Palissy) had little or nothing to expend on the pursuit which

he had so much at heart; but at last he happened to receive a considerable sum of money for a work which he had finished, and this enabled him to commence his researches. He spent the whole of his money, however, without meeting with any success, and he was now poorer than ever. Yet it was in vain that his wife and his friends besought him to relinquish what they deemed his chimerical and ruinous project. He borrowed more money, with which he repeated his experiments; and, when he had no more fuel wherewith to feed his furnaces, he cut down his chairs and tables for that purpose. Still his success was inconsiderable. He was now actually obliged to give a person, who had assisted him, part of his clothes by way of remuneration, having nothing else left; and, with his wife and children starving before his eyes, and by their appearance silently reproaching him as the cause of their sufferings, he was at heart miserable enough. But he neither despaired nor suffered his friends to know what he felt; preserving, in the midst of all his misery, a gay demeanor, and losing no opportunity of renewing his pursuit of the object which he all the while felt confident he should one day accomplish. At last, after sixteen years of persevering exertion, his efforts were crowned with complete success, and his fortune was made."

Let us try to form some conception of the triumphant inventor, in the hour in which his soul was filled with the joy of success. We must, then, think of his furnace, as having done its work. We must think of enameled vessels, equaling, if not surpassing, in beauty and value, those of Lucca della Rob-

bia, the buried potter of Florence. Palissy is enraptured. He perhaps sends a ringing shout into the air of his subterranean shop, which, finding its way to the apartments above, vibrates, thrillingly, to the ears of his wife. She catches the sound, hastens into the cellar, and tremulously appears in her husband's presence. She finds him, standing over the triumph which has cost him so much toil, so much ridicule, and so much reproach. He has recovered the lost art. His fortune is made. His name will soon be honored. As the repentant mutineers bowed at the feet of Columbus, when he had discovered America, so Palissy's neighbors will soon be ready to bow at his feet, with confessions and tears. All France will praise the courageous zeal of "the Worker in Earth and Inventor of Rustic Figulines."

Thus, we leave Bernard Palissy, transported by a joy which had already made his wan countenance rubicund with the flush of a new-begun youth.

P A P E R V.

THE WRITER.

MANY things are indispensable to admirable merit and blissful success in the use of the pen. One requisite, and the first of all, is a careful education, including much study and much practice in writing. A pure literary taste is the result of innumerable disciplinary impressions. Hence, the education should be a work of long time. A trait of simplicity must needs be acquired; for, without simplicity, no style whatever can be good.

The young writer, if he is ambitious, should expect to receive criticism. This, all the great authors had, in their early years, to suffer. It were well, should the young man timely seek and secure this, so that his faults be privately rather than publicly corrected. But, however the literary rod may be administered to him, he should endure it, as something due from mature judgment to young ambition.

The very sting of criticism is educative. Condemn not the critic, because he condemns your faults; but join with him against yourself. When Charles Lamb's farce, entitled "Mr. H.," was acted in the Drury theater, the interest of the audience waned more and more toward the conclusion. "Elia" felt inexpressible pain in his heart. But he

took the wisest course, and participated with the audience, in hissing and hooting. So, should you participate with the critic, when he ridicules the blemishes of your style.

You are a young writer. Your experience in literature is not ripe. Many men, with half your excellent vigor, know a hundred times more than you do, concerning rhetoric canons and delicacy of taste. Hence, do not pout, when one of these men calls your style crude. Perhaps it is so. Do you ignorantly violate the wholesome rules of grammatic purity, and thus incur the reproach of barbarism, of solecism, or of impropriety? Do you misplace your adverbs and adjuncts? Do you fail in clearness and precision, in unity, in strength, or in harmony? Are your sentences unintelligible, either from confusion of thought or from affectation of excellence? Do you employ sonorous language which conveys no distinct meaning? Do your periods end with clauses expressing circumstances, with mere particles, or with "nothings of much sound?" Are your figures far-fetched, mixed, strained, or undignified? Do many of your sentences express incomplete propositions? Are you licentious in the use of intensive epithets? Do you employ vulgar idioms? Does your strength in writing lie less in the thought than in the language? Do you use words out of the simple way? Do your productions abound, too extensively, with compound words? Do you write in the swelling mode? Do you personify abstract ideas? Do you come down to disgusting particulars? Are you liable to the charge of *sophomorical*? "Think on these things!"

Cicero's and Quintilian's suggestions, in respect to style, claim the attention of him who is ambitious to succeed as a writer. The former says it is not proper always to employ a continued train and a sort of regular compass of phrases; that style should be often broken down into smaller members; and that he is truly eloquent who can discourse of humble subjects in a plain style, who can treat important ones with dignity, and can speak of things which are of a middle nature, in a temperate strain. Quintilian, speaking of circumstances, says they should be inserted wherever the happiest place for them can be found; as, in a structure composed of rough stones, there are always places where the most irregular and unshapely may find some adjacent one to which it can be joined, and some basis on which it may rest. Speaking of the structure of periods, he says that sentences should always rise and grow.

Coleridge defines prose to be words in their best order; and poetry to be the best words in their best order.

But, perhaps, no better counsel could be given to a young writer, than that which a certain eminent editor and divine, now living, once sent in a letter to one of his correspondents. This valuable letter has, I believe, never before appeared in print.

"I cannot doubt," said he, "that perseverance in effort will crown you with success, provided especially it is rightly directed. The difficulty that lies before you is this. Your style is crude. You have not properly studied the elementary principles of shaping sentences. Allow me to recommend to your close study, so old and so elementary a book

as Blair's Lectures on Rhetoric. From his chapters on the structure of sentences, I learned more of the art of composition, perhaps, than from any other one source. And to my close observance of the rules given, more than to any other cause, I attribute what little success I may have attained as a writer. That you have not properly attended to these primary principles, is as plain to the eye of a critic, as would be the neglect by an ambitious young painter of elementary sketching, to the eye of a connoisseur. In penmanship, right practice improves, but wrong practice depreciates; and the more the worse. Allow me, therefore, to say, that it is perfectly indispensable to your success in style—first, to study the principles of composition; then to peruse good models with an eye to style; and, finally, to reduce the principles thus deduced to rigid and careful practice. Take this course, and I cannot but believe that you have the elements of success in your nature, as well as an honorable ambition for success in your heart. I fear I may seem severe in my judgment; but, follow my suggestions, and I think you will ultimately find that my severity is kindness."

But a person will, obviously, not be able to attain eminence as a writer, if he is meritorious and successful only in respect to delicacy and correctness of taste. There is another and more important requisite.

I.

ORIGINALITY.

Since the days of our early youth, we have not liked so well to fish from the little brooks in which live only the little fishes. We have preferred to sink our baited hooks in the rivers or the lakes which abound with the larger and more brawny tribes of the water. So, years ago, away went our fishing-pins; and, years ago, for a similar reason, away went our primers. In one case, we thought it folly to catch such little fishes; in the other, we thought it folly to catch such little ideas. Those primers had, to us, become worthless, and we wanted books. Now, we are readers, accustomed to search in volumes of science or of literature for ideas which are great and worthy. And it is often that we find a book which we have abundant reason to pronounce too much wanting in invigorating thought. We have become able to know, as Mr. Carlyle says, that "books, like human souls, are actually divided into what we may call 'sheep and goats,' the latter put inexorably on the left hand of the judge; and tending, every goat of them, at all moments, whither we know." It is my right to be a critic; and it is your right to be one. Only let us not belong to that order of critics who, in the perusal of a book, are, in Dean Swift's simile, "like a dog at a feast, whose thoughts and stomach are wholly set on what the guests fling away, and, consequently, is apt to snarl most when there are the fewest bones."

We can scarcely help demanding from him who

undertakes to write for us, that he produce something which shall be fresh and peculiar. Never are we indifferent to compositions which are stamped with originality. Even absurd doctrines, even wild theories are profitable to read, if they but come well into the world. When you take up a new book, what, in that book, do you most wish to find? You precisely know. It is something which no other book has given you, or can give you so well. Every writer's pen should deserve an energetic adjective of its own. There are too many pens which deserve a common adjective, and should be called *tedious*. But he who writes tediously, writes nothing which he can prove that nobody else could have written. It is never difficult to compose writings which will make men sleep. The tedious author composes with incredible facility and ease. I have read, that there was once a clergyman, in New Hampshire, who had become noted for his long sermons and indolent habits. "How is it," asked a man who had heard him, "that he writes these interminable sermons?" "Why," answered the person addressed, "he probably gets to writing, and is too lazy to stop."

The individual who apologized to his friend for writing so much, because he could not spend time to write less, only inserted as a postscript what many an author might reasonably have had for his preface. Books, in this day, are far too speedily composed. How rarely is there contained between the lids of a volume, thoughts, the expression of which was a work of years? A man is busy so many weeks over paper, and three hundred pages or more

are the result. It was not so in the old time. Virgil wrote a great poem; but he did this with a pen that often hesitated long on its track, often erased what it had written, and never went far with speed. I cannot believe it was with haste that Matthew and Mark, Luke and John, composed their Gospel narratives. Longevity does not belong to things quickly formed. There are fungous plants in literature; and, in the hands of critics, they fall to pieces, as toadstools do in the hands of botanists. If you were to ascertain all those sentiments which, to the greater number of human hearts, are the most soothing or the most inspiring, in what books do you think you would find them? Would you find them in such as were written speedily, or such as were written in long time? Rely on it, that, in all production, what is gained by swiftness is lost by evanescence. Agatharcus prided himself on the celerity with which he performed his paintings. Zeuxis said: "If I boast, it shall be of the slowness with which I finish mine." You know which of these two artists stands the firmer in history. It is more than probable, that Milton's sonnets were not long under his pen. He undoubtedly wrote them without great effort. It was, therefore, appropriately asked, by Dr. Johnson, when speaking of them in comparison with the *Paradise Lost*, if it should be a matter of surprise, that the hand which was able to scoop a colossus, of the most perfect symmetry, from a rock, should fail in an attempt to form the head of Venus out of a cherry-stone. Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* is a sweet poem, which will, probably, for many centuries, have admiring readers.

And why? Certainly, not because it is a profound poem. But for this reason, it is a lasting work — because it is elaborated almost to the perfection of simplicity. Goldsmith had it seven years in his mind, and was actually employed for two years in composing it.

A hopeful youth, having sent a poetic contribution to the editor of one of the periodicals of the day, was surprised to find his verses pronounced declined. He wrote to ascertain the reason of the rejection; and the answer which was given him in the Editor's Table was, that, according to his own statement, he had composed the poem *in ten minutes*. So, there is a voice whispering to a hundred unfortunate authors, whose books have passed through but one edition, and will never pass through another — YOU WROTE TOO FAST! Fame, in authorship, is for many persons; but it is for no person by whom it will never be earned. There are two classes of writers who compose for but a single generation of readers, if for so much as that. They are writers who are entirely wanting in originality, and writers whose originality is depreciated by too great haste in composition.

Writing involves both a work of discovery and a work of invention. It is true, that when the term invention is used, an image usually rises in the mind, very different from that of a man having a pen in his hand, and bending over a sheet of white paper. The term rather suggests such places as work-shops and experiment-rooms, in which still, self-denying men spend months or years, with their thoughts, their eyes, and their fingers employed on

bits of mysterious machinery. But allow me to affirm, that there are other inventors than such as wear leather aprons and handle shop-tools. An indefatigable person, toiling over a scrip-ridden desk or table, to weave living thoughts into effective sentences, paragraphs, and chapters — embarrassed often by difficulties known only to himself — now encouraged by his prospect of success, and now patiently enduring the consciousness of miscarried expectation — at one moment, confident that what he has already accomplished, in the prosecution of his task, is well done, and is admirable; and, at another moment, turning from the work before him, almost persuaded that he has been deceiving himself in respect to its importance — why is not this man an inventor? Guttenberg invented the art of printing, and John Bunyan invented the Pilgrim's Progress. Archimedes invented his forms of the mechanic powers, and Euclid invented his geometric demonstrations. Archilochus invented the Iambic foot, and Aristotle invented his Rhetoric. Similar hopes and fears, similar joys and sorrows have, since human history began, been experienced by inventors and by authors. Writing is, however, a far higher species of invention than any other. Hence, its models must needs exhibit finer marks of distinction than those exhibited by the productions of the shop and of the experiment-room.

The effective writer is a discoverer; and, as such, he often furnishes to the mechanician the hint, or hints, by which he is led to undertake a work of invention. Many are the useful implements in art which could never have existed, but for the written

pages of illustrious thinkers. Inventions are, generally, the results of an application of genius, first commenced in consequence of suggestions made by the pen. Each requires its suggestor and its contriver, its penman and its shopman. Who knows how many a fine achievement in art has had its origin in Newton's astronomic writings, or in his Lectures on Optics? It is recorded, that the Georgics of Virgil suggested improvements, which, in time, entirely changed the agricultural aspects of Italy. No great treatise was ever published which did not set a number of inventive minds at work, somewhat as every newly-grown fructiferous plant feeds its troop of insects or of birds. It is, of course, only originality in books which insures to them this practical suggestivity. The writer must present something fresh and striking, else he is not a discoverer. And here, you will perceive the grand distinguishing mark of that class of authors whose works are worthy to be purchased, even at a high price, and carefully perused, once and again. They are originators. They unfold or suggest that which was never before so well in the world. On old and worn subjects, these writers produce superb compositions. They enter neglected territories of truth, and open to view ideas and relations embowered in enchanting scenery. You have undoubtedly observed in the imperishable books of the world, how and what they originate. Have you not read Lord Bacon's *Novum Organum* and his *Sylva Sylvarum*? What sparks from the hidden fire-realms of nature, what gems gathered from the shores of the vast Unknown, gleam along the pages

of those wonderful books! Have you not read Shakspeare? From his writings alone may be learned the mission of the suggestive pen. What myriads of thoughts and delicate relations of thought, never expressed till he expressed them, burden the pages of that master-composer! Have you not read Thomas Carlyle? What squadrons of fresh ideas figure in his bold, gnarled sentences! Have you not read our Emerson? What beautiful fringes clipped from the garments of Mystery, what invigorating views of life, of common things, and of destiny, what new-world glimpses charm and captivate the reader, who thoughtfully follows him in his eccentric paths of exploration!

It would be, I think, an interesting employment of the mind, to trace great inventions back to the hint or hints which led to the undertaking of them. By this inquiry, we would learn how much higher in rank are the written works of thinkers, than labor-saving machines and all other useful products of mechanic ingenuity. But, in the distribution of national rewards, it should seem that men of influence in government have not suitably regarded this palpable preponderance of merit and dignity on the side of the writer. Can you not count scores of fortunate inventors of machines, to tens of fortunate writers of books? Consider how many gifted poets, worthy to be called human birds of paradise, have died too poor to receive an honorable burial! Volumes of mournful truth are couched in that saying of our now-departed Prescott: "There is little danger of finding too much gold in the bowels of Par-nassus!" "Mrs. Sheridan and myself," said Sheri-

dan to a friend, "were often obliged to keep writing for our daily leg or shoulder of mutton; otherwise we should have had no dinner." And the witty friend answered, "Then, I perceive it was a *joint* concern." Bunyan's great Dream, when in manuscript, barely escaped everlasting obscurity.

"Some said, 'John, print it;,' others said, 'Not so;'
Some said, 'It might be good;,' others said, 'No.'"

It is well that the famous tinker ever reached the conclusion, expressed by him in the words:

"At last, I thought, 'Since you are thus divided,
I print it will;,' and so the case decided."

But, as a source of profit to Bunyan, the book was long a Dream that was all a dream. Cowper, many years after the publication of the work, affirmed, that he did not dare to name John Bunyan, in his verse, lest he should call forth a sneer. And yet that name was the name of him whom Macaulay has pronounced the second great creative mind of the latter half of the seventeenth century.

The nations have permitted many of their best writers to be borne to the grave in cheap coffins. And why this injustice? Why this distinction between two orders of geniuses, by which the higher is left to be the poorer? Why was Arkwright made rich by his spinning-frame, and Milton so inadequately rewarded for his *Paradise Lost*? Why was Watt munificently remunerated by England for his inventions, and Thomas Dick so long denied a small pension as a national reward for his excellent

writings? Have not writers, as a class, contributed far more than inventors, to make wealthy and strong the civilized nations?

I have spoken of the importance and the value of originality in writing. But this quality of the writer may be viewed in many other interesting relations. He who composes, in a suggestive manner, manifests his personality, in the use of his pen, as he does in no other mode. It is certain that authors, as they visibly are, cannot, in all instances, justly be characterized by the same epithets which are appropriately given to their pens. In many a case, there is a surprising difference between the character which a man usually expresses, when in society, and that character of which an impression is received from his writings. Mr. Whipple, I believe, speaks of authors as having two natures—a human nature and a book nature. This is reasonably said. The pen of a suggestive and masterly writer represents him as nothing else can represent him. It may express an independence of feeling, or a majesty of mind, entirely different from that which the writer, as a man, is accustomed to exhibit. It may indicate a measure of personal heroism, which is little indicated by him, in his life as a kinsman, a husband, a neighbor, or a citizen. It may teach a sublime devotion to virtue, of which, amid the ever-besetting temptations and the ever-fascinating illusions of sin, he has never been, and will never be, an actual pattern. A man may seem ordinary to you, in every respect, till you have gone apart from him, and viewed him as he exhibits himself in his writings.

There he may, at once and always, seem extraordinary. Do we not usually deceive ourselves, when we infer the physiognomy or the size and the stature of an author from the impression made on us by his published pages? You cannot, from the effect of a book of witty sayings, justly conclude that its author is a man who has become fat from laughing. Cowper's "Gilpin" is, perhaps, one of the most laughable little poems that ever enlivened a dull half-hour. But how few of those who have read that humorous narrative, know the fact that it was composed while its author was suffering, extremely, from morbid melancholy! "I wonder," said he, in a letter to Mr. Newton, "that a sportive thought should ever knock at the door of my intellect, and still more that it should gain admittance. It is as if Harlequin should intrude himself into the gloomy chamber where a corpse is deposited in state."

It would be natural to say, that, wherever Thomas Hood, or wherever the author of "Hudibras" was present, the power of genial mirth must have been felt. But the truth is, that Hood was often very sad, and that Butler was usually very taciturn. Dr. Franklin, in his imagined talk with Madame Gout, is told, that "philosophers are sage in their maxims, and fools in their conduct." It is, therefore, not unreasonable to conclude, that, if you can properly characterize a certain pen as acute, vigorous, humorous, dignified, or by any other epithet, this is no reason for supposing that to him who wields that pen, the same epithet is applicable. Hume wrote as an infidel; but it is said that he lived as a high-minded and worthy man. Edward Young wrote as

a saint; but, much of the time, he lived like a sinner. Of Goldsmith, it was said, by Garrick,

“He writes like an angel, but talks like poor Poll.”

Coleridge's pen was prolific of moral lessons, while he was the greatest opium-eater in the civilized world. Men who had, for years, been familiar with the lyric poems of Watts, were greatly surprised when they found that he was a little man, only five feet in stature; and they exclaimed: “What! is that the great Dr. Watts?” Of the poet Thomson, there runs the following passage of happy satire, from the pen of some bard of our own day:

“Thomson, who sang about the Seasons, said,

It is a glorious thing to rise in season;

But, then he said it—lying—in his bed

At ten o'clock A.M.—the very reason

He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,

His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.”

The foregoing instances exhibit the difference, always to be looked for, as existing between men considered as authors, and men considered as men. I speak not here of all authors; but only of those whose writings are stamped with originality. But the difference I have pointed out remains to be explained. Why is the personality of the man ever so unlike that of the penman? One thing I will not let you name, as an answer. It is hypocrisy, resulting from an unscrupulous ambition for distinction. You will soon perceive that you cannot justly assign this as the explanation we are seeking. It does not cover a sufficient number of instances. Does it account for the composition of the laughable story

of Gilpin? Then Cowper was a hypocrite for not writing in a sad vein, because his soul was sad. Does it explain how Byron was led to weave the ever-varying web of his "Don Juan," in some of the darkest hours of his life? Then it is hypocrisy to write a sarcastic and sensual poem, when the heart is gloomy and misanthropic. To pronounce an author hypocritical, because he writes in one vein, while his real feelings and behavior indicate that he should write in another, this were no wiser than to accuse Nature of hypocrisy for making the stars to twinkle, the moon and the planets to shine, and the meteors to glare, when the sun has gone down.

The question is, therefore, not yet answered, what it is that causes a writer to appear in two distinct and perhaps contradictory characters—that which he expresses through his body, and that which he expresses through his book. What, then, is the true explanation of the apparent inconsistency? I will not promise you satisfaction; but hear me.

The question before us finds its answer in the possession of genius. Genius is not a characteristic faculty, but a characteristic ability. You may not call it an unusual natural aptitude; but you may call it an unusual amount of natural force. It makes its possessor, in many respects, unlike every other person. It does this, by causing him to act, in his chosen field of action, with an independence and a might essentially his own. But genius is not a measure of power or inspiration, which is constantly felt by the mind. There never was a great man who was not, sometimes, less than himself;

who did not occasionally forget that he was great, and whistle, and be merry, like a boy. The mind, however powerful may be its faculties, will have both its jolly and its moody lapses. Cowper, as we have seen, had his hours of morbid melancholy. Milton, Dante, Moore, Burns, Pope, Thomson, and other poets, I cannot say how many, had theirs. While Edward Young was working on his "Night Thoughts," he possessed what Coleridge called the "*other-worldliness*." He then deplored sin, and reasoned well against it. He bewailed the irregularities of his son, and of young people generally. He raised his voice against the eagerness of men for wealth and worldly glory. He wrote as if his heart were in heaven. He was then in the highest mood of his genius. But genius has its ebb as well as its flow, in the mind; and, therefore, Young, in despite of his excellent book-character, was, as a society-man, fashionable, sycophantic, and unsaintly. It is said, that Sir Richard Steele wrote excellently on temperance — when he was sober! Solomon was wise; but never so wise as his proverbs. Demosthenes had much genius; but, when it was at its ebb, he showed an over-fondness for money. So, when he would have held up to shame Harpalus, the fugitive embezzler of Alexander's treasures, the rogue offered him twenty talents' worth of gold, and the great orator looked on the bribe and held his tongue.

I have now the secret—have I not?—of the difference between an author's human nature and his book-nature. There is, in every master-composer, an old man Adam, and another man Genius. Of the two, the higher and braver is Genius. This

rules, that crouches. Genius lifts himself, when he will, above the body with its brood of infirmities, above the beating cerebellum; and, even while pain, depression, and gloom are below, he holds himself aloft, and plays the eagle with a pen in his talons!

II.

THE ESSAYIST.

There are various classes of writers. Among these, may be mentioned historians, poets, novelists, dramatists, scientific writers, and essayists. Let us, for a short time, consider the essayist.

It belongs to this writer to develop and classify, in modes of his own, the concealed relations of different themes of inquiry. He enters the fields of visible and invisible truth, and explores them further. We owe our highest pleasures of reading to literary explorers. The scientific writer is usually more or less confined to certain portions of a single region of truth. With his method of determinative analysis, he cannot be versatile and entertaining, like the essayist. The brilliance of the essay is unsuited to science. The essay aims to amuse, while it instructs the reader; but the text-book has, as its only professed object, the conveyance of instruction. Each is a vehicle of knowledge gained by observation and thought; but, in the essay, truth is classified with more embellishment than it can be in the text-book. Furthermore, the results of observation and thought, which are presented by the essayist, may fitly partake, to a great extent, of his own personality, and be expressed in modes

peculiar to himself. Freshness and originality are looked for in the essay, and, in this kind of writing, dryness and formality are intolerable. But the text-book must needs be the vehicle of truth, stated, in the main, with formal perspicuity. There is, therefore, but little scope, in scientific writing, for the expression of personality. The *I*, in this case, dares not infuse much of itself into the *It*. The essayist seeks to be suggestive; the scientific writer seeks to be definite. The essayist applies, in novel modes, the principles of the text-book; the scientific writer ascertains and classifies these principles.

It may be well, carefully to observe that the essayist explores various fields of truth, passing outward from those limits reached by the man of science. Your mental philosophy contains but a small part of what you are permitted to know, concerning the nature and the operations of the human mind. The classifier of scientific knowledge stops on a circumference of limited diameter, and closes his eyes to immeasurable territories stretching every way beyond him. The student soon finds himself in view of realms of truth which it is impossible completely to explore. In these realms, there are but a few places where he can perceive any relief from one interminable vista of relations that have never been generalized. And these reliefs are the clearings which have been made by that class of writers who prepare, on the territories of the unknown, fruitful fields of systemized truth. Every great essayist has made for us, in some wilderness of relations, extending far beyond the outer limits of scientific ground, beautiful gardens of classified

knowledge, in which our minds have been refreshed and strengthened. Many of us do not adequately know how much we depend, for all that most agreeably amuses us, and for all that best incites us in intellectual pursuits, on literary explorers. In order more clearly to see the extent to which we are thus dependent on the essayist, it may be well to glance at the leading characteristics of a few of those masters of the pen, who may be regarded as representing different styles of composition.

There is one style which induces a serene mood of inspiration. It elevates the tone of thought. Though it excites the mind, it does not produce weariness. The reaction of the effect, like the effect itself, is entirely agreeable. I think the most eminent representative of this style is Washington Irving. He is what we may justly call an eclectic writer. Mr. Newman, the rhetorician, ascribes both simplicity and elegance to his style. He carefully chooses his thoughts and words, and sets before us only the sweetest and most exhilarating. He does not thrill you — he pleases you. In his writings, ease is combined with dignity. They have the charm of perfect gentility, the genial refinement of an intelligent traveler, who wins friends to him wherever he goes. You, undoubtedly, remember the effect which Irving's clear and chaste delineations produced on your mind, in the first instance in which you perused a book from his pen. Did you not, with an improved heart, lay aside that attractive volume? Did not this old world look more pleasant to you afterward? Irving makes his readers less sordid. By moderately raising their thoughts above the

whirl and the din of earthly scrambling, he causes them to become more meditative, more amiable, more manly.

Writers like Irving could not easily be spared. There are hours in the life of every student and of every educated person, in which the mind needs literary food that is gently inspiring. The sterner productions of the pen will not answer. There is, for awhile, no mental relish for science, for philosophy, or for history. But the fatigue of total inactivity cannot well be endured. The mind needs that employment and that exhilaration which nothing can better promote than the writings of accomplished literary explorers, whose pens, like that of our lamented Irving, overflow with recreative and elevating thoughts.

But not always do we need to be refreshed and inspired in the manner which I have just described. If neither weary nor indolent, our intellectual powers have a relish for strong food; and they should be provided with such aliment, so that they may be invigorated for intense action. The mind soon begins to become either despondent or listless unless it has work to do. Few men of genius have not been obliged to struggle, in many an instance, to recover the courageous zeal lost by them in too long an interval of relaxation. The inevitable effect of prolonged and luxurious leisure is a loss of manliness. Spinoza, it is said, was once offered a piece of gold, which he declined, fearing it might too much relax his spirit of endeavor. Demosthenes shaves one side of his head, and secludes himself in a cave on the sea-shore. Henceforward, he no

more forgets his duty to himself, and is ready, by-and-by, to shake the throne of Philip with words from his disciplined mouth. There come hours to us all, in which we will not, unless urged from without, rouse ourselves to undertake anything that is difficult. Hence the need of writings, the object of which is the production of excitement and courage. Moore, in his life of Byron, relates, that he once found the poet reading the history of Agathon, one of Wieland's romances. "I am," he says, "inclined to think it was his practice, when engaged in the composition of any work, to excite his vein by the perusal of others on the same subject or plan, from which the slightest hint caught by his imagination, as he read, was sufficient to kindle there such a train of thought, as but for that spark had never been awakened."

The class of writers who compose in the style adapted to produce the effect which has been mentioned, may be divided into two orders. The style of the first order has its chief representative in Thomas Carlyle. In his works, we find what seems a rush of thought. Over his page, his mind seems to have poured out, in a broad torrent, what was pressing in it for vent. His words and sentences are not merely pleasing — they are urging and driving. He little cares to be eclectic in expression. He does not spend time to find the most euphonious words. He apparently fears to delay for the purpose of conveying his thoughts in elegant and musical language, lest the inspiration of the moment should be too much damped. He writes elliptically. In some instances, he is exceedingly verbose; and, in some

instances, he fails to say enough. His sentences consist too frequently of words that are terrible to utter. I fancy, that should you and I attempt to play toss-and-catch with some of his great epithets and compound nouns, it would very soon prove to be a rough sort of sport.

Carlyle can write better; but he will not. In the sequel of his book on Heroes and Hero-Worship, he calls his own words, "rude words." Thus, he furnishes a hint in respect to that resoluteness with which he dashes along with his pen. Stronger hints, of a similar kind, are given in his famous essay, entitled "Characteristics." Therein, he puts forth a theory, denominated by him, "Unconsciousness of all healthy vital action in Man." He assumes that "the healthy understanding is not the logical, argumentative, but the intuitive;" for "the end of understanding," says he, "is not to prove and find reasons, but to know and believe." Thus, he denies that the logician can be a man of genius. The debater, he would say, is too cool and unintuitive for healthy vital action. "The debater," he does say, "is to be ranked as the lowest of true thinkers."

Applying his theory to oratory and rhetoric, he says, that "the orator persuades and carries all with him, he knows not how; but the rhetorician can prove that he ought to have persuaded and carried all with him. The one is in a state of healthy unconsciousness, as if he had no system; the other, in virtue of regimen and dietetic punctuality, feels at best that his system is in high order." Applying the same singular theory to the moral

actions of man, he quotes, as the vehicle of his conception of intuitiveness, the Scripture passage, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

Whether this theory of Unconsciousness is or is not true, it is no part of my present task to determine. Let it suffice to say, that in his apparent practice of the theory, as if it were true, Carlyle has wielded a mighty influence since he made his advent with the pen. By his earnest, though anomalous words, how many dependent and fastidious souls has he roused from their state of sycophantic effeminacy, and made them heroic and true!

The style of the other order of the school of writers under consideration, has its most striking representative in Ralph Waldo Emerson. In the writings of this author, is illustrated the effect of a consciousness of healthy vital action. And you will observe in them an argument against Carlyle's theory, so far as it is applied by him to rhetoric. Emerson does not, like Carlyle, continually infract on the wholesome rules of composition. His writings abound with happy sentiments and aphorisms. They have beauty as well as force. Emerson's style is, however, entirely his own. You do not find its salient peculiarities in the works of any other powerful author. It is labored. Epigrammatic brevity is one of its marks. It exhibits few evidences of extraordinary facility in composition. It is the compact, studied style of proverbs. It is Solomonish. Emerson has no crude sentences. On each of his books he seems to have toiled as Michael Angelo did on a statue. He not only stamps his writings with originality of thought, but he also gives them

vigor by his suggestive omissions. He makes you think, by leaving you to supply what he does not say. "What spaces," exclaims a magazine writer, "between Emerson's sentences! Each seems to float like a solitary summer-cloud in a whole sky of silence!" Emerson writes as if he were certain he will be quoted from in future ages. Many a sentence of his is as short as a streak of lightning. But he seems never to compose a sentence with electric haste. May I not use a new figure, and say that his chapters are trees, and that he prunes every paragraph and sentence to the quick?

Judging from their works, Carlyle is a fast, Emerson a slow writer. In the former, the first mark at which the critics aim, is the crude vehicle of the thought; in the latter, it is the thought itself. The one writes too anomalously; the other thinks too anomalously. Both rouse and thrill you; but the greater fault of the one is the crudity of his style, while the greater fault of the other is his transcendentalism. I cannot, however, agree with those who discountenance Emerson's transcendentalism, to such an extent as not to see and acknowledge the value of his genius and originality. Right handsomely does he compensate for his unacceptable opinions, in his acceptable strength and the weird beauty of his composition. I think it is well that we have his writings. Do they not tend to make us more earnest of mind? more apt to inquire after the grounds and the causes of things? more desirous to know what are the foundations of our beliefs and theories? more strong to cope with the difficult problems connected with man's being and situation?

more interested in everything that is true and beautiful? and less inclined to seek the absurd accomplishments and to follow the foolish fashions of the humanity of the surface world?

III.

THE BLISS OF THE WRITER.

That the successful writer is rewarded with a superior order of pleasures, it is unnecessary to prove. But the effect of these pleasures on himself may not unprofitably be considered. This effect includes a complete forgetfulness of sorrow and pain, a perfect relief from the weariness resulting from toil, a thorough exemption from feverish and impatient longings, a peaceful view of life, and an encouragement to new and greater mental efforts. "Contemplate your subject long," says Buffon; "it will gradually unfold, till a sort of electric spark convulses, for a moment, the brain, and spreads down to the very heart a glow of irritation. Then come the luxuries of genius, the true hours of production and composition." I have read of one Marini, an Italian poet, who was so absorbed, while revising his "Adonis," that one of his limbs was, for some time, in contact with fire, before he felt the heat. Of Ariosto, another Italian poet, it is recorded that, while a young man, his father once severely reproved him. But he was entirely innocent, in respect to the offense for which the reproof was given, although, strange as it may seem, he made not the least effort to exculpate himself to his father. His brother, Gabriel, who happened to know his innocence, after-

ward asked him why he did not explain the case, and escape the parental ire. Ariosto beautifully answered, "Because I was so busily thinking how to make the best use of what my father said, in my new comedy, in which I have just such a scene of an old man scolding a boy, that in the ideal, I forgot the real incident."

Sir Walter Scott well knew the bliss of the writer. He seems to have been almost insensible to weariness of any kind, while engaged on his tasks. The sweet reactions of successful effort kept him in high health. He used to say, that, "when sick, the best way is, if possible, to triumph over disease by setting it at defiance, somewhat on the same principle as one avoids being stung by boldly grasping a nettle." In the quiet of his study, Scott experienced transports of which it is probable that the kings and the conquerors, the millionaires and the libertines, of his day, never dreamed. And, though we cannot entirely agree with him in his opinion, yet we will believe he was expressing a conviction which the ineffable bliss of many years had wrought in his mind, when he wrote the words, "People may say this or that of the pleasure of fame or of profit, as a motive of writing, I think the only pleasure is in the actual exertion and research; and I would no more write on any other terms, than I would hunt merely to dine on hare-soup."

Readers do not often enough consider the sweetness of that excitement which must have been experienced by their favorite authors, while these were toiling at their tasks, in the solitude of thought and composition. The exercise of writing is far better

than opium, as a remedy for discontent or for crabbedness. The activity of the writer removes from his mind the causes of melancholy and of petulance, somewhat as the stream of water cleanses itself by running. Does the mathematician ask what the poems of Homer prove? They prove, I answer, that their composer found exquisite pleasure in writing them. Happy was the blind bard of Scio, while producing his *Iliad* and his *Odyssey* — producing them from the stores of “that intellectual treasury, which poverty could not drain or scorn impair.” Do not forget, when you peruse Plato and Aristotle, Descartes and Spinoza, Shakspeare and blind Milton, what days of bliss were spent by these writers, in places of seclusion! Do not forget what happiness there was for Cervantes and John Bunyan, in prison; and for Dante and Machiavelli, in banishment!

And here is an interesting truth, in respect to the felicitous experience of the writer. The effect of writing is disciplinary and enriching. The author, of all men, is he who bears in his mind the most valuable intelligence. Writing is a process of mental education and adornment. When a great book is written, you may at once say, that its author is, now, far better prepared to write a greater book than he was before, to write that one. Who can tell how much mental and moral gold Butler stored in his mind, while he was forming the everlasting structure of his *Analogy*? Who can tell to what an extent Plutarch enriched his intellect, while he was busy on his *Lives* and *Parallels* of Illustrious Greeks and Romans? And, as all vivid assurances

of successful mental effort are attended by a sweet inspiration, it follows that the effective writer experiences unnumbered thrills of joy, to which the reader can have no key in his published pages, but which it belongs to his imagination to supply.

IV.

POWER AND FAME.

Of all the methods of influencing men's minds and hearts, there is, perhaps, none by which a person may secure more power and higher fame, than that of writing. Suitable and adequate investigation, in respect to this proposition, will, I think, convince the reader that it is not too strongly stated. Consider, if you please, the writer, in comparison with eminent wielders of influence of other orders. Of these, there may be named the tactician, the artist, and the orator.

In respect to the tactician, it is not difficult to see, that his power is held within humiliating limits. His great days are days of battle only. If he is no more than a tactician, he must needs depend on war and carnage for fame. He must be able to ride well in a saddle, and must know just when and just where to give orders to men to kill men. Does he aspire chiefly to military glory? Then, in order to hasten the time when his name shall bear the title of Great, he must make some person like Alexander of Macedon his exemplar. His heroism must not be moral heroism; for moral heroes seek God's glory, rather than their own. He must be devoted to an unscrupulous ambition for martial distinction — an ambi-

tion requiring him to count human life and the tenderest domestic ties, as secondary to the advancement of personal interests—an ambition of that kind which Seneca describes as “a gulf and a bottomless abyss, where everything is lost that is thrown in, and where, though you were to heap province on province and kingdom on kingdom, you would never be able to fill up the mighty void.” The laurels of the military conqueror usually smell of powder and blood. His renown is not so much the renown of power, as it is that of prowess. Tecumseh and Black-Hawk, though they had never been educated in French or in English, were as lion-hearted as were Napoleon and Wellington.

Again; in respect to the artist, you will observe, that, to his empire, also, there are limits which make him far less powerful than the writer. It belongs to him to influence only the finer susceptibilities of the mind. His mission is to wean men from the sordid pleasures of appetite and of lust, by embodying beautiful ideals in art. But, in his appropriate field of action, he is able to attract and refine the minds of only a few; for there are but few, indeed, over whom the models of music, of painting, of sculpture, and of architecture, hold a delightful sway. Angelo and Raphael did not carve and paint for the many. They worked only for men of taste; otherwise, they would, in all their years of thought and production, have in vain sought hospitality at the doors of human minds. Mozart and Beethoven left no music for after-generations so powerful as that left by Dante or by Milton. What, to the race, is Sir Christopher Wren and his

monumental St. Paul's, to Shakspeare and his monumental plays? Art is noble; but it is not a potent civilizer. It elevates men; but it does not reform them.

Finally; in respect to the orator, it may be said, that only on certain occasions of public concern is he strong and mighty. He is the people's instructor and guide in great emergencies. His contact with men is necessarily close; and, while exerting himself, his power is immense. But, considering the permanence of the effect which the orator produces, it must be admitted, that he is far inferior to the writer as a wielder of influence. His power is less lasting, while it is more forcible, than the writer's. The orator rouses and enchains men by the charms of eloquence. He convinces them by logic, set on fire with passion. He persuades and moves them to action by extemporaneous utterances, the nice adaptation and the pathetic beauty of which completely overpower the strongest prejudice and disarm the most contemptuous resistance. But oratory, how admirable soever it may be, cannot insure the highest historic fame. It is a means of influencing the many, rather than a means of influencing the few. Its wonder-working power cannot be reported; but its impressions are like those made by the storm on the waters of the ocean. When its mighty "mouthfuls of spoken wind" no longer move the audience, the wild billows of feeling which they have excited, must needs sink back to rest, and be followed by a great calm. Long ago, the name of Demosthenes might have gone to oblivion, had he not toiled, in silence, on his speeches before he delivered them,

till, as Pythias said, "all his arguments smelt of his lamp." Who knows how many thrilling orators have lived and died, leaving no record behind them to indicate to posterity how they charmed men in their own day? Little would we know concerning wise Ulysses and his oratoric powers, had not the Iliad and the Odyssey of Homer given him historic renown. And little would we know concerning the greatness of Pericles, as an orator, had not Thucydides committed to writing, in a few brief but beautiful sketches, some of the utterances of that gifted speaker.

Socrates might have been a powerful reformer for every age after his own, had he written as many wise words as he gave to the air in his long contest with the incorrigible sophists. The self-denying, courageous old philosopher, with all his wisdom, expressed a great error, when he said to Phædrus, in those words attributed to him by his pupil, Plato:

"Writing, indeed, Phædrus, has this inconvenience, and truly resembles painting. For *its* productions stand out as if they were alive; but if you ask them any question, they observe a solemn silence. And so it is with written discourses; you would think that they spoke as though they possessed some wisdom; but if you ask them about anything they say, from a desire to understand it, they give you only one and the self-same answer. And when it is once written, every discourse is tossed about everywhere, equally among those who understand it, and among those whom it in no wise concerns, and it knows not to whom it ought to speak and to whom not. And when it is ill-treated

and unjustly reviled, it also needs its father to help it; for, of itself, it can neither defend nor help itself."

Socrates, when he spoke these unreasonable words, overlooked the fact that great paintings and great writings serve to perpetuate, from age to age, the power of their authors. He, also, overlooked the truth, that it is the duty of every man who is far in advance of his own generation, in knowledge and wisdom — a duty which he owes to himself, as well as to those who are to live after him — to produce some noble work which shall carry forward the life of his rich mind, so that it may fertilize the ages to come. Socrates was, evidently, too fond of street-speaking. His one-ideaism had disturbed the balance of his mind. He seems to have concluded, that his peculiar mode of showing men their ignorance, was the only excellent method of successfully influencing them for good. In discarding the absurd writings of the sophists, he hardly let himself see the value of those true writings which are essential to extensive personal power and to enduring personal fame. How much more useful a man would he have made himself, both to the Athenians and to the men of all succeeding times, if he had retired from the street, and spent his days in producing models of composition, which might constitute him a teacher and inspirer of men, when his mortal tongue should be silent in the grave! The influence exerted by Socrates on the race, seems meager, in comparison with that exerted by Plato, by Aristotle, or by Xenophon. Indeed, may we not reasonably inquire, by what means, had not this trio of ancient

writers once lived, we could have known anything reliable concerning that master-talker, with his flouting nose and uncouth garb, but with habits of temperance, and with an extraordinary "beauty in the inner man?"

Who can tell how many powerful geniuses have spoken for only one generation of men, because no recording pen immortalized their thoughts and their sayings? A beautiful provision, and one for which the race can never be too full of gratitude, was that made by the Founder of the Christian religion, for perpetuating the influence of his own words, his own doctrines, and his own example. Imparting something of the *afflatus* which he himself possessed, to a few poor and unlearned Galilean fishermen, he transformed them into apostolic penmen. The piercing eye of the Master foresaw those ages of moral darkness that were to come, in which the indescribable eloquence that had made the self-righteous Jews tremble, and had begun to renovate the hearts of the idolatrous Gentiles, would not ring in the ears of sinful men, and in which there would be needed, for the continuance of genuine Christianity, the sacred Gospel, with its artless but thrilling narratives, and its simple but reformatory teachings!

P A P E R VI.

THE THREE INSPIRATIONS.

IF you had been a mariner, you could speak of having, in many an instance, gazed long and with a calm pleasure on the ocean, when the rays of the unclouded sun were playfully drinking the waters, and the wild and boisterous winds,

“Danger’s grim playmates,”

seemed asleep in the blue distance. Then, you could speak of having, in many an instance, been suddenly arrested by a stern voice from the gathered clouds, calling up the Titan forces of the tempest. Soon afterward, you saw the tops of the high waves gleaming afar on the watery expanse. By-and-by, you turned again to gaze on the great deep; and the toiling and foaming billows, the darkness, the lightning, and the thunder, showed you that the ocean had become fully roused!

To this impressive scene, may not the inspiration of the gifted mind be, in certain instances, fitly likened? There are times, in which the great soul experiences an intense and lofty excitement. It seems both to dazzle and to gush with inspiration. Its faculties are marvelously active. Its tabernacle, the body, though perhaps frail and overstrained, is

free from pain. Out of the person's eyes is darted a weird and thrilling light. Mightily to act, in the hour of this inspiration, seems as easy as for the excited ocean to lash and drive the iron-ribbed ship. The deep of the soul is roused. Every smile, frown, and gesture of the man is potent; and the words which he speaks,

“They seize upon the mind, arrest, and search,
And shake it; bow the tall soul, as by wind;
Rush over it, as rivers over reeds
That quaver in the current; turn us cold,
And pale, and voiceless, leaving in the brain
A rocking and a ringing!”

One of the leading marks of this inspiration is its naturalness. It at once causes you to feel that it is felt. No man can pass off an inflated for an inspired soul. Affected inspiration does not charm men, does not persuade them, does not overpower them. The mimic orator is betrayed by his unengaged features; and the poet that writes under the influence of opium or of intoxicating liquor, produces unnatural verse. Sooner than see a pedant or a mere *dilettante* become powerfully eloquent, you shall hear your neighbor's brooklet roar like the ocean. The great man presents you his credentials, and you cannot but acknowledge them, and give him welcome to your soul. As his day, so is his strength. In the hour of unimportant emergence, his voice is sweet and playful. When great interests are at stake, his utterances are equally appropriate; and you then know that they are the outspeakings of inspired genius, just as when you hear a rolling in the clouds, you know it is the thunder!

I.

THE POET.

There are three great moods of human inspiration. One of these is that state of exalted abstraction, in which the mind of the gifted poet is often absorbed. The inspiration of the poet is not incompatible, in its intensity, with beauty of manifestation. There are persons whose capability of thought and action is irresistible. They seem to possess such power, that, with but a single strong word, they could, perhaps, hush the clamor of rebellion, or take the nerve out of an immense army. Not of this kind is the power of the poet. He partakes more of Apollo than of Jupiter. He seems the most angelic of men. We require of him, as if by instinct, that he choose elevated themes, and that he keep himself unspotted from the world. "So it appeareth," says Lord Bacon, "that poetry serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, and delectation; and, therefore, it was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it does raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind; whereas, reason does buckle and bow the mind to the nature of things."

You read a few pages of "Hudibras," and, in despite of all the words of admiration which that work has received, your heart whispers, "This has no genuine poetic inspiration." Thomas Carlyle has, with a good reason, called poetry, *musical thought*. He conceives that the heart of nature is melodious, and that the bard is he who sees so

deeply into things as to "see musically." He considers Dante and Shakspeare a peculiar Two who dwelt apart, "in a kind of royal solitude; none equal, none second to them; in the general feeling of the world, being invested with a certain transcendentalism, a glory as of complete perfection." Carlyle is true. The poet proper is an inspired singer, a songful explorer of nature. Hence, it may be inferred, that there is little genuine poetic inspiration in satires. When, my literary friend, did you most admire Horace? Was it when, with his poetic pinions dragging in the very dust, he conducted you from Rome to Brundisium? or, was it when you felt the chastening and elevating influence of some one of his Odes or of his Epodes? If you should explore the hearts of the greater number of readers, you would find it natural for them to believe, that the appropriate mission of the poet is to exalt the minds of men by means of beautiful conceptions. All impurity is inconsistent with the true object of poetic song. Hence, when we found Burns in a debauch, and read Alexander Pope's "Farewell to London," and those sarcastic and sensual poems which were composed by Byron, the best lines of these bards seemed to us, afterward, to savor too strongly of the flesh. I doubt not, there are those who have, with a diminished fervor, admired "Lalla Rookh," since they read of Thomas Moore's libertinism, and those who have had but little patience with Ben Jonson's poetry, since they learned that almost every excellent thing he did cost him a cup of sack, and that he was so notoriously fond of good

Canary, as to win from his contemporaries the title of "Canary bird."

When rightly understood, the poetic inspiration is an exalted enthusiasm, a pure and rapturous afflatus. To Homer and Milton, this truth was, undoubtedly, obvious; and, hence, though they were blind, they seem to us angelic men. The high-soaring Ossian evidently knew the same great truth. To him, as to Carlyle, all inmost things seemed melodious, and poetry to be musical thought. Else why, in his writings, did he keep himself so free from vitiating contact with the low world? In that hour, in which his gorgeous song-words attracted and delighted you, his earthliness was all gone from your ideal of him — swallowed up in his heavenliness — and you could scarcely think of him as a lonely blind man, pining for a look at the sun.

The true bard is ever seeking something harmonious in itself, and therefore worthy of song. On themes, human and common, he sings with a subduing, elevating music. He makes even that which is deformed, exhibit beauty. His mission is that of a developer of superior harmonies of truth; his inspiration is that of a rapt singer; his power is that of *musical thought*. All real poetry is exalting, in idea and in sentiment. And it may justly be affirmed, that all poetry which is not thus exalting is not real poetry. There is no base thing that can be well sung; for no base thing is essentially harmonious. The subjects of satires are not harmonious. The genuine poet does not sing sensualism. Byron's inspiration, while composing his "English Bards

and Scotch Reviewers," was of an inferior kind. In performing the resolution,

"I'll publish, right or wrong;
Fools are my theme, let satire be my song,"

he had not the true poetic temper and fervor. Hence, it is little strange that he was afterward led to speak of his satire as "a miserable record of misplaced anger and indiscriminate acrimony." Certain it is, in respect to unhappy Byron, that he was a genuine poet, not *always*, but *sometimes*.

Says Tennyson :

"The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love."

Again he sings:

"Vex not thou the poet's mind,
With thy shallow wit;
Vex not thou the poet's mind,
For thou canst not fathom it.
Clear and bright it should be ever,
Flowing like a crystal river;
Bright as light and clear as wind."

Such is the inspiration of the poet. Such is the inspired singer.

II.

THE ORATOR.

In respect to power, the three inspirations, taken together, exhibit a gradation. That of the poet is less powerful than that of the orator; and that of the orator is less powerful than that of the hero. In poetry, thought is sung; in oratory, thought is uttered. The language of poetry is measured; the language of oratory unmeasured. The former is refining; the latter is persuasive and moving. The poet is a singer; the orator is a convincer, conciliator, inciter. The one exerts more influence on the imagination and the finer sensibilities; the other exerts more influence on the reasoning faculty and the passions.

The orator seems to be, in himself, an embodiment of all the forces as well as all the attractions of nature. When inspired, he often represents the storm, disturbing the waters of the ocean. Then, his words seem like

“Supernatural thunders — far, yet near.”

Again; he has the refreshing sweetness of a summer day. His voice resembles the soft gurgling of streams. His face is peaceful, like the landscape which loses itself in the azure haze of distance. In his pleasant eyes, we catch glimpses of a gentle soul, somewhat as we often seem to see the sun mildly beaming beneath the surface of the placid waters.

But he, at length, suddenly assumes a new atti-

tude and a new manner, and becomes the representative of a totally different scene. His voice has a stern sound. His countenance is clouded. His eyes have lost their mild luster. He now represents Winter itself, with its bleakness, its whistling and moaning winds, and its storms of chilling snow.

But, by-and-by, there comes another change; and, now, the effect of the man's eloquence is like that of the regaling influences of some quiet and beautiful garden, in which redolent breezes are blowing and melodious fountains are playing.

But, soon, the eye of the orator flashes with a lightning-like glance; and his voice, loud, strong, and awful, startles us from our repose. We gaze on the mighty man; and lo! he now seems to represent the power which causes cities, mountains, and great trees, to stagger and fall, as if some infuriating beverage had made them drunk. He resembles Vesuvius itself, pouring forth terrific mouthfuls of fiery lava. This is enough. We involuntarily cover our faces with our hands. Our hearts throb wildly. We hardly know where we are. We are bewildered. We are awed. We are filled with terror.

But, in a short time, the speaker has become calm again; and we are, once more, able to liken his voice to the soft tones of singing waters.

Powerful, indeed, is the great orator! When Benjamin Franklin had heard Whitefield, for the first time, it is related that he threw all the copper, the silver, and the gold he had in his pocket, into the charity-box. When Rowland Hill had, on one occasion, become surcharged with the electric influence of the eloquence of Chalmers, it is said that he sprang from his seat, and, striking the paling

before him with his fist, cried out, like a wild man, "Well done, Chalmers!" Warren Hastings said of Burke's speech on the question of his impeachment, that, "as he listened to the orator, he felt, for more than half an hour, as if he were the most culpable being on earth." And we know, that when Patrick Henry, the eagle of American eloquence, uttered the sublime scream, "Give me liberty or give me death!" the patriots of Young America were ready and eager for battle.

It must be admitted, that a certain amount of premeditation is absolutely indispensable to a great speech. Patrick Henry was so well prepared, in respect to the subject of the war, that he was able, in any hour, to speak on it eloquently. "If I were asked," said Robert Hall, "what is the chief requisite for eloquence? I should reply, *Preparation*; and what is the second? *Preparation*; and what is the third? *Preparation*."

But preparation is not the only requisite for powerful oratory. Sufficient and suitable action is also required. This was deemed by Demosthenes so important, that when asked three times in succession, what is the chief requisite for oratory? he, in each instance, replied, "*Action*!" And still another important requisite for eloquence is, that the speech delivered should seem to come directly from the soul of the speaker. Goethe says:

"Startle the school-boys with your metaphors,
And, if such food may suit your appetite,
Win the vain wonder of applauding children!
But never hope to stir the hearts of men,
And mold the souls of many into one,
By words which come not native from the heart."

This utterance is in harmony with Webster's well-known declaration, that true eloquence cannot be brought from far; that it must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Sheridan said, "he liked to go and hear Rowland Hill, because his ideas came red-hot from his heart." The best orators have practiced the truth, that the speech of a speaker is most effective, when, by his readiness in thought, his earnestness of look, his animation of manner, and his apparent if not real extemporaneousness of expression, it is made to seem like a stream of inspiration coming forth splendidly from the soul. Then only is it mighty. Then only does it sufficiently fulfill the design of oratory, which is to produce, at once, a deep impression on men's minds and hearts. "If a speech reads well," said Fox, "it cannot have been a good speech; but if it does not read well, it may have been a good speech." Garrick once remarked, that he would give a hundred guineas, if he could say "O!" like George Whitefield. Of the same speaker, he said, at another time, that, "he could make men weep or tremble, by his varied utterances of the word 'Mesopotamia.'"

The eloquence of the powerful speaker can neither be reported nor successfully imitated. It is the inspiration of genius, appearing in engaged features, appropriate gestures, and persuasive and thrilling words. Not long does its influence continue; but while it does continue, it overmasters and enchains the hearer. The people cannot resist it. It is ever-varying. It is charming. It has the music of the siren, and the weirdness of the magician. "In one

corner of the gallery," says Mr. March, in his account of Webster's reply to Hayne, "was clustered a group of Massachusetts men. They had hung, from the first, on the words of the speaker, with feelings variously but always warmly excited, deepening in intensity as he proceeded. At first, while the orator was going through his exordium, they held their breath and hid their faces, mindful of the savage attack on him and New England, and the fearful odds against him, her champion; as he went deeper into his speech, they felt easier; when he turned Hayne's flank on Banquo's ghost, they breathed freer and deeper. But now, as he alluded to Massachusetts, their feelings were strained to their highest tension; and when the orator, concluding his encomium on the land of their birth, turned, intentionally or otherwise, his burning eye full on them — *they shed tears like girls!*"*

The Greeks used to say of Pericles, that, while delivering a speech, "he thundered and lightened." When Archidamus, one of the Lacedæmonian kings, asked Thucydides which of the two was the better wrestler, Pericles or he, Thucydides answered, "When I throw him, he says he was never down, and persuades the very spectators to believe it."

But not every speaker's eloquence has such power. There is often enough an orator who puts his hearers to sleep. The number is small, of those who are able to experience, on the platform, that feeling which makes words mighty. Thersites, prating to

* See "Webster and his Masterpieces," a popular work by Rev. B. F. Tefft, LL.D.

the Greek army while they ridicule him and wish him to be silent, is a representative instance; and Ulysses, taking Thersites' place, and controlling every ear, is also a representative instance. "When the wise Ulysses," says Homer, "rose, and stood, and looked down, fixing his eyes on the ground, and neither moved his scepter backward nor forward, but held it still, like an awkward person, you would say it was some angry or foolish man; but when he sent his great voice forth out of his breast, and his words fell like the winter snows, not then would any mortal contend with Ulysses; and we, beholding, wondered not so much, afterward, at his aspect."

No nation has had many masters of that eloquence which is needed in hours of national emergence. Lord Byron, who had heard most of the distinguished speakers of his day, wrote in his journal — whether justly or unjustly, it is difficult to determine — that Grattan would have been near to his ideal of an orator, but for his harlequin delivery; that Fox struck him as a debater, which, to him, seemed as different from an orator, as an improvisatore, or a versifier, from a poet; that Grey was great, but it was not oratory; that Canning was sometimes very like an orator; that Windham he did not admire, though all the world did — it seemed sad sophistry; that Whitbread was the Demosthenes of bad taste and vulgar vehemence, but strong and English; that Holland was impressive, from sense and sincerity; that Lord Lansdowne was good, but still a debater only; that Grenville he would have liked vastly, if he had pruned his speeches down to an

hour's delivery ; that Burdett was sweet and silvery as Belial himself, and, in his opinion, was the greatest favorite in Pandemonium ; that he had heard Milnes make his second speech, but it made no impression ; that he liked Ward, who was studied, but keen, and sometimes eloquent ; that he did not admire Mr. Wilberforce's speaking, because it was nothing but a flow of words—" words, words alone ;" that Lord Chatham and Burke were the nearest approaches to orators in England ; that he did not know what Erskine was at the bar, but, in the House, he wished him at the bar once more ; that Lauderdale was shrill, and Scotch, and acute ; that he had heard Sheridan only once, and that briefly, but he liked his voice, his manner, and his wit, and he was the only speaker, among all these, he ever wished to hear at greater length ; that Curran was the man who struck him most ; that the powers of Curran's imagination were exhaustless, and that he had heard him speak more poetry than he had ever seen written.

America, it must be conceded, has many speakers who honor the platform. Her Everett is polished and brilliant. Her Judge Douglas is intense and masterly. Her Phillips blends elegance and simplicity with sententiousness and strength. Her Breckinridge is logical and vigorous. Her Gough is versatile and charming. Her Chapin is eloquent. Her Henry Ward Beecher is entertaining to all classes. But, to know who of these orators would be powerful in the hour of revolutionary exigence, we must think of each of them as standing in some situation like that of Henry, when he heard around him the

cry of Treason, or in some place like that of Webster, when he rose to reply to Hayne.

That the power of the orator to persuade and thrill men is mainly dependent on his genius, or his natural capability of passion and delivery, is indicated by the fact, that he resumes his ordinary and, perhaps, playful style of expression, as soon as the occasion of his inspiration is over. The electrified nerves of the glorious man are then entirely relieved from the strain to which they have been subjected. His face no longer reminds us of the dazzling sun or of the gathering storm. His words are familiar. He seems scarcely to know that he has the power to rouse assembled thousands, to hold them bound as by a spell, to make them hate what they loved and love what they hated. He may, now, be likened to the ocean in a calm.

In respect to the joy which is experienced by the eloquent speaker in the time of his impressive excitement, permit me to quote the admirable words of Tacitus. "When the orator," says he, "on some great occasion, comes with a well-digested speech, aware of his matter and animated by his object, his breast expands and heaves with emotions unfelt before. In his joy, there is a dignity suited to the weight and the energy of the composition which he has prepared. Does he rise to hazard himself in the debate? He is alarmed for himself; but in that very alarm there is a mixture of pleasure, which predominates till distress itself becomes delightful. The mind exults, in the prompt exercise of its powers, and even glories in its rashness. The productions of genius and those of the field have this

resemblance: many things are sown and brought to maturity, with toil and care, yet that which grows from the wild vigor of nature has the most grateful flavor."

Such is the inspiration of the orator. Such is the inspired speaker.

III.

THE HERO.

Inspiration in song is poetry; in speech, it is oratory; in determination and endurance, it is heroism. Of the poet, we demand, above all things else, *musical thought*; of the orator, unction of delivery; of the hero, persevering courage. The bard sings triumphs; the hero wins them. The orator waits for occasions; the hero makes them.

Considered generically, the name of hero covers all great men. It was Milton's opinion, that he who would hope to write a laudable poem, should himself be a true poem, "not presuming to sing of high praises of heroic men or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praiseworthy." Thomas Carlyle, in his six celebrated lectures, speaks of the hero as Divinity, as Prophet, as Poet, as Priest, as Man of Letters, and as King. "I confess," he says, in one place, "that I have no notion of a truly great man that could not be all sorts of men." "We have," he says, in another place, "repeatedly endeavored to explain, that all sorts of heroes are intrinsically of the same material; that, given a great soul, open to the divine significance of life, then there is given a man fit to speak of this, to sing of this, to fight

and work for this, in a great, victorious, enduring manner; there is given a hero, the outward shape of whom will depend on the time and the environment he finds himself in."

The truth of these sentiments of Milton and Carlyle is obvious. But, while we do not deny that the genuine poet and the genuine orator partake of the heroic inspiration, it is a part of our plan, at present, to view the hero as neither a poet nor an orator. We do not, however, assume that heroism signifies only valor or prowess. There is little doubt that shouts of victory, as expressive of joy as any that have ever made the air tremble, have been uttered in garrets, in shops, and in laboratories. Heroes were in this world long before men had invented war-weapons and systems of martial tactics. Battles have been fought on paper, which, in view of their results, have, perhaps, been far more important than that of Waterloo or that of Solferino. "Luther's words," said Richter, "are half-battles." There are men who, though not public actors, are heroes. They are heroic thinkers. Their victories are gained in solitude. There they grapple with difficulties; and there they succeed and rejoice. The faculties of every strong and earnest mind may be likened to so many warriors, struggling from triumph to triumph. Contending with armies of apparent Impossibilities, they overcome these, and prove the truth of the poet's affirmation, that

"'Tis not in things o'er thought to domineer."

And when the contest is over, and the trophies of victory are gathered, then these warriors hold a jubilee.

Almost every one of us is sometimes heroically inspired. It is, perhaps, safe to say, that there are but few persons who, even in respect to that rapturous inspiration which crowns the persevering courage of genius, have not received, in their own experience, a multitude of striking hints. How many are possessors of respectable fortunes and positions, for which they have paid in campaigns of hard bivouacs and vigorous fighting! That bright hour—you remember it well—in which your pulses were made to bound with new energy; and in which, as if realizing the ideal of Horace expressed in the words,

“*Sublimi feriam sidera vertice,*”

in the rapture of some victory, you seemed to strike the stars with your uplifted head! Review your past life, and you will see days, here and there, on which your heart was like an eagle's; days on which you seemed to yourself to shed lightning from your eyes; days on which, rousing yourself to meet the demand of some unusual occasion, you accomplished a triumph, and then were ready to shout “Eureka! Eureka!”

Yes; you know the inspiration of the hero. Did you not feel some measure of it in your boyhood, when you used to whittle out little victories, which appeared in the shape of wheels and of whistles? Did you not feel a greater measure of it, when, older by a few years, after a long struggle with the “powers of darkness,” which resisted your attempts to solve some problem in mathematics, you at last exerted your mind to the utmost, and performed the task? We all were made to experience the joy

of heroism. He is not a man who is entirely wanting in persevering courage. Such a one temporizes and dreams, truckles and recedes too much. He steps in the tracks of the man of genius, as this man goes forward

“Through tempests dropping fire;”

and, though he often exhibits the form of heroism, he never has its power. He utters notes of triumph, which, baby-like, he has only learned how to mimic. He has no real manliness. He is cowardly — nay, to use a line of Ben Jonson’s, he is

“The most unprofitable sign of nothing.”

That there are other heroes than those of the camp, surely no intelligent person will, for a moment, doubt. But may it not justly be affirmed, that the noblest heroes are not found in the camp? Marco Bozzaris falls in battle, and expires, saying: “To die for liberty is a pleasure, not a pain!” Epaminondas draws the reeking javelin from his bosom, and, in his last breath, says: “I have lived long enough; for I die unconquered!” Leonidas, struggling in the pass of Thermopylæ, is glorious in his inspiration. But these brave men belonged not to the highest class of heroes. Greater than their courage was that of many of the discoverers, many of the inventors, and many of the reformers of past time. Greater than their courage was that of Socrates, who heroically proved his moral integrity by draining the cup of hemlock as serenely as you would drain a cup of tea! Greater than their courage was that exhibited by Florence Nightingale,

who, in the hospitals of the neglected sick, and in the atmosphere which had been poisoned by the breath of men and women suffering from frightful wounds and from contagious diseases, was ever fearless and ever beautiful, a heroine and an angel in philanthropy! Far sublimer than the courage of any warrior that has fought and fallen in the ages, was the courage of those Christian heroes who persevered in their devotion to truth, in despite of the stocks by which men's ankles were chafed and worn; in despite of the rack on which men's limbs were stretched till every bone was drawn out of the socket in which it turned; in despite of the dungeon in which, by long periods of incarceration, men's eyes were made familiar with darkness, and their feet familiar with the crumbling bones of the dead; and in despite of that most excruciating of all conceivable modes of torture and destruction — the burning stake, in the flames of which the blood of the body was made to boil and bubble!

But it may be well, carefully to consider some particular instance, illustrating the truth, that the highest class of heroes are found apart from the camp.

Christopher Columbus discovered America.

"This," you may be ready to say, "is an old statement of history, freshly repeated. There is, surely, little reason why you should give prominence to so dull an affirmation. This sentence is too old to stand alone. The fact which it expresses is not sufficiently important to claim the attention

of the reader of this busy day. You should give us something rare and vital."

Indeed, my friend, the statement is a trite one; but, for all that, I can see in it *a hero of the sea, his hard and long struggle, his triumph, and his transport.*

Had Christopher Columbus never been born, what evidence have we for the conclusion, that our vast America would not now belong to wild beasts and wild Indians? You may say, that, if this man had not made his successful voyage of discovery, some other able person would have been honored as the discoverer of our continent. But how could you prove your assertion true? It is easy to say, that, if Martin Luther had never risen and begun the Protestant Reformation, some other mighty man would have come forth from obscurity and performed that work. But where is the proof?

It is possible, on the supposition that Columbus had never lived, that, long before this day, America would have been made known to civilized men; but I do not admit the certainty of the result. There could never have been two Columbuses. Do you not know this? Why, then, should you be unwilling to believe, that he who, in the year of our Lord fourteen hundred and ninety-two, discovered America, accomplished a work which, had he never seen the light, or had he died in his cradle, would, probably, not yet be recorded in history?

When you think of Columbus, you should think of a man who could hardly have lived in this fine world without achieving something new and noble. He had intellectual eyes which wandered round the globe. At an early age, he had, undoubtedly, begun

to aspire to that originality, of which the Maker desires every man to possess so much that he may deserve to be called eccentric. While he is yet a boy, I imagine him, as saying to himself, in places of solitary meditation: "I am an individual differing, in many respects, from every other. I am neither that person nor that person; I am Christopher Columbus—a young man. Is it not for me to do something which shall enlarge the domain of civilization—something which no one else has thought or will ever think to do?"

The father of Columbus was a wool-comber, and was poor. I have, however, read, that this man helped his son to a careful education. You may think as you please; but I am persuaded that the boy Christopher was helped to his education, less by his father than by himself.

The young man early formed a passion for the sea. At the age of fourteen, he was a navigator in the Mediterranean. He was, also, a good swimmer. Once, when a vessel of which he was the commander, had burned nearly to a level with the water, he saved his life by swimming ashore. Had he not been able, just at that time, to swim well, do you think that this American land would have been discovered?

But, what is better to say, Columbus was a thoughtful man, and he was profoundly thoughtful. This fact, coupled with that of his indomitable courage, explains the superior ability by which he became the discoverer of the New World. He was precisely the one to stand on the shore of the Mediterranean, or on the deck of a ship, and ask what

there ought to be on the earth's other side. And he was precisely the one to conclude that there was land lying not far to the west, and that to this land he himself could find a way. I cannot tell you how early in his life this great thought first entered his mind; but I can tell you when it first began to reveal itself in heroic action.

Bartolommeo di Palestrello, whose daughter Columbus had married, was participator with Zarco, in the discovery of one of the group of the Madeiras. On his death, he had left many useful charts and nautical instruments. Columbus preserved these with care; and there is little doubt, that, as often as he examined them, the desire grew in him to attempt the discovery of those lands which, with the inner vision, he could behold in the west. For years, he had thus traced their shores. They glimmered, in the distance, with the shells which had been washed on them, by the tides of unmeasured and unsounded waters. He had mused on them, by day; he had dreamed of them, in the silent hour of troubled sleep. He felt confident that he would be able to discover a broad and fertile country, if he could but have ships to guide, as he should please, over the trackless ocean.

Methinks I hear him saying to himself, "O that I had now the power to cross that watery waste, beyond which burn

'The bloody sunset's embers!'

Shall it never be mine to look on that great country, whose borders I cannot doubt that the waves of more than one ocean have moistened, in all the

ages of man! I am impatient to stand on that western soil. I want no better evidence, that it lies there, forming a goodly portion of the exposed crust of the globe. In my thoughts, how have I wandered over that country's fair and warm bosom! How have I drunk of its fountains, and tasted of its fruits, and gazed on its gold! Would that I had wings, with which to fly over the deep, and alight on that shining shore! Oh! must I carry these unrealized visions of those beautiful lands with me to the end of the present life, knowing that they may still be unrealized, even when a thousand years shall have passed over me, slumbering with my dead kindred!"

As soon as it was possible, Columbus devoted himself to the task of enlisting royal power, in behalf of his favorite project. He applied, first, to the government of Genoa. His application was unavailing. He applied, next, to John II. of Portugal. This application, like the first, was a failure.

Had Columbus been a man of only an ordinary amount of courage, he would, undoubtedly, after these humiliating disappointments, have forsaken his project. He would have retired from the cold presence of royalty, and, perhaps, have turned to his former occupation, with the sad soliloquy: "I will beg no longer for an outfit, with which to discover the country of my dreams. Let the old globe hug to her ribs those lands of the west. As for me, I am going again to navigate ships in the Mediterranean."

But Columbus was not a common man. He did not despair, because he had twice failed. He was unwilling to remain in obscurity, while a vast coun-

try was lying, undiscovered, within the reach of civilized men.

He leaves Genoa. He leaves John II. But he does not leave his project. He goes to Spain. Seeking a favorable opportunity, he lays before Ferdinand and Isabella his conception and his scheme. He indulges a hope that they will furnish him the patronage which he needs. But he is prepared for disappointment. He knows that all great successes must needs cost unrecorded frustrations.

The King and the Queen of Spain regard his project as entirely visionary. They tell him so. They ridicule his zeal.

He has little prospect of success. He does not, however, renounce his purpose. He hopefully looks forward to a brighter day.

Eight years were spent by Columbus in anxious efforts to produce, in the minds of Ferdinand and Isabella, a change favorable to his great enterprise. He finally succeeded. How, then, were both his soul and his body rejuvenated! How little cared he for the painful experience of the eighteen years which he had already consumed in prosecuting his undertaking!

Not, however, by any sympathy or effort of the haughty Ferdinand, was the way to success opened to Columbus. That King steadily and resolutely withstood the zeal of the heroic navigator. Let us not forget the fact, that, in consequence of a woman's magnanimity, there were given to Columbus the three vessels manned with one hundred and twenty men, by means of which he discovered America. And, so long as this world shall continue

to roll, may the greatness of the mind of Queen Isabella be remembered with cordial expressions in honor of the gentler portion of the race!

Think, now, of Columbus, as setting out from the port of Palos, at the head of a fleet, on the third day of August, fourteen hundred and ninety-two. It is morning. He expects to sail over waters which have never been explored. He may not again be permitted to stand on the soil of Spain. He has, perhaps, beheld, for the last time, the hills and the valleys of Genoa; and, for the last time, looked on the home of his childhood. But, for some reason, reflections like these do not seem to depress the heart of Columbus, in the hours of this golden morning. Many are the dangers which he is to encounter, and many the difficulties which are to embarrass him, before he can gain his object. Possibly he will entirely fail. But he is full of hope. His ambition precludes gloomy thoughts, and makes him buoyant.

Let him sail on. Let him still hope for success. Let him be as cheerful as he can.

Twenty-one days pass by. The ships are sailing on untried waters. Not yet have the men seen signs of land. To persons unused to such voyages, it is hard to be so long separated from familiar harbors and well-known shores. The crew of each vessel begin to lose their eagerness to proceed. They tire of toiling, gazing, sleeping, musing, and longing, in those vehicles which are bearing them further and further from the scenes of their nativity. They become impatient, troublesome, obstinate. First, they accuse themselves of folly, for embarking in so

uncertain an enterprise. Then, they speak disparagingly of their far-off Queen, because she had helped forward the visionary undertaking. Last of all, they talk of their commander as a rash adventurer, who should be forced to give up his purpose and return with them to Spain. Finding Columbus fearless and resolute, they propose *to throw him overboard!* But their secret design is soon discovered by the great Genoese; and he prepares to break up their plot. In those moments of peril, he exerts something of his latent personal force, and the mutinous movements and whisperings are discontinued.

Not long afterward, there occurred a phenomenon which surprised Columbus himself, and filled the minds of his men with consternation. The needle, on which they depended for a knowledge of their position, suddenly deviated a whole degree. But they soon observed what they supposed to be symptoms of land. Grass was visible on the waves, birds were visible in the air, and the sea was covered with weeds.

They sail on; but no coast makes its appearance. The fleet has toiled through the floating island of weeds. Once more, the men are in sight of nothing beyond them but water and sky. They again show discontent, and again meditate violence.

Columbus, it should seem, is now tried to the utmost. The very officers of the vessels have become mad mutineers. A vigorous rally is made on deck, for the purpose of compelling the commander to turn the ships about and guide them home.

Peremptory resistance, on the part of Columbus,

would, at this time, evidently have been absurd. His manner must now be mild and persuasive. Determination itself must appear to give way. The object of ambition may not be renounced; but the means of gaining that object must be more temperate and gentle. This is the hour in which our hero of the sea must begin to be "as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove." In such an emergence, a great patience is heroism; and partial submission is necessary to complete success.

Columbus was not wanting in that philosophic moderation which the crisis demanded. He knew what to do. Confident that land was not far off, he said: "Give me but three days more, and, if no land appears, we will return." He then promised to him who should first discover land a suitable reward. That reward was destined to be deserved only by himself.

The ships sailed on till new circumstances began to surround them. Everything appeared propitious. A plank hewn by an axe, and a stick carved by some other cutting instrument, were taken from the surface of the water. A bough of hawthorn, in blossom, floated by the vessels. They beheld, also, a branch, containing a bird's nest full of eggs. At the close of day, the clouds presented a different aspect. The air was softer. The night-winds indicated proximity to some coast. Furthermore, the sea had been sounded.

These favorable signs did not prove illusory. In the night of the eleventh of October, Columbus himself, the first of all, pointed to a light on shore. He called the attention of Pedro Gutierrez, and

Pedro called the attention of another officer ; and, together, this trio of mariners watched the little light, sending out its feeble rays, on the border of a new country.

Dawn does not delay. The twelfth day of October makes its revelation of beauty and grandeur. What a vista to those ocean-wearied sailors ! The shores of a strange territory are visible. Anxiety, doubt, discontent, dullness, languor—these all are, in a moment, gone ; and, on the air, rings the wild cry of “Land ! land !”

They approach the inviting coast. They find a safe place at which to disembark. They set their feet on the soil of the strange land. The natives of that land soon gather round them in mute astonishment. Those men of the vessels who had been foremost in the mutiny now throw themselves at the feet of their triumphant commander ; and, with confessions and tears, beg his forgiveness for their distrust and disobedience, during the voyage.

History tells us, that, on landing, Columbus fell on his knees, and kissed the earth, returning thanks to God ! I believe this. How could his joy, in that moment, have had other than the strongest kind of expression ? The object of his ambition was reached. For more than eighteen years he had pursued it with unremitting devotion. On his eyes, which had longed to find relief from the wearisome sameness of the ocean, had burst, at last, the real land of his early visions. Beholding, as he did, the very scenery of that land ; inhaling its salubrious atmosphere ; knowing that its genial skies were bending over him ; standing, perhaps, in hearing of many

streams, the voices of which seemed to utter a glad welcome to their civilized visitor, how could he have refrained from throwing himself on the green ground and kissing it with rapture?

Thus, we have attended our hero of the sea, till we have observed the coronation of his persevering courage. We have contemplated him in his youth and in his early manhood. We have traced him in his endeavors to enlist royal influence in behalf of his project. We have been with him over the ocean; and have seen how great, at times, was his peril, in consequence of men who had become desperately mutinous. We have accompanied him to the borders of the New World, and have beheld his joy as he landed. This is enough. Do you not see, now, the deeper meaning of those old words, "Christopher Columbus discovered America?"

Let us leave the exulting hero in his transport. Ineffable, O Columbus, is the sweetness of thy bliss! But surely, thou deservest this reward! Quaff, therefore, thy precious cup! May it rejuvenate thee as if it were the very elixir of immortal youth! May it fill thy soul with a satisfaction which, in despite of the unwelcome trials thou art destined to experience, will make pleasant all thy future years! We leave thee, thou hero of the sea, *kissing the earth, and returning thanks to God!*

Such is the inspiration of the hero. Such is the inspired achiever.

THE END.

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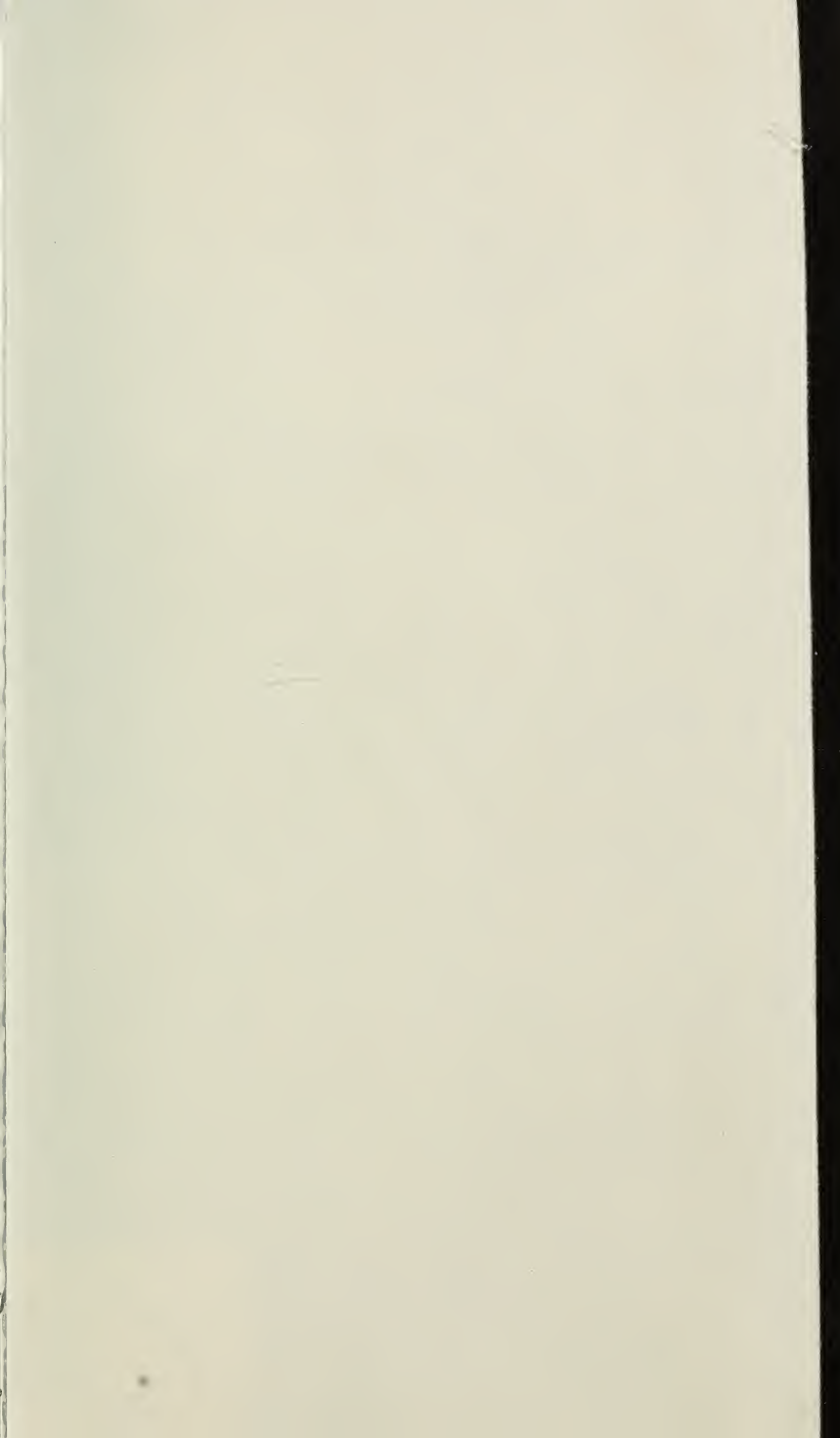
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